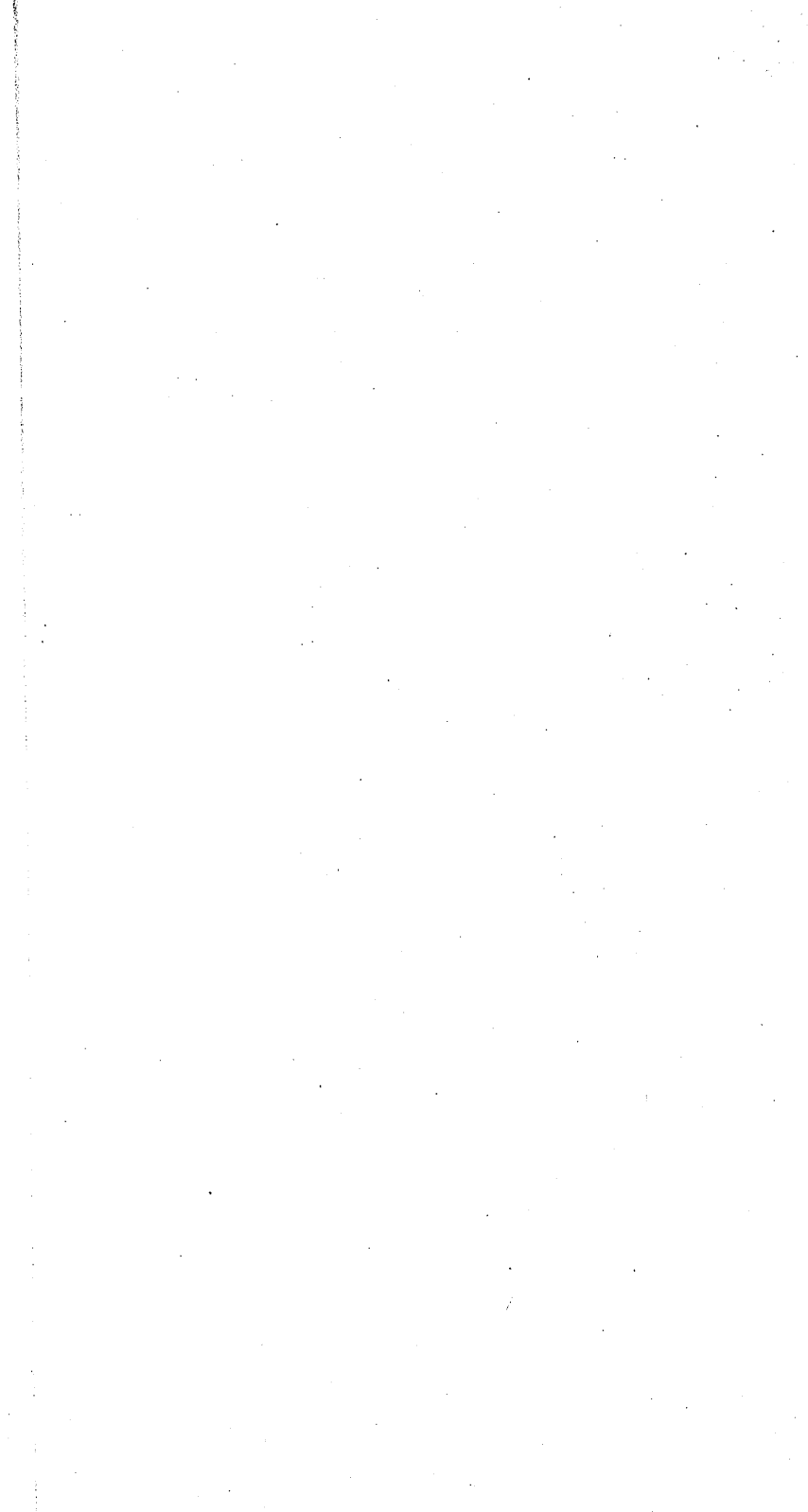


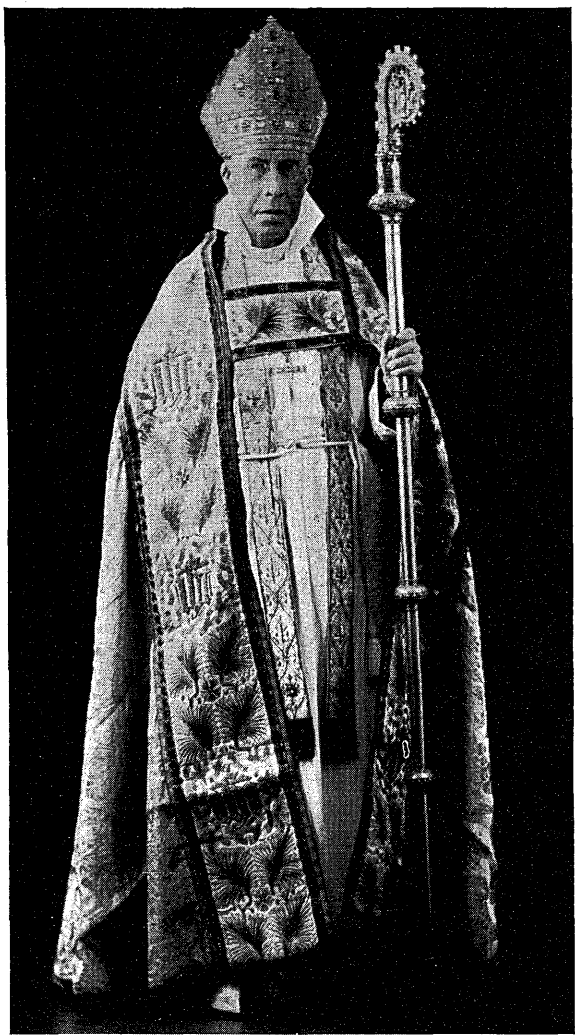
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BISHOP AND FRIEND



NUGENT HICKS
Sixty-fourth Bishop of Lincoln.

MAURICE HEADLAM, C.B., C.M.G.

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BISHOP AND FRIEND

NUGENT HICKS

Sixty-fourth Bishop of Lincoln

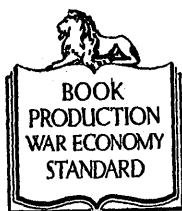


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TO
JOHN G. WINANT
UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR
TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



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NOTE BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

THERE are many reasons which make it singularly appropriate that the name of the Hon. J. G. Winant should be associated with this Life of Nugent Hicks, Bishop of Lincoln, for the Bishop and the American Ambassador were naturally drawn together in the first instance by the mere fact of the association of the County and the Diocese of Lincoln with the United States.

Whether or not the family of Abraham Lincoln actually originated in the city from which Nugent Hicks took his title may be a disputed point, but at least Americans have never forgotten that their great President bore its name, and they showed this by the magnificent sum which was raised by the generosity of the citizens of the United States for the restoration of Lincoln Cathedral when the fabric of the cathedral was found to be very seriously damaged in 1921.

There has grown up a social bond of great value between Lincoln and America. It was natural, then, that the City of Lincoln should wish to honour Mr. Winant, who in so short a time after his appointment as American Ambassador established himself in the affection of the English people, by making him a free-man of their city; and no one was more glad of Mr. Winant's proposed visit to Lincoln than Bishop Nugent Hicks. It so happened that the last time I saw the Bishop was exactly a week before he died, on February 3rd, 1942, when he and Mr. Winant were dining together at the Athenaeum. Actually the presentation of the Freedom, which was preceded by a service in Lincoln Cathedral, took place on February 12th of that year, two days after the Bishop's death.

Though the friendship between the Bishop and the Ambassador had not been a long one, it was growing, and would surely have grown closer had Nugent Hicks lived. For, apart from other things, there was known to be a very deep spiritual link between them. It is happy and fitting, therefore, that the Ambassador has allowed those links with the Bishop, and with the great Cathedral, to be commemorated in the dedication of this book.

PAUL DE LABILLIERE
BISHOP

Dean of Westminster.

PREFACE

ANYONE who reads this book will see that it is an attempt to describe the life and career of a great Christian, a good man, a good Bishop, and a good friend; and no one who reads it can fail to realise the innate, intense convictions, in matters of faith, of the inner life of Nugent Hicks. If it appears that more emphasis has been laid on the "Martha" rather than on the "Mary" side of his life, it has been made clear that below the rushing stream of that life were great depths of profound, quiet conviction. What that conviction was is sufficiently shown by his own words in his book *The Fullness of Sacrifice*.

"I write," he says, "as one who believes whole-heartedly, on grounds both of traditional authority, and—so far as a man may dare to say it—of reason and personal faith, that there is no distinction to be established between the 'Jesus of History' and the 'Christ of dogma.' I believe that the Jesus Who lives, with whatever imperfections of portraiture, in each of the first three Gospels and other sources, lives, unchanged, but better seen and more fully known, in the teaching of the Epistles, and after them in the continued record and avowed interpretation of the Fourth Gospel, and in the rich, symbolic pictures of the Eternal Sanctuary and City of the Apocalypse. I believe that He lives with a reality, a fullness and a directness, intensified but not created by, and far transcending that of the written records, in personal contact with the members of the Society which He founded. The Gospels, after all, give us only what He 'began both to do and to teach.' Long before and ever since those Gospels were written, or other sources began to take written form, He continues His work of action and of teaching by His spiritual presence in the Church. It was from the Church that the Gospels came."

If, then, I have not devoted a whole chapter to the attitude which Nugent adopted towards the great problems of the Church of England, it is because not only his whole life but, in particular, *The Fullness of Sacrifice* show that he was wise and firm on those things which are of the essence of the Catholic Church, and of that part of it into which he was born. His foundation was the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century; he was essentially a Catholic, but at the same time evangelical and broad; though not to the extent of compromising with what he could not believe. His belief was the belief of Pusey and Gore. He had no sympathy with those who took Orders

in the Church of England and then broke her rules and their own vows of obedience: he would tell those who would imitate Rome that they had better go to Rome, which probably would not want them. He would say that before a man can lead, he must first learn to obey; and the Prayer Books of 1662 and 1928, containing all that is necessary for the Catholic Faith, must be obeyed.

The Service of Benediction was against the rules of both Prayer Books:—therefore he would not give his consent to that Service. He allowed Reservation for the sick, and did not object to prayers near the Reserved Sacrament—though the practice did not appeal to him—if it helped people in their devotions. His reason for allowing this was the same—that the Thirty-nine Articles were not disobeyed by the practice.

He had many friends among those who were bred up as Roman Catholics, and after a talk with one or the other, invariably came away feeling happy in having found so many points of agreement. On his first visit to Malta as Bishop of Gibraltar he called on the Roman Catholic Archbishop, and was pleased to find how much there was about which they could agree. It was a great disappointment to him that on his next visit he could not see the Archbishop.

Nugent never proselytised; in fact, he discouraged it. He believed that one who started as a Roman Catholic should remain a Roman Catholic. Each, whether Anglican, Orthodox, or Roman, should help to purify that branch of the Catholic Church to which he belonged, and all should come together on points on which they could agree. All his life he stressed the need for Unity; and while he was as firm as a rock on essentials, he was always ready to disregard non-essentials; for instance, if a parish priest felt strongly about Cope and Mitre, and asked that they should not be worn at a Confirmation Service, Nugent never insisted.

On the question of divorce, again he insisted on obedience to the Law of the Church of England: if the Church does not allow the remarriage of divorced persons the Church must be obeyed. But he felt that the time had come when the Church might use her dispensing powers: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven—whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." He thought that, after careful consideration of each case by the Bishop of the Diocese, there might be some service of Dispensation in the case of an innocent party in a divorce—but only, of course, in the case of a first break in a marriage. By such Dispensation souls might be saved, and the breaking of another commandment avoided, as when a man who is an innocent party lies to save what he thinks is the honour

of his wife. I understand that Nugent had intended to speak strongly on this subject at the next Lambeth Conference.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, as regards his beliefs and convictions, that, though the case had not arisen before he died, he would have emphatically declared for the saving of men's lives rather than of ancient monuments. He would always have held that human lives come first, not only because of the individual but because, however precious and helpful man's handiwork may be, a man's life must still be more precious to those who love him.

But, if death must come, life does not end with death. He felt that, to those who lost their loved ones, the words of the Creed about "the Resurrection of the Body" should bring special comfort, comfort with Faith. The departed are alive and very near, as was Jesus even in the case of St. Thomas when He let St. Thomas touch Him—though he emphasised "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

In speaking of the War, as far back as 1940, the Bishop spoke and wrote of it as a Crusade, and suggested the praying of the Lord's Prayer, at a special time, to unite everybody. Eventually he proposed its use at the time when Big Ben strikes the Silent Minute at 9 p.m.

Needless to say, it would have been impossible for me to compile this Memoir of an old Oxford friend without the studies contributed by many other friends who were able, with fuller knowledge, to tell of his active and beautiful life from childhood to the end of his varied and useful career.

Full acknowledgement and thanks, therefore, must be given to the following who have made the Memoir possible, including his devoted wife.

First and foremost I must thank Canon Lindsay Dewar, Principal of Bishop's College, Cheshunt, who did so much in collecting the necessary material; Canon Tomlin, who was at Wixenford and Harrow with Nugent Hicks; Sir Henry Marten, now Provost of Eton, who was one of his great friends at Oxford and after; the late W. H. V. Reade, Richard Acland, now Bishop of Bombay, Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham, Cyril Bailey, A. W. Pickard-Cambridge and other Oxford friends; Guy Vernon Smith, now Bishop of Leicester; Canon Douglas, Archdeacon Lonsdale Ragg, and Archdeacon Herbert Sharp; Canon G. Elliott, late Archdeacon of Zanzibar; Canon Cook, Rector of Boston; Mr. Pirie-Gordon, who has contributed the chapter on Hicks as a Freemason; the Rt. Honourable Leo Amery, now Secretary of State for India, who has written, as one of his

oldest friends, Epilogue (2); and all those others who have so willingly helped. I have added in an Appendix some of the Bishop's own writings: his Essay on Training for the Ministry, a subject very near his heart; his Sermon on the Abdication of King Edward VIII; and his last Pastoral Letter. The words of the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Lord Lang of Lambeth) at the Requiem held in London form a fitting end.

M.H.

December, 1944

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SCHOOL DAYS	15
II. BALLIOL	27
III. KEBLE	37
IV. CHESHUNT	51
V. THE SERVICE CANDIDATES	69
VI. PARISHES (1) TODDINGTON	73
(2) BRIGHTON	77
VII. MASONIC CAREER	84
VIII. GIBRALTAR	88
IX. THE EASTERN AND ORTHODOX	99
X. LINCOLN	106
XI. EPILOGUE	
(1) THE BISHOP'S HOME, BY FRIENDS FROM OXFORD DAYS AND ONWARDS	132
(2) BY ONE OF THE BISHOP'S CLOSEST FRIENDS (THE RT. HON. L. C. S. AMERY, P.C., M.P.)	135
(3) BY AN ORTHODOX ARCHBISHOP	138
(4) BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP	139
APPENDIX	
(A) ESSAY ON TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY	141
(B) SERMON ON THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII.	149
(C) LAST PASTORAL LETTER	153
(D) ARCHBISHOP LANG'S FAREWELL	157

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

NUGENT HICKS, SIXTY-FOURTH BISHOP OF LINCOLN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
NUGENT HICKS AT HARROW	FACING PAGE 40
NUGENT HICKS, MAJOR (AFTERWARDS LIEUT.-COLONEL), OFFICER COMMANDING OXFORD UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS, 1909	41
NUGENT HICKS, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, VISITOR OF ETON, WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS	80
NUGENT, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, IN BUCHAREST	81
NUGENT HICKS, BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR	96
NUGENT HICKS WITH BISHOP WELLDON, DEAN OF DURHAM, AND MRS. NUGENT HICKS	97
NUGENT, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, RECEIVING PURSES FROM CHILDREN	112

BISHOP AND FRIEND

CHAPTER I

SCHOOL DAYS

FREDERICK CYRIL NUGENT HICKS was born on the 28th of June, 1872, at the Manor House, Dunstable, the only child of elderly parents. Only children are apt to be spoilt and cantankerous, for the parents of only children find it difficult to be judicious, and this case appears to have been no exception. But never was an only child less spoilt. Indeed, the essential friendliness of his nature seems to have been developed by the companionship of school and college life, all the more—as one of his innumerable friends says—because he had missed the experiences which members of large families enjoy. Both his father and mother were over-anxious about him: it is a testimony to his character that he kept his independence, without asserting himself against that over-anxiety in such a way as to hurt their feelings. And that friendliness to all, which was so remarkable in his early years, as all testify, was the note of his whole life. Like Kipling's Kim, he was indeed the "Friend of all the world."

His father was Charles Hicks, of Bedfordshire, and his mother was Agnes Ayrton, the daughter of Frederick Ayrton, of Bombay, and Julia Nugent, of Westmeath: they were first cousins, and Hicks Pasha, well known in Egyptian history, was also a cousin. His father, who became a doctor of medicine, practised at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, and, later, in London and at Wokingham. Being a rich man—not requiring to live by his profession—and kind-hearted, he never, tradition says, took a fee from his poorer patients.

Memory still lingers, too, of many kind acts done by his mother, who survived his father; and thus, from early days, he had before him the best of all examples, the example of his home. If the widowed mother of an only son was sometimes exacting, it was to her that he owed two other things which were to help him in after life: she insisted on a thorough knowledge of French and a clear and audible articulation of English.

Nugent Hicks, then, was born into the upper middle class—what is now called the "privileged" class. And one of the privileges was that an adored only child had to be sent to school at an early age—in his case at eight years old—and separated

from his parents, except for holidays, during his most impressionable years. In the early 'eighties this did not usually mean a life of luxury for a small boy coming from a comfortable home. Those who passed through expensive preparatory schools in that era have unpleasant memories of bare, whitewashed walls, cold passages and dormitories, unshaded, flickering gas, repulsive food, and inadequate washing facilities. Perhaps Wixenford, to which Nugent was sent—he was always called Nugent, not by one of his first names, because of a family connection with the Irish Nugents—was different and more civilised. At any rate one school-fellow writes glowingly of Wixenford, only remarking that the boys thought young Hicks was “coddled” because his mother was anxious that he should wear flannel shirts and keep out of draughts, as a delicate boy. Nugent's after life proved that he was not spoiled by this early anxiety, and that, in spite of attacks of rheumatic fever, he was not really delicate. Certainly the situation of Wixenford, which had earned a well-deserved reputation under its first Headmaster, the Rev. R. C. Powles, and Mr. E. P. Arnold, a cousin of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, was not only healthy, but charming. In those days the country round Wixenford was unspoilt. It is still a country of heather and self-sown fir-trees; and the Sunday walk which the older boys were allowed to take by themselves gave them a chance to imbibe a love of beautiful country, even unconsciously. Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, who remembers a Sunday walk with Nugent as “Walkers Alone” recalls how they “sat on the grass most of the time and talked,” but makes no mention of the country and its delights. That the memory of the talk lingered with “Bobby” Trevelyan so long shows that, thus early, Nugent was a confirmed talker. Talking—and listening—was to be his great joy through life, as will appear in this Memoir. The little boy whose talking impressed Mr. Trevelyan, said in after life, as one of his Canons remembers, “Talking is my exercise,” and “Talking, to me, is as good as a walk.”

Then there were the military associations of the Eversley neighbourhood—Wellington College, Sandhurst and Camberley. If they did not induce the small boy to an Army career, for which, in any case, his short sight would have unfitted him, they may have been responsible for his enthusiasm for the Volunteers at Harrow and Oxford. And the influence of Charles Kingsley, whose memory was still strong in the Eversley country, may have affected another side of his character, even if the boys did not know much about him. For every Sunday they walked across the fields to the Parish Church, and saw the grave, which had become a place of pilgrimage, with his chosen inscription: “AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.”

Surely the wide human sympathies of Charles Kingsley must have had their share in nourishing that natural friendliness of Nugent Hicks, which showed itself at Wixenford, and which blossomed out into something rich and rare in after life. Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd relates how everyone liked him because of his very sweet nature, and also remembers "his very large head." His large head was a schoolboys' joke. They often tried on his tall hat, to find that it almost came down to their shoulders. But it proved to be an ample reservoir for an ample brain; and indeed, in after life, was two feet round, so that his hats had to be specially built for him.

This testimony to his "sweet nature" is borne out by the intimate relationship that existed between him and Mr. Arnold right up to the latter's death, and by the number of his early schoolfellows whom he counted as his friends in later life. There were at Wixenford many who made a name for themselves when they grew to manhood. A school photograph of the time gives thirty-nine boys and six masters. Nugent Hicks is in the very middle of the first row of small boys. Nature had not endowed him with what are commonly called good looks, and there was a touch of clumsiness in the build of his figure; but at all periods of his life there was a massive distinction about his general presence, and he carried himself with a perfectly natural but assured pose. In the back row is Archie Montgomery, now Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, G.C.B., who, in after years, was happy to find Nugent Hicks as his Bishop in Lincolnshire. Next to him is Bobby Trevelyan, poet, brother of Charles, the politician, and George, the historian, both afterwards his friends. There is Charles Sackville-West, now Major-General Lord Sackville of Knole, and at the end of the row a German Princelet, Prince Friedrich von Wied, who for a short time was King of Albania before the unfortunate reign of King Zog. In the second row, amongst other celebrities, sits Fritz Bramwell, a very delightful boy, who became, later, a Clerk in the House of Commons, and Leveson, who became Lord Granville, and H.M. Minister at The Hague. In the front row, sitting next to Nugent Hicks, is Gerard Craig-Sellar. He was one of Milner's young-men in S. Africa after the Boer War, and inherited a very lovely place called Ardtornish, in Argyll, to which John Buchan often alludes in his autobiography. Somewhere in the photograph is Sidney Clive, afterwards General Sir Sidney Clive, G.C.V.O., and F. W. Pethick Lawrence, the well-known M.P. The Dhuleep Singhs, Victor and Freddy, who used to receive from home at frequent intervals the most delicious sweetmeats in which the school shared, had just left, and do not appear in the photograph. Altogether it was an "interesting"

school, and many of the masters were young men of forceful character. Mr. Arnold himself had an outstanding personality as well as a commanding presence. Amongst his subordinates there were two men, Pilkington and Viner, who proceeded to missionary work in East Africa. The teaching was sound and thorough, the discipline kind but firm.

Hicks was at Wixenford from September, 1880, till July, 1885. He won an Entrance Scholarship into Harrow, and joined the Headmaster's House in September, 1885, the term in which Dr. Welldon succeeded Dr. Butler as Headmaster. A pleasant relation was soon established between the new boy and the new Headmaster, for Dr. Welldon was quick to discern the potential capacities of his young pupil;—and a life-long friendship grew up between pupil and master as equal and mutual as can be imagined. Writing to his father on 13th September, 1886, Dr. Welldon says: "Your son is doing exceedingly well, and has a distinguished career before him." An obituary article on Bishop Hicks in *The Harrovian* of the 18th of February, 1942, says that "Dr. Welldon was quick to recognise, in this rather unusual and shock-headed little boy, intellectual qualities of rare distinction. Among the immense number of his pupils who owe an abiding debt to the religious and scholarly influence of Dr. Welldon none has been more conspicuous than Hicks, whose innate gifts were exactly those most likely to respond to that stimulating and vigorous personality. It has been said that amongst all Dr. Welldon's friends in his later days none was more intimate than Hicks, who always revealed in the manner of his references to him his own personal indebtedness."

After the summer term of 1890 there seems to have been some question whether Hicks should leave the school, but Dr. Welldon not only wished to retain him as Head of the School but was most anxious that he should try for a Balliol Scholarship. "It is clear," he writes to Hicks' father, "that he must entirely direct his work towards winning a Balliol Scholarship next year. Of his ability I have no doubt. The only question is whether he will ripen in scholarly attainment, and I have already settled his work with Mr. Moss." When the Scholarship had been attained, he hastened to congratulate Dr. Hicks "upon Nugent's success at Balliol. Looking at his age, I cannot doubt that it is one of the highest honours which have fallen to the School in my time. It will, I hope, be the prelude to other and even higher successes." When the beloved pupil was on the eve of his appointment as Bishop the Master wrote: "The news which you send me is to me positively thrilling. You and I have been so intimately associated during so many years that

every event in your life must possess a very deep interest for me. You do not ask me whether you should or should not accept the Bishopric of Gibraltar, for you have already decided to accept it, and I feel thankful for that decision. One of the objects which lies nearest to my heart is that of amplifying the view which the clergy take of the Church, and I feel, therefore, that it is good for them, as it is for the Church, that they should see something of its manifold activities without, as well as within, the British Isles. The Bishopric of Gibraltar is an office which calls for a self-sacrificing spirit, but in that you and your wife will not be found wanting. I entertain no doubt at all as to the high value of the influence which the Bishop may exercise upon Churchmen who are residing permanently or temporarily in many parts of Europe. The very difficulties of the office may be attractions in your eyes. You know that I shall never cease to follow you with eager thoughts and earnest prayer."

This was in October, 1927. In 1930 Hicks sent his old Headmaster a copy of his book, *The Fullness of Sacrifice*, which had just been published. On the 6th of August the gift was acknowledged: "Let me thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your book. I will try to read it at once, and you know with what interest and sympathy I shall read it. There is probably no limit to the conceit of an old Headmaster! For even if one of his pupils proves to be a poet, like Shelley or Byron, he takes credit for having trained him. But I feel a not unnatural pride in the number of Harrow boys who have in recent years distinguished themselves in literature, and I hope and think you will, by your book, attain an honourable place among them. It is the saddest of sad thoughts that the Eucharist should have been made a principal occasion of controversy amongst Christians. May your pacific treatise bear much fruit! It is difficult for me to speak or think without emotion of the long-standing ties which bind us together." This emotion of which he speaks is apparent in all his letters.

"I cannot feel that I am deserving of such treasure-trove," he writes to Mrs. Hicks on the 7th of September, 1931, "as your friendship and Nugent's. It has been a delight to me to help, in however small a way, the diocese of Gibraltar, for I feel that Nugent is doing a work which nobody else could probably do so effectively as he does it, and yet which he does at a heavy cost both of money and of labour." A year later we find him most anxious to see Hicks translated to an English Bishopric, and when the news reached him of the appointment to Lincoln he wrote immediately to Mrs. Hicks: "Your telegram, which I received last night (November 7th, 1932) was like a ray of light from Heaven. I have been so anxious that Nugent should get

an office welcome to him and not unworthy of him. I have known him so long and loved him so dearly. I felt not a little indignation when he was torn away from his work at Oxford to serve the Church in a specially important duty, and was then shunted off, as I thought, to a country living. Now, thank God, he will enjoy every opportunity of exercising his intellectual and spiritual powers, and I think I shall die the happier because I have been spared to see him appointed to the Bishopric of Lincoln. The See of Lincoln is especially interesting to me through my association with Eton College and King's College, Cambridge. My knowledge of the Bishops there goes back to Wordsworth, and of the Deans to Blakeley. My heart is too full now to say more than God bless you and Nugent evermore. I do not know where he is now, but please give him my loving congratulations." On November 22nd of the same year he wrote: "I do hope Nugent is not seriously ill. He must take the greatest care of himself, for he is now 'the coming man' of the Church, although in your judgement and mine he 'came' long ago." On April 25th, 1934: "The kindness of your letter moves me almost to tears. I feel that, if I could in any sense claim to have made Nugent such as he is, I should, even though I had done nothing else, have not lived in vain. I remember his coming to Harrow in the first term of my Headmastership as if it were only yesterday. I do not think there is any Harrow boy who has won his way in the world by sheer merit, by dutifulness, unselfishness and kindness, no less than by intellectual prowess, as he has."

This wealth of affection, as can be divined from these extracts, met with an equal response from the other side, and Hicks never lost an opportunity of showing his admiration for Dr. Welldon. When Welldon left Harrow, Hicks busied himself about a Welldon Memorial. "I hope you are coming to Founder's Day," he wrote to R. C. Trevelyan on 9th October, 1898—"this letter is concerned with something that I think we ought to see about then, a Welldon Memorial." The memorial took the form of a portrait. And when the old Headmaster, heavy with years, had reached his eightieth birthday it was Hicks who conceived and carried out the idea of inviting him to a Harrow Dinner at the Mayfair Hotel to which about two hundred of his old pupils came to do honour to the old teacher.¹

¹ Amongst the guests, who were all carefully collected by Hicks, then Bishop of Lincoln, there were no less than ten members of the Privy Council. The Marquis of Aberdeen, Mr. L. S. Amery, Lord Bayford, the Earl of Bradford, Lord Noel-Buxton, Mr. Winston S. Churchill, Colonel Sir Stanley Jackson, Sir Samuel Hoare, (Lord Templewood), the Earl of Lichfield and the Marquis of Zetland. Many famous soldiers, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Basil Burnett-Hitchcock, Major-Gen. O. H. Delano-Osborne,

A few days later Dr. Welldon wrote to the Bishop: "Some letters which I have received since the dinner last Thursday night make me feel that I have not adequately expressed my sense of your kindness, not only in organising the dinner but in supervising the arrangements for it. I hope and think the meeting of so many friends was enjoyed by all who were present, and to me at least there was a great interest in renewing my association with some old pupils whom I can seldom have seen since the first year of my Headmastership when they were still members of the school. . . . I do not look upon myself as one of the great Headmasters of Harrow. Indeed, I had not the opportunity of rendering the School the service rendered by Dr. Thackeray and Dr. Vaughan, who are known as the second and third founders of Harrow. But I really did care for the boys, and I felt a profound interest in the School." This dinner formed a fitting climax to their lifelong friendship.

To return to Nugent Hicks the Harrovian. From the very start he found his place, and shot through the School with amazing rapidity. He began in the Lower Remove. By the Autumn term of 1886 he had, by a double remove, reached the First Fifth. The next term he was in the Lower Sixth. There he was kept pinned by design until the beginning of 1888, when he joined the Upper Sixth. In September, 1888, he became a Monitor. Two years later he was Head of the School, and made such an impression on the Harrow world of his day that 1891 came to be known as Hicks' Year.

As he proceeded in his course he licked up prizes and honours "as the ox licketh up the grass": The Kintore Prize in '88, the Anderson Scholarship in '89, the Greek Epigram Prize in '90, and in '91 the Peel medal for Latin Prose, the Bouchier Reading Prize, the English Essay called the Macnamara Prize, for which he tied with L. S. Amery, the Prior Divinity Prize which he shared with G. L. T. Kenyon, the Pember Grammar Prize, and of course, as Head of the School, he received the usual magnificently bound copy of Plato's works for reading the "Contio" before the Governors. For the benefit of non-Harroviahs it may be explained that the Contio is a Latin Oration upon the events of the past year composed by the Head of the School under the supervision of one of the Masters. It is something of an ordeal, and well deserves a copy of Plato's Works. The coping stone to

Brig.-Gen. C. S. Rome, Major-General J. W. Sandilands, and a large number of Colonels and Majors, many Baronets and Knights, Sir H. Charlton Briscoe, Sir Montague Crichtett, Sir Murland de G. Evans, Sir Dudley B. Forwood, Major Sir Ralph Glynn, Sir Osmond E. d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Sir Samuel Roberts, Sir G. F. S. Shuckburgh, Lieut.-Col. Sir Harry C. W. Verney, Sir P. W. Baker-Wilbraham, two Bishops, the Bishop of Lincoln (in the chair) and the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness. In addition all the professions were well represented.

this arch of scholastic success was, of course, the Balliol Scholarship. At Harrow the passing emotions of the School are very often expressed in the singing of some Harrow Song, and every Harrovian can imagine with what a roar of voices the words of "Giants" were sung in the Speech Room after the announcement of Hicks' success, when the words were reached:

But I think all this is a lie, you know,
 I think all this is a lie;
 For the hero-race may come and go,
 But it doesn't exactly die!
 For the match we lose and win it again,
 And a Balliol comes to us now and then.

The Speech Day of 1891 (July the 3rd) must have been a gala day for the Head of the School and new Balliol Scholar. "Yesterday was signalised at Harrow", reported the *Morning Post*, "by one of the most numerous and brilliant gatherings that have ever assembled to do honour to its Speech Day."

Hicks on this occasion revealed his considerable histrionic powers. The *Times* gave this account of his performance: "Mr. F. C. N. Hicks, the head of the school and scholar elect of Balliol College, achieved conspicuous success in each and all of the scenes in which he took part; and in Poitras, the antiquary, in *La Grammaire*, he showed real histrionic power, and a genuine comic vein. Intonation and action were alike excellent. Equally amusing was his rendering of Socrates, in the scene from *The Birds*."

The present Secretary for India, Mr. Amery, says that he can still see him "as Socrates in the Clouds suspended in mid-air in a clothes basket and opening in answer to my appeal with a villainous pun:—

τί με καλεῖς ὀφήμερε;¹

Hicks, so far as his accomplishments were concerned, was first and foremost a scholar, but he had none of the characteristics of a bookworm. He was much too fond of life. On the athletic side he never could have shone, for his figure was not cut out for athletic excellence, and his shortsightedness was a real handicap. But he found an outlet for the physical side of his nature in the Harrow Rifle Corps, of which more hereafter. On both sides, however, the physical and the intellectual, the boy was the father of the man; all recollections of his contemporaries bear witness of qualities in the schoolboy which distinguished the loved Bishop.

¹ "Why do you address me, O creature of a day?" In the actual pronunciation of Ancient Greek, the last three syllables would have sounded *exactly* like "Amery": in the school pronunciation of the day, near enough to be noticed as a pun.

In summing up his school career it must be remembered that he had three distinct handicaps to what generally makes for success in a schoolboy's life, the over-anxious care of devoted parents, a very unathletic body, and, to put it bluntly, an ugly although attractive face. The first of these handicaps may be said to have ceased after he had been a year at Harrow, although it can be discerned from letters written by Dr. Welldon to his parents during his first year. His strong nature asserted itself, and carried him forward to independence. His triumphant victory over the other two disabilities may be judged from these reminiscences of a contemporary, who was in close contact with him during his last year, when, as Head of the School, he was *ex officio* chairman of the Philathletic Club. The Rev. C. S. C. F. Ridgeway definitely recalls that it puzzled his youthful mind that one so totally unathletic could be—as he was—a *persona grata* to a number of boys, whose interests mainly centred round the athletic side of school life. It is understood that the "Phil" seems to concern itself with all kinds of school topics, but it seldom—if ever—in old days, took much part in anything except games and their arrangement, and in that not much. It was little more than a convenient Club Room to sit in, and a distinction. Hicks was definitely a welcome member, and thereby, being simply intellectual, must have exercised an unconscious influence; and everyone liked him. He was "Monkey" Hicks at school (at any rate outside the Headmaster's House) and that this is correct is borne out by Mr. Ridgeway's recollection of laughing with him over the name when he was a Bishop. The origin of Monkey was no doubt due to that rugged head and unusual face, which all the same appealed by its kindliness and evident sense of humour. Kindliness and humour, such marked characteristics in later life, appear in many stories of his Harrow days—how he was always ready to help other boys with their work. The late Cecil Harris bears witness to such help with his Latin and Greek, while they munched together a bag of Garibaldi biscuits, known better to schoolboys by the name of "squashed flies."

One story has a wider interest than most school stories, and is one which we have received permission to tell from the surviving *persona dramatis*. Hicks, in the course of his duties as Head of his House, found it necessary to apply the cane to the back of our present Prime Minister, then his fag. After he had received his thrashing Winston Churchill (or Spencer Churchill as he was then called) looked up with a cheeky grin and said, "I shall be a greater man than you." "You can take two more for that," was the prompt reply. This story does not only illustrate Hicks' humour, but shows that what must have seemed mere boyish extravagance was the prophetic utterance of one who felt himself fated for great adventure.

Another story of the Prime Minister's Harrow days may be told, though it does not directly concern Hicks, who heard it of his late fag when he came down from Oxford to see the Rev. F. C. Searle, the Housemaster of Welldon's House. Winston Churchill had come to Searle the day before as to a comforter and friend, after an affray with some of his schoolfellows which had left him with a sense of injustice and insult. After pouring out his woes and listening to the Housemaster's words of counsel, Churchill drew himself up and said, "Some day, I shall be known all over the world, and these people—well, I shall pass them by."

Hicks was a monitor and Head of the School. Churchill two years his junior. The older boy, owing to his position, and moved by his real desire to help the younger, more than once had to exercise discipline; but it did not disturb the respect and friendliness that each of these generous natures felt for the other. Churchill, bumping up against the Head of the House one evening in the corkscrew passage in the Headmaster's House just before the latter left, took the opportunity of thanking him for the whoppings.

On a later occasion they met at Oxford during military operations, when Hicks was Captain of the O.T.C. and Churchill an officer in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry. Churchill came up to Hicks and playfully reminded him of the last occasion when they met. On that last occasion Churchill had been reprimanded, and much more than reprimanded, for breaking rank "to the detriment of military discipline" during a march of the Harrow Corps on a broiling summer day. Hicks always spoke of his affection for Winston, and so did Bishop Welldon—they found him a very loyal friend.

Besides the account of Hicks' acting on Speech Day in the part of Socrates suspended in a basket, there are other references in *The Harrovian* to the comic vein, which came out in all his performances. Here, for example, are two quotations: "Labiche's French play (*Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*) opens briskly, and it is at once manifest that in McNeile and Hicks we have two monitors who know what it is to feign . . . Hicks looked so entirely the retired coach builder that it is even now difficult to shake off the first vivid impression." And again, "In the selection from *All's Well that Ends Well* Hicks' fine old crusted voice and broken, not to say ruptured, English, well bore out the part of the interpreter."

Another trait was his lively enthusiasm for anything wonderful in the world of nature. During his first term he was noticed among a crowd of small boys gazing with admiration at the great fall of meteorites of November, 1885. If some of them which descended into the schoolyard were artificially produced by a pair of tongs,

they may have been no less admired by a small boy. A more genuine instance of this enthusiasm was his description of the wonders of the Auvergne after he had paid a visit there during one of his holidays, and came back full of the mysteries of that country.

There is no doubt that at Harrow he soon established his own personality. When he made his first appearance at Harrow he looked like a boy whom it would be fun to rag. But although he was quite prepared to enjoy a joke against himself about, for example, the abnormal size of his head, he soon showed that he would stand no nonsense, and that his head and other limbs could be used in self-defence as well as for learning Greek verbs; and that his personality comprised a great driving force.

It was perhaps most marked in the part that he took towards the revival of the Harrow Corps. The Corps had fallen on evil days. Few of the influential boys took any part in it, and the members were slack about their drills. In 1889 a forward move began. *The Harrovian* for May of that year contains an article on the Rifle Corps, which sounds a stirring note. It reminds its readers that when Cadet Corps were enrolled in the various Public Schools they became a part of the fighting forces of the country. The Schools "asked for recognition in the Army List; they accept the public money; the officers derive authority not from the Headmaster, but from the Queen; there is an annual inspection by a Government official; and many take, and with all due solemnity it is to be hoped, an oath, 'so help them God,' to serve Her Majesty faithfully against all enemies and opposers whatsoever. Further when the members of the Corps fall in in the Schoolyard or elsewhere, their civil status, as a matter of fact, is changed, and they become subject, in the last resort, to all the apparatus of Courts Martial and the Mutiny Act." The question was then asked, "Have we fairly risen to the measure of our responsibilities?" Judging from a Field Day at Aldershot it says: "The number of boys in the School was 563; the number present at Aldershot was 81, and that inclusive of the Band. Now, of course, it may be doubtful what may fairly be expected of us in point of numbers, but if we take the obvious test of a comparison with other Schools, we find other Schools more largely represented, and by older boys; we find the Eton Corps at Aldershot to have been twice or thrice as numerous as our own. Why should this be?" The conclusion is "There must be more Recruits." We see this point pressed home again and again in subsequent issues of *The Harrovian* until, by 1891, "Hicks' Year," a considerable recovery had been made. At committee meetings Hicks used to advocate his proposed reforms with vigour and persistence against what seemed at times a dead weight of defeatism and scepticism; and when, at last, he became a Captain in the Corps he worked hand in hand

with the Master in Command, Mr. Kemp, to make the Rifle Corps worthy of Harrow.¹ He was very fearless, especially in matters of right and wrong, and drove forward straight to his objective.

As Head of the School he took his duties most conscientiously. Mr. Amery remembers how deeply concerned Nugent was in one case which ended in a monitor's whopping. The offence was that of a boy who offered to bet on the prospects of a dying boy in the sanatorium surviving; and Hicks was fiercely indignant at the thought that any boy in the School could be guilty of such callousness. This incident reveals not only the sensitiveness of Hicks' moral judgement but also his public-spirited championship of the honour of the School. He had one of those generous natures which attach themselves with utter loyalty and deep devotion not only to persons but to persons and societies which they feel have helped them in life. He had, as so many record, the old Roman virtue of "*pietas*." So, as he owed much to Harrow he returned the debt with a wealth of affection and service which was as genuine as it was unstinted. He was a familiar figure at Speech Day, and on Founder's Day, and the most prized days of his life were the days when he was made first a Governor, then Vice-Chairman of the Governors of the School. On Founder's Day, 1931, when he was Bishop of Gibraltar, he unveiled the first memorial panels to be erected in Speech Room, to thirteen great Harrovians, including five Prime Ministers, giving—it is recorded—a short but masterly note on each of the thirteen. On his very death-bed he dictated a telegram to the Dean of Westminster (Bishop de Labilliere), also an old Harrovian, on business connected with Harrow. Harrow never had a more loyal son than Nugent Hicks.

¹ He distinguished himself in the Shooting Eight; and this first attempt at soldiering was good training for his sturdy patriotism. He continued it at Oxford, as is described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD

BALLIOL

RATHER over half a century ago, in October, 1891, Nugent Hicks came up from Harrow to Balliol as a Classical Scholar, and stayed there till the summer of 1895. The epoch was that between the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria. Looking back on those years one is struck by the absolute sense of security that then prevailed both as to the position held by Great Britain in the world and as to its internal conditions. We were, it is true, not without difficulties, as always, abroad. But we felt that our Fleet was unassailable, for the aeroplane and the submarine had not yet been invented, and the German Emperor, William II, had not yet begun to build his navy: we could, therefore, glory in our "splendid isolation." Meantime, the Empire was growing apace—between 1885 and 1896 we added two and a half million square miles to its size, and we were becoming Empire-minded: undergraduates eagerly devoured Kipling's stories, and quoted his Barrack Room Ballads which appeared in 1892.

It is certainly true that in that age much still remained to be done for the poorer classes of the community; but undergraduates at least did their part, for the Settlements and Missions of the Universities and Public Schools were well known and flourishing institutions. Winnington-Ingram (later Bishop of London) was then in charge of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green and drew and held enormous audiences whenever he came to Oxford; and Oxford House itself was crammed to its utmost capacity with those who had just "gone down." The Settlement, however, which naturally attracted most Balliol men was Toynbee Hall, then under Canon Barnett, and a constant stream of Balliol men went there.

Oxford undergraduates, then, in Nugent Hicks' time were living in the last years of the great Victorian era—the last years of what has been called the "Century of Hope." And not a few of the more ardent spirits amongst them believed in what Dean Inge has recently called the "Fallen Idols"—the continual progress and ultimate perfectibility of mankind, the gradual development of universal democracy on the model of the British Parliamentary system, and the possibility, in a not too distant future, of World peace. "Statesmen, writers, philosophers, scientists, poets," once wrote Mr. Winston Churchill about the Victorian age, "all moved forward in hope and buoyancy, in sure confidence that

much was well and that all would be better." And he might have added to that list, to show that youth was with them, a large number of Oxford undergraduates, of whom one was Nugent Hicks. In other aspects, besides the sense of political and economic security and stability possessed by the undergraduates and their parents, the Oxford of the early 'nineties of the last century differed from the Oxford of the 'thirties of this century. For one thing, in the early 'nineties, Lord Nuffield was still in his teens, and Oxford was consequently not industrialised. Hicks, by the way, would sometimes jokingly claim, in after years, that he was largely responsible for Lord Nuffield's successful career. For he always went to Nuffield's shop for his bicycles and accessories, and sent his friends there, impressed by the honesty and ability of its proprietor. Whether he welcomed the growth of Oxford to its present proportions, as a result of that career, is another matter! At any rate, there were no motor-cars then. At that time, as a result, except for a few who made occasional excursions to London, undergraduates found their interests in Oxford, and not outside—which many will think was no small advantage. Then, again, the undergraduettes did not play such a part in University life as they are reputed to do in recent times. They could only go to lectures or visit undergraduates when in charge of chaperones, and on the whole they came into little contact with the masculine part of the University. Oxford could hardly be called in those days a co-educational institution.

As for Balliol itself, the Master in 1891, when Nugent Hicks went up, was the famous Benjamin Jowett. He was, though ailing, still a great figure in the College. He used to invite undergraduates, two or three at a time, to take wine with him in his Lodge after Hall. That was an important occasion for any undergraduate, but, as Jowett was shy, it was sometimes for shy undergraduates a rather formidable affair. More formidable still to Freshmen were the official visits to the Master when they had to read essays to him.

One great feature of his Mastership was his week-end parties, chiefly old Balliol men such as Lord Bowen, a distinguished Judge, Speaker Peel, and H. H. Asquith: parties at some of which the future Lady Oxford and Asquith was also a visitor who, when there, always made her presence felt. The Master used to invite undergraduates to meet these distinguished people—and these were, to all of them, very interesting occasions. To him in 1893 succeeded Caird, a highly-distinguished Scottish philosopher from Glasgow—but before Hicks left he had hardly got sufficiently into the saddle for him to play much part as Master. Nugent Hicks, however, was under him in a Philosophy Class of seven Balliol men, six of whom subsequently obtained "Firsts" in "Greats."

Then there were the Fellows of the College with whom Hicks had to do. Balliol at this time set an example (which was followed by very few Colleges) of a close connection between dons and undergraduates, and some of the dons acted as guides, philosophers and friends, and had a very real influence. Two of the Fellows were to be future Masters of the College. One was the delightful L. Strachan-Davidson, the biographer of Cicero, of whom Nugent Hicks was especially fond, and to whom he read essays; the other was A. L. Smith, the historian, then in the full vigour of his manhood, and not only a great figure in the College but a very determined opponent on the hockey field. The three Tutors of Nugent Hicks during his time at Balliol were Evelyn Abbott, W. R. Hardie, afterwards Professor at Edinburgh, and J. A. Smith, afterwards Waynflete Professor of Philosophy at Magdalen. All three had great influence on the intellectual development of Nugent Hicks. Perhaps the best known, at any rate, to school-boys who have spent hours over his "Latin prose," was Evelyn Abbott, a man of forty-eight when Hicks came up in 1891. An undergraduate accident had paralysed his legs, and he lived perpetually in the daytime in a special bathchair in the form of a couch fitted with wheels with which he would propel himself with great speed about his room to fetch a book from his shelves. His massive head with a mane (he was very leonine) of dark hair and a fairly close-cropped beard, and the heavy build of the upper part of his body made him an impressive figure. He was perhaps the last of Oxford dons who combined teaching for both Mods. and Greats, the author of a Greek grammar (as well as of his famous Latin prose) and also a Greek history; and Hicks went to him both for compositions for Mods. and for Greek history in Greats. He was a good scholar, and a sound, if not very inspiring, teacher, but he had a real influence on his pupils through the gentleness of his bearing; and he moved both their sympathy and their admiration by his great patience in his physical affliction which he bore, as Mackail once said, "with more than Greek philosophy and more than Roman fortitude." He was a close friend of Strachan-Davidson.

W. R. Hardie was a much younger man, who had been a Fellow and Tutor for less than ten years. He was a brilliant classical scholar, who came to Balliol from Edinburgh University and won all the classical University scholarships and prizes. He was a very stimulating Tutor, whose "fair copies" were the despair of his pupils. He had a prodigious memory, and could produce phrases from Greek and Latin on all points at a moment's notice (outside the classics his memory exercised itself mostly on "Bradshaw"). He was more intimate with his undergraduate pupils than any other Tutor of the time, and was known to all of them as

"W.R." He was a tall man, with reddish hair and a reddish moustache, rather ungainly in appearance and naturally shy, but he melted in congenial surroundings. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and a golfer who had made himself an efficient, though never graceful, player. He had a gift, too, for water-colour painting, and had many sketches made during visits to Greece. He took infinite pains to help his pupils, who felt a genuine devotion to him.

J. A. Smith (universally known as "J.A." to distinguish him from "A.L.") belonged to the same generation, but had just come back from acting as assistant to a Professor in Edinburgh, as Tutor in philosophy after Lewis Nettleship's death: a man of medium height, with dark hair and a full, light moustache, whose sense of humour constantly twinkled through his glasses. He had a great gift for interesting his pupils in philosophy, making them see what it was about, and how it was related to life, but he probably struck many of them as rather sophistical in his treatment of their essays. He was not, perhaps, so well known to undergraduates as Hardie, but became and remained the close friend of many of those who remained on in Oxford. He afterwards became Waynflete Professor of Philosophy and migrated to Magdalen. Though he wrote little himself, he was a great influence on Oxford things, and was inspiring in the help that he gave to others. He was a polymath with a particular interest in language and philology.

But, of course, as well as the Tutors, there were the fellow undergraduates of Nugent Hicks to influence him. The Balliol of Hicks' time still possessed a unique place in the University. It had a highly invigorating and stimulating intellectual atmosphere, and many of the undergraduates of his time highly distinguished themselves later on in various walks of life.

Then, among the undergraduates, there was in Balliol a greater variety than in other Oxford Colleges. Men came from very different kinds of schools and of homes, and there were, as was to be expected, not a few Scots, some of them rather older than normal undergraduates as they had already been to Scottish Universities. In nothing was Jowett keener than the unity of the College, and many will still remember a sermon that he preached on this subject. There was a great *esprit de corps* in the College, and all Balliol men were proud to be members of it.

But it would be untrue to say of Balliol undergraduates, as it would be untrue to say of any other College, that they did not tend to divide themselves into "sets" according to their various interests and tastes. And this tendency was emphasised by the Clubs into which the College was divided. The Scholars for the most part, and the class which corresponded then to what we

should now call Left Wing Intellectuals, tended to gravitate to the Russell and Arnold Clubs. The more fashionable and the brighter spirits became members of the Dervorguilla. Midway between them, and including some of the Scholars, came the Brackenbury. The present Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Marten, recollects that the Scholars and the Dervorguilla had tables to themselves in Hall, and, on looking back, is inclined to think this was a mistake. Some of the Scholars, it is true, did not sit at the Scholars' table, but it tended to segregate those that did from the rest of the College when it would have been better for all concerned if their abnormal intellects had mixed to a greater degree with the more normal intellects of Commoners. And there was a danger that the members of the Dervorguilla might become "cliquey."

This was the setting, with a communal freedom unknown in other Colleges, of the Balliol of Nugent Hicks' time. What part did he play in it? He was a member of the central Club, the Brackenbury, and always occupied what might be called a central position in the College. The truth is that no one could have been more unlike the caricature of a Public Schoolboy as pictured by those who know nothing about that maligned individual. He had no "snobbery"—intellectual or otherwise. He was equally at his ease and equally happy with Scholars or Non-Scholars, with those who came from great schools or homes, and those who came from obscure ones. He belonged to no clique. No Scholars' table indeed could ever have succeeded in segregating him from his fellow-men. He was interested in everybody he met. Benignant kindness emanated from behind his spectacles. As throughout his life he loved talking, but even more he loved listening to other people. It is to be observed that in *Who's Who* he put nothing down as to his recreations; but he might have put "talking and listening to his friends."

Hicks had two Balliol traits, I have been told, which in extreme cases might almost amount to a disease. One was Gardenitis—love of sauntering and talking in the garden quad at Balliol. In the summer, especially, this was a very delightful and insidious way of passing the time. The other was Societyitis. Every imaginable society exists at Oxford. And just as the old (though never Nugent Hicks) suffer from Committeitis, the love of attending Committees, so did the young, and none more than Nugent Hicks, enjoy the membership of not a few of the countless Societies that Oxford offers. And amongst the innumerable Societies which Hicks joined as an undergraduate and of which indeed he was at one time secretary and of which Lionel Curtis was the first president, was one whose object was a terminal lecture by a representative of Labour. The first Lecturer was Tom Mann, and the Provost of Eton remembers putting up a miner, who

came, curiously enough, to speak against an Eight Hours day being imposed upon Northumbrian miners. To those two traits Hicks added a third—Harrovitis. One of his best friends, Mr. Pickard-Cambridge, relates that Hicks found it very hard to concentrate, especially as long as Harrow was his dominant interest. He could never keep away from anything Harrovian, and it really interrupted his work badly, for when Harrovians came up to Oxford, he devoted all his time to them. Sir Philip Baker Wilbraham, recalling how, after Hicks got his Balliol Scholarship, he and Mr. Amery were told off to try to do likewise, remarks that, though neither rose beyond an exhibition, they enjoyed the attempt. It might have been rather an ordeal for boys of sixteen and seventeen as they were respectively, but Bumbo made it all a time of most exciting pleasure. He secured for them comfortable lodgings in the High, took, or got them taken, out to dinner with old Harrovian friends, and generally looked after them like an elder brother.

To old Harrovians who came up to Balliol as Freshmen Bumbo was just the same—always ready, very gently and tactfully, to see that they joined the things they ought to join, and got to know the people they would like to know, and so on. He must have spent a lot of time and trouble, and even if it did him no good in the Schools, he was right, for who can measure the effect of those little acts of thoughtful kindness?

In later life those friends met only occasionally, but Hicks was always just the same. What he was doing they could only guess. They could feel, however, that his mere existence was shedding an influence for good—whatever his activities might be.

It was perhaps partly an attack of these three diseases of Gardenitis, Societyitis and Harrovitis that led to the great disappointment of Nugent Hicks' career at Oxford—his failure to get a First Class in Honour Mods. Jowett used to say that if a man had sufficient ability and would work an average of six hours a day he would get a First in Mods. But how hard it is to attain to that average! The truth is, there is no place in the world where you can be so busily idle as at Oxford. You can spend your life there very happily, and not at all unprofitably, in doing nothing in particular, and it was known that on occasions Hicks did this very well. At all events his preoccupations made Jowett's average of six hours a day as unattainable for him as it was for many another Oxford undergraduate.

Nugent's father, Dr. Hicks, was, not unnaturally, somewhat upset by his son's failure to secure the coveted First. But he must have been not a little comforted by a letter he received from W. R. Hardie, Nugent's Tutor. It is evidence not only of the very real interest the Balliol dons of that generation took in their pupils, but

also of the place in their estimation that Nugent Hicks held in the College.

"My reason for writing," he says, "is that I have recently come vaguely to believe or conjecture that your son's Second in Moderations may have been a greater disappointment to you than you allowed him to see, and may have given you greater anxiety than it really need have done; so that it seems worth while to try to give you my general and deliberate estimate of his career at the University so far—namely that it has been, on the whole, very successful and satisfactory. One does not say so to a pupil who is reading for the Schools, but there really are, even here, many things more important than the attainment of a Class. There are people to whom one would award the Ireland (the highest prize for Scholarship in the place) without particularly caring to see them again or hear more of them, and there are others whom one would put into the Second Class and then hope to claim them as personal friends, and put them into any post of honour or responsibility that was at one's disposal. Your son belongs to the latter class, and if real success consists in some such things as these—being known to the College to have done some good work, whether it amounted in extent to a First in the Schools or not—having the permanent good opinion of the Master and other authorities—and making a large number of friends who should be the people most worth knowing in College—then I think that your son has succeeded in a quite exceptional degree, and that you need not feel any anxiety about his future or suppose that a Second in the earlier of his Two Schools will materially affect his prospects. I don't know that a Second in the final Schools—if that should occur, which I take to be unlikely—would greatly affect them either, with so much to set against it. As for his classical work, I should say that he has shared on equal terms in work done jointly by some of the best scholars of his year, and that his Second is due to quite special causes—partly lack of a turn for Greek and Latin Composition, partly perhaps to too great conscientiousness in accumulating great masses of detailed information in note-books—a mistake which he will no doubt soon outgrow."

But, of course, the real time for work is not when you are at Oxford, but when you are away from it. Half the year consists of vacations, and if you wish to do well in the Schools that is the time for preparation. And "Reading parties" at Balliol at the time that Nugent Hicks was an undergraduate were an important feature. In the winter vacation Minehead was a great place for Balliol classical undergraduates. There W. R. Hardie would collect six or eight undergraduates where they were loaded with Devonshire cream and good food, played golf or walked in the afternoon, and played games and charades in the evening; and

in between these various activities they got, under Hardie's guidance, through a good deal of reading. Then at Easter and in Summer, Hicks and Henry Marten, along with Francis Acland, Mat. Ridley and others, would, not infrequently, be found at a little farmhouse at Thursley, in Surrey, in a valley below Hindhead. The beds were very lumpy, and the rooms very small and draughty. But they thought it a paradise, and some of them still remember the wild flowers and the rich scent of the gorse in which the district abounded. Their chief recreation was bicycling. The "safety bicycle" had just come in, and bicycling had been made the fashion in society circles when Lord Dudley started on a bicycle one morning in Battersea Park: a few months later it was so much "the thing" that it was impossible to buy a machine. But Hicks and Marten had learned to bicycle before that in the Market Square of Oxford. And their great delight was to get to the top of Hindhead and then "coast" down the long hill on the Portsmouth Road, with feet on the handlebar, as there was no freewheel. That seemed to them, in those simple days, the acme of bliss.

Not only the Reading parties, but Oxford lodgings were no doubt largely responsible for the fact that the Second in Mods. was redeemed by a First in that most difficult of all Schools, that of *Literae Humaniores*. In his last year Nugent Hicks went into lodgings with A. W. Pickard-Cambridge (afterwards a well-known Tutor at Balliol and Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University) and two old Etonians, G. R. Hill, a former Newcastle Scholar at Eton, and later in life a Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, and A. T. Waterhouse, the son of the architect, and himself later a well-known doctor at Oxford. Every afternoon, when Hicks had been racing round Oxford on every kind of other thing, he sat at his table with his books in front of him, and as soon as he fell asleep (i.e. in about ten minutes) Pickard-Cambridge and others of his friends lashed him to the table, so that when he woke up he did some work until he was released, and no doubt this drastic treatment got him his First in Greats!

He scarcely ever missed a Chapel, and it is remembered of him that he was angelically unselfish, and that even the Scouts were devoted to him. Among his chief friends, Pickard-Cambridge and W. H. V. Reade, later his colleague at Keble, and A. H. Flemmich, a fellow Harrovian, were always very much together at Balliol; and after these he saw most perhaps of Cyril Bailey (later for many years the Balliol Tutor and also Public Orator), Francis Urquhart, the well-known Balliol don, and Frank Fletcher (afterwards Headmaster successively of Marlborough and Charterhouse). It was some of these friends who gave him the nickname of "Bumbo," a name that in due course acquired a

European reputation. The authentic origin of the name is that, towards the end of his first term, Hicks went to the theatre with A. H. Flemmich and Reade and "Picker," as he was called, to see a comic opera called *The Nautch Girl*, whose leading character was an idol named Bumbo, who had lost his diamond eye. The resemblance between the idol and their friend was so close that the name was at once transferred: it seemed to have an almost physical appropriateness, and it never left him.

His acquaintance with W. H. V. Reade, whose lamented death took place while this book, to which he gave so much help, was being written, began some weeks after they had arrived at Oxford together. Reade's rooms were at the very top of the tower above the Broad Street Gate, more than eighty steps above the ground. Before the final section of the ascent, too, there was a sinister little passage, apparently leading nowhere, which has daunted many a brave man; and it was therefore with some curiosity that, not long before midnight, Reade heard the sound of footsteps cautiously approaching. It was too near the sky for any strayed reveller, and, just as he was preparing to go to the rescue, the door opened and there stood the figure of a scholar, complete in cap and gown. The conversation that followed must have been serious, and even edifying; for by a strange freak of memory Reade recalls some fragments of it, relating to the importance of learning German, in order to read Goethe; and it must, of course, have been the mention of the poet, rather than anything Mephistophelian in the sudden apparition of his visitor, that somehow left in his mind an incongruous association between that midnight parley and a famous scene in *Faust*. For the cap and gown, which looked a trifle ceremonious, there may have been some good reason, but—as a freshman—Hicks was notoriously attached to them. It was even rumoured that, when he first took up rowing, he used to carry them down to the College barge, "in case they should be wanted later." It should be mentioned that though he rowed in the winning "Morrison Four" in his first term, which should have given him a seat in "Torpids," he willingly stood down, in the interest of the College.

From his earliest days at Oxford he was recognised as a "character"—likely to become an "institution"—and if some of his little peculiarities added to the gaiety of the College, he would always claim a share in the laughter, for he was richly endowed with that peculiarly saving grace of humour which embraces jokes against oneself.

In those undergraduate years it would have been difficult for anyone to boast that he saw much of Hicks, for the simple reason that he knew so many people and was enthusiastically occupied with so many different things. Yet somehow it never seemed to

matter much whether one saw him often or seldom. In approaching him there were no barriers to overcome; to any symptom of friendship his response was so immediate and so patently sincere that no one ever suspected him of an affability designed only to conceal his private feelings. Distracted, however, his existence certainly was. If one went to his rooms, he was invariably out; and if he came to someone else's he was invariably on his way to visit elsewhere. Though, as has been said, his other occupations during his first year prevented him from doing himself justice in the School of Hon. Mods., yet, if some of his papers were said to be offerings to Fortune, others (to judge from the marks) must have been very well done; and it is literally true that in one case he secured an undiluted "alpha" for his remarks on an author whom he had not opened since he left Harrow. In his determination not to repeat this mishap in the sterner ordeal of "Greats" he was much assisted by some intensive teaching which he had from Hastings Rashdall (Fellow of Hertford College and later Dean of Carlisle), who was said to have reduced all the possible questions in philosophy to twelve or thereabouts; and to have provided at least twenty-four possible answers. He may have taught Hicks to select the right ones. At any rate Hicks ended up in the class where both his school and his college expected to find him; and with this comparatively minor asset, and with the major advantage of his own character, he set out to attack the business of life.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD

KEBLE

IN 1895 Nugent Hicks got his First, and took his degree. In that same year he secured the Liddon Theological Scholarship, and in 1896-7 he was at Cuddesdon Theological College. In 1897 he was ordained. "You will let me tell you," wrote Welldon from Harrow, "of my affectionate prayerful feeling for you at a time so solemn in your life. I look forward with unspeakable interest to the happiness and blessedness of your ministry in Holy Orders. May you have no thought of anything but the truth."

Meantime he had already, in 1896, become a lecturer at Keble, and in the same year in which he was ordained he became a Tutor. The College had come into being in 1870 as a memorial to John Keble, and when Hicks was made a Tutor there it was still a young institution: its "growing pains" were not yet over. It had not quite attained the prestige of some of the older Colleges; and its Common meals, its many compulsory Chapels and the restrictions—some of them rather petty—on expenditure, seemed, at all events to an outsider, to make it somewhat different from other Institutions at Oxford. But undeniably it carried out its object—which was to make Oxford a possible place for those of small means. And, as a matter of fact, it set an example to other Colleges, as, for instance, in its Common meals, a practice which has been, in recent years, largely followed.

For twelve years, from 1897-1909, Keble was Nugent Hicks' home, and from 1901-1909 he held the important post of Dean. The Dean of a College at Oxford is primarily responsible for the discipline of the College, and a very difficult job it often is. For a Dean has to know when to act, when to turn a blind eye, to decide when reasonable high spirits are degenerating into unreasonable licence, and to hit the happy mean between undue kindness, which may be interpreted as weakness, and undue severity, which may be hotly resented as turning the University into a kindergarten. From letters I have received it would be idle to pretend that Hicks was always considered successful. To some of his colleagues, and even to some undergraduates, he may have appeared at times unduly lenient. "He dealt," writes one old Keble man, "very leniently with the noisy crowd who were up in my time." To others he appeared at times unduly harsh. After one Guy Fawkes night, when a certain amount of College property was destroyed in a bonfire, fines ranging from five

pounds to ten shillings were handed out next morning rather indiscriminately. "The Dean," writes a Keble man, "thought that he had quelled, if not a riot, at least a serious orgy, but his best friends felt chivalrous dismay that he should be so serious about our mild high jinks." These conflicting opinions only show how hard it is to be a Dean—and even the best of them, such as Strachan Davidson at Balliol, were bound to pass through periods of criticism.

The best way to get a portrait of Hicks at Keble is to quote from those who had first-hand knowledge of him, either as a colleague or an undergraduate. First let me give the reminiscences of the late W. H. V. Reade, who joined the staff at Keble at the same time and who was afterwards Sub-Warden of the College:

"From Balliol to Keble was a considerable change of atmosphere, and probably both of us were a little uncertain about the feel of it when first we arrived. At that date Keble had been in existence for less than thirty years. It had got past the stage when robust conservatives in Senior Common Rooms referred to it as Talbot Hall, and among undergraduates of other Colleges, if I can trust my memory, there was no feeling of dislike, but only a vague idea that it was rather a queer sort of place. The myth that all its members were 'going into the Church' was more or less prevalent, but the super-myth that they were all addicted to piety and nothing else can never have had much support. To tell the truth, the one thing that, forty or fifty years ago, did most to put Keble men on a level with undergraduates in general was their athletic prowess. On the river success was intermittent and seldom remarkable, but in all games and sports the College could easily hold its own, and at Rugby football in particular (though at that time there was no inter-College cup) it was often supreme. 'Blues' of most kinds were nothing accounted of, and I can myself remember playing cricket against a College XI which was positively frightening with its unbroken succession of such famous cricketers as Harlequins and Authentics. Naturally, then, there was a great deal of vigour and high spirits, with some inclination to chafe at any petty restrictions not quite in accordance with the general customs of Oxford. Very tiresome, for instance, were a number of vexatious little rules, supposed to favour economy or even austerity, about what you might have in your rooms, what you might bring into College, and so forth. These were relics of what was derisively known to some of us as the 'golden age': unfortunate applications of ideas natural, perhaps, in the first enthusiasm of a new venture, but sometimes, as no less a person than the first Warden admitted in a speech made at the College Jubilee, rather comic. Practically all these minor causes of

irritation have long since been abolished, and though Hicks never thought it necessary or expedient to start a violent crusade against them, his influence was always strongly on the side of sensible reform, and strongly against the belief that worrying men about trivialities could be of any advantage to the cause of religion. With the more serious question (less difficult, however, then than now) of compulsory Chapel he was not officially concerned, even when he became Dean; for as long as Walter Lock was Warden he took that burden entirely upon himself. It must be remembered, too, that in a College where all the men—by custom rather than by statute—were members of the Church of England the problem was not quite the same as elsewhere.

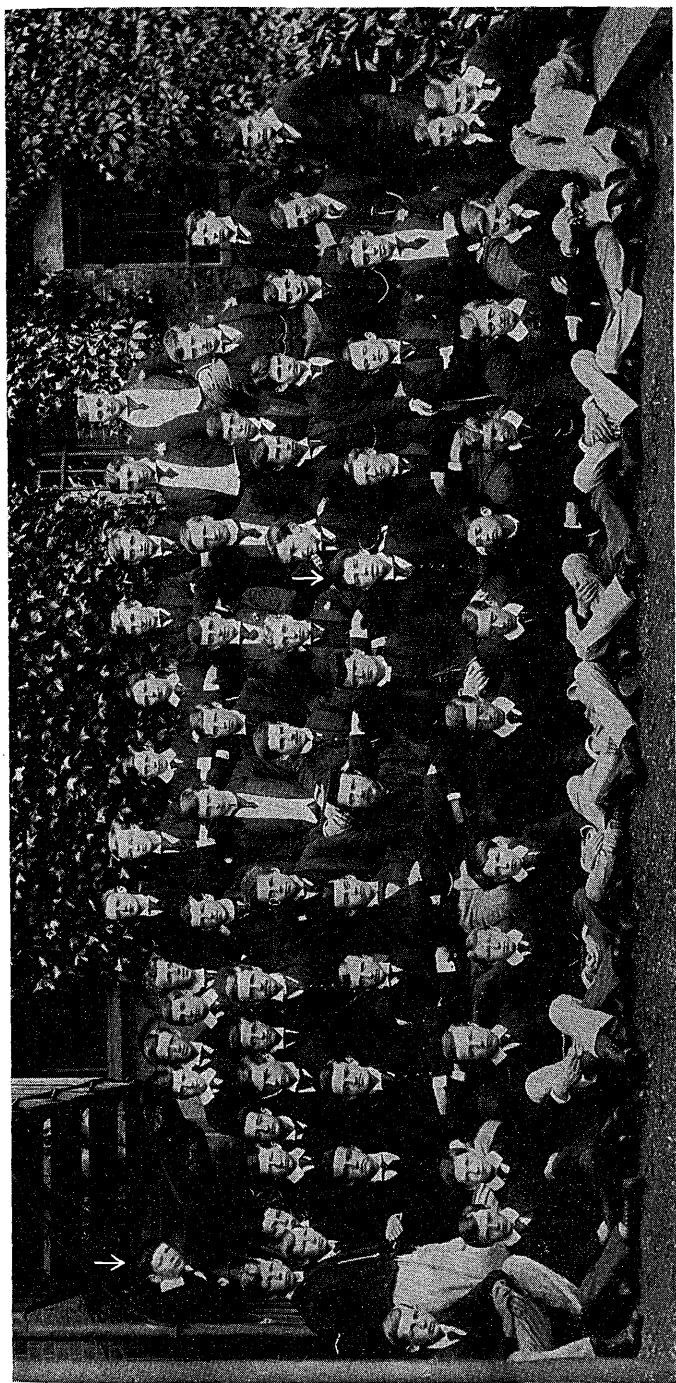
“The only point of mentioning these local eccentricities is that they did to some extent affect the attitude and relations of undergraduates to the senior Common Room. At Balliol, fifty years ago, social intercourse between dons and ‘men’ was possibly more informal than anywhere else; and when two Balliol men were suddenly converted into Keble dons I think that just at first they had a suspicion that things were not going to be easy. It was in matters of this kind that Hicks was so invaluable. No one could resist his benevolence or mistake it for anything else. With his immense gift of charity he always got the best out of men because he always assumed that it was there. In lighter moments he could overcome the awkwardness of men who were merely shy and socially inexperienced; of serious things, if they wished, he could always talk without effort; and if he did set about ‘doing good’ to anyone (always a risky undertaking) he did it frankly and without disguise, not by seeking opportunities to improve the wrong occasion. Or if, as must sometimes happen in any College, he had to reprove ill-doing, and perhaps to impose a penalty, he could make the offender feel ashamed of himself, and send him away, rebuked indeed, but with no feeling of rancour towards his mentor. It was, of course, while he was Dean that he was most occupied with discipline, and therefore most likely to encounter difficulties. Nor would it be right to pretend that he always had a fair-weather passage. The successive waves of undergraduate sentiment are apt to vary in character and there was a period when it was held, at least in some quarters, that he was over-anxious to ‘run’ the College by such means as arranging to get the right man elected President of the Junior Common Room, a very important office at Keble. Just how much colour of truth there was in this criticism it is difficult to say. Of anything approaching intrigue he was totally incapable, but it is possible that, in his real anxiety to get better men preferred to worse, he may have said things in private conversation which leaked out—as such things will—and then got distorted by repetition. From time to time, too, in any society

of young men living *in statu pupillari*, you will find the born mal-content, who is always 'agin the government'; and a man of that type, if he talks loud enough, may always infect some part of his audience. Troubles of that kind did not, however, persist or amount to very much, and there is no doubt whatever that, of those who passed through the college while Hicks was Tutor of Keble, a great many left with the feeling that they owed an incalculable debt. And, with very few exceptions, even those who came least into personal contact with him regarded him as an institution of which any College might be proud."

Again, "Hicks possessed in the highest degree the virtue of *pietas*. Whether it was his preparatory school, or Harrow, or Balliol, or Cuddesdon, or Keble, to each in turn he gave a loyalty which was more than a transient emotion, and never, except in a physical sense, did he turn his back on old associations. On the other hand, he had none of the conservatism that takes the form of vain regrets for a bygone stage of life, and he was always looking ahead. His constant difficulty, indeed, was to be satisfied with his immediate horizon; and only when, as Bishop of Gibraltar, he was free to range from the pillars of Hercules to the Golden Horn did he appear to have found a province geographically wide enough for his disposition. It was not surprising, therefore, that for two or three years before he left Oxford he was visibly restless. He was always dashing up to London for meetings, and I remember once, just before one of his flying starts, seeing him pull open a drawer in which there was a regular collection of return-halves of tickets, some purchased at Oxford, others at Paddington; and one could only hope that he selected one which would entitle him to travel in the required direction. Thus his old Balliol habit of never being in his rooms revived, and grew on him; and it must be confessed that his pupils sometimes found it rather trying. 'Is Mr. Hicks *ever* at home?' one of them was heard to ask in despairing tones: to which his admirable servant replied, 'Well, sir, he rushes in and he rushes out.' Clearly it was not his destiny to spend all his working years in a College, and in fact it would have been a great mistake. True, it was to start a new College that he finally rushed away, but that was a constructive adventure, very different from residence in a quadrangle that was as much as thirty or forty years old."

And now for the opinions of those who were undergraduates when Hicks was a Don at Keble, apart from those on his activities as Dean.

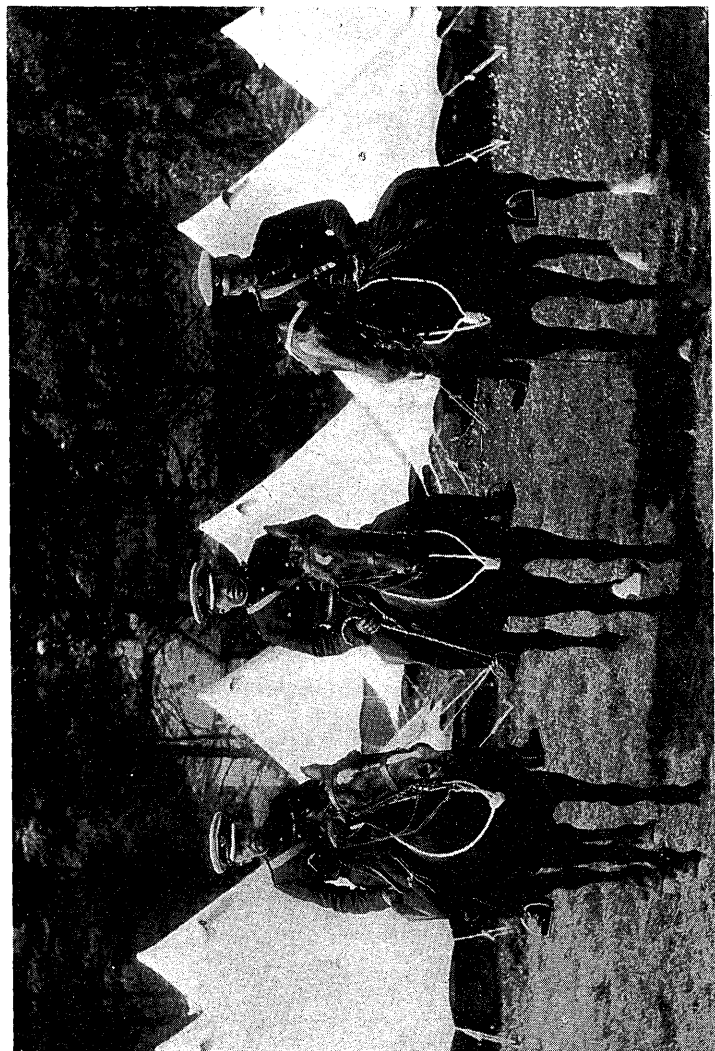
"I had no first hand knowledge of Bumbo as a lecturer," writes Archdeacon Burne, of Chester, "but I can well imagine that his lectures were like his sermons. If so, they were full of good things which he struggled hard to bring out. It took him many words,



HARROW

WINSTON CHURCHILL (looking out of window, left) and NUGENT HICKS (Head of school, right, sitting next to Headmaster) are both marked with an arrow.

J. C. WELLDON (Headmaster).



NUGENT HICKS

Major (afterwards Lieut.-Colonel), Officer Commanding Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, 1909.

and a considerable time, to say what he wanted to say, but it was always worth hearing when it was disentangled from the wealth of words in which he wrapped it. A specimen sentence of his which we used to quote was, 'You know, and I know, and we all know, and if we don't know we ought to know, etc.' But there was no mistaking his intense earnestness, and that held peoples' attention in spite of his rambling and diffuse style."

All this means is that his sermons suffered somewhat, as Bishop Acland, of Bombay, says, from "over-laboriousness." But another of his pupils says that as a lecturer he was really highly successful, for what he said stuck in his pupil's mind, and not a little of it remained a permanent possession. As a tutor and supervisor of studies he was most conscientious and painstaking, and many a parson to-day has reason to be thankful that he read the Honour School of Theology under such a wise and devout mentor, one who could steer him through the maze of Higher Criticism and see to it that such strong doses of theology did not drive out real religion. The carpet across one end of the study was worn threadbare, showing where he walked up and down while listening to a pupil reading him his essay. It was always understood that he did this in order to keep awake. How far this was a reflection on the enervating Oxford climate and how far a reflection on the writer of the essay is not known.

Then to quote a layman: "At all times his pupils, and many others as well, felt that he was ever ready to attend to their difficulties and perplexities, and that nothing was too much trouble. Moreover, he was ever ready, even to subterfuge, to support his own pupils. A cartoon in the Junior Common Room Scrapbook shows him taking tea with the mother of one, who is reputed to be saying: 'Oh, Mr. Hicks, I am so glad my boy is taking three exams instead of one.' For the uninitiated and for the moderns it may be pointed out that the said pupil had been advised to read a Pass degree and not an Honours one: in the picture he is represented as slightly blushing, but saying nothing. No Tutor ever became more devoted to the College of his adoption. One knew he would never say during a Soccer match that he hoped the visitors, his old College, would win."

One who was an undergraduate at another College writes that he used to be struck by the sight of Bumbo, obviously in difficulties, running with the Keble boat. What impressed him was that this unathletic Don thought it his patriotic duty to encourage, at whatever discomfort to himself, the College to which he belonged.

As a general impression I may quote, in conclusion, letters from two Bishops who were undergraduates at Keble under Hicks, one the present Bishop of Lincoln, who took his degree in 1908, and

the other, Bishop Acland, of Bombay, who took his degree in 1904.

"To write about Bumbo¹ Hicks," says the Bishop of Lincoln,— "as he was then universally and affectionately called—from the point of view of an undergraduate might have been less difficult for one who had not known him so well during the forty years since Keble days. In College everyone knew him, and everyone—or nearly everyone—liked him. If, at times, there was a small group of rather pious young men who professed not to like him it was probably because they felt that he did not appreciate them; and yet in later years most of them would be prepared to admit that he had been quite right not to show them the approval they had expected at the time. It is doubtful whether Hicks ever made a real enemy in his life. He was, of course, rather a striking figure in any company; but the impression left on one's mind after all these years is not so much his personality as the atmosphere he created. There is no doubt whatever that he had a very considerable influence on the College as a whole.

"Very proud of being a Harrovian himself, he never looked down on those who came from lesser Schools. He always tried to see the best in people, and generally managed to bring out the best in them. His influence was certainly greater on the moral than on the intellectual life of the College. Most of us thought of him more as a Dean than as a Don. We knew that he had been a scholar and a student; but it was not that which impressed most of us. We knew that he had read deeply and widely; but somehow that seemed more connected with the past than with the present, though he could go to his shelves and pick out the right book and turn to the right page for almost any reference he wanted. Perhaps, even in those days, he was beginning to have almost too many irons in the fire. But his heart was as big as his head, and he just could not help his interests and his sympathies being very wide."

"He was 'Nugent' to none of us," writes the Bishop of Bombay. "Nor was he Hicks, but always Bumbo, and it was certainly not a name of ridicule, though it may sound so: to some it was a name of real endearment. Used by others it no doubt expressed amusement, but always kindly amusement, and if there was any element of ridicule in the word it was respectful ridicule. For Nugent, in his enthusiasms, in his eagerness to know and be known, and in his conviction that he had many invaluable things to say and to teach, did undoubtedly provoke amusement, but of a kind that was seldom seriously hostile. I suppose there were some

¹ Here it may be said, by way of parenthesis, that Nugent, though he appreciated the nickname, felt strongly that nicknames were out of place after a man had been consecrated to the sacred office of a Bishop; except, of course, in private.

who sneered, but they were the sort that would always sneer at goodness and keenness, and as such people are always a minority, smiles were what Nugent most often met with, and the smiles ranged in meaning from kindly interest to whole-hearted devotion.

"I suppose the most obvious thing about him was his enthusiasm. No one could fail to see it, and I do not think that anyone at Keble in my time failed to recognise that he had an enthusiastic belief in the College, and a very genuine desire for its progress. He came via Harrow, Balliol and Cuddesdon, places with great reputations, to a College, which, at least in undergraduate eyes, was a queer institution. But whatever unenlightened opinion regarding the College might be, Hicks became—I imagine at once—an enthusiastic Keble man. He looked back and thought of Talbot, Aubrey Moore and Wake-man. He looked round and found the names of Keble, Pusey and Liddon enshrined in the College quadrangles; in the Chapel, as he would often point out, hung the original Holman Hunt. He was in no shadow of doubt that the College was a place where he and all of us should be proud to find ourselves.

"I am sure this enthusiasm was good for us at Keble. Many of us needed confidence in the College and in ourselves. The place had its obvious limitations. There was little or no brilliance among us, and there was a rather depressing homogeneity in our origins and prospects. That Hicks was the only person in the college who made it worth while to have been there would no doubt be untrue; but for me it was so. Other men will think of other Dons. I can myself think of friends among my contemporaries some of whom have remained life-long friends, and through all of whom the College gave me much that I needed. But what it would have been to me without Hicks, whether I could have owed it what I do had he not been there, these are questions I cannot begin to answer. To me my Keble days, at least as I now look back on them, were Bumbo days, and what I should have been without his friendship I just cannot imagine.

"I had met him first as a schoolboy. This illustrates another point about him, his astonishing gift for acquiring and retaining an ever-widening circle of acquaintances and friends. Somehow or other he had met and taken to his heart my Housemaster, an eccentric, behind whose oddities Hicks had detected the gold. What brought Hicks to my school I do not know, nor whether I had already decided to go to Keble, but I was summoned to see him, and, unless I am mistaken, he was a little later in our neighbourhood at home, and so knew rather more about me than he otherwise could have learnt. Perhaps this was why he was allotted as my Tutor, so that a friendship began which to him must have been merely one of many hundreds, though

to me it was, and continued to his death to be, something very specially prized. Because, in spite of the large number of his friends, and in spite of his very considerable gifts, he had the ability, which only truly big men have, of giving—as far as one could judge—the whole of himself to each friend, and of showing no slightest sign of impatience with his intellectual and spiritual inferiors, or of being too busy with other things to have time to spare for the petty interests of an unimportant friend. Once a friend always a friend, was his way. It helped one to believe in oneself, and at Keble, and later on too, most of us needed that.

“I must add one recollection that is outside my real horizon. It is of the immense impression that he made on me when he took me to a meeting of some political club to which he belonged, when it fell to him to give a summary of political events since its last meeting. The masterly way in which he did this, and the respect and consideration which he and his views commanded among the budding young parliamentarians he was addressing, I thought quite wonderful. The incident illustrates yet another point about him, the complete ease with which he carried himself in any and every sort of gathering. In spite of some mannerisms of shyness this was so. Though neither a man about town, nor in the ordinary sense a man of the world, he was entirely at home among such people, and had a very adequate knowledge of practical affairs. This often enabled him to give timely advice and help. His tirelessness and willingness to take endless trouble for others, and his eagerness to plan for them, all came in here. He knew exactly what strings to pull (sometimes his own purse strings) and how to pull them effectually. Along with his tireless energy went his efficiency. He could write rapidly, and in a clear and beautiful hand, but long before most people had them he was using a typewriter; and it was no small shock to a business man showing me with pride, a year or two ago, his latest piece of office equipment, a dictaphone, to be assured that my Tutor, in antediluvian Oxford, had had one at least thirty years before. This zeal for up-to-date efficiency and an all-devouring, tornado-like energy were the natural accompaniments of his enthusiasms. Tireless is a natural adjective to use, but it is not strictly accurate, for often I have seen him dead-beat by midnight, though only after a day of such strenuousness as few have the zeal to attempt. *Anaïsthetos* was an epithet that a witty friend and colleague applied to him. It did not mean that he lacked perception of finer things: that would have been wholly untrue. It was meant, I think, to express his imperviousness to outward and inward checks and setbacks, to disappointments and weariness, and perhaps also

it alluded to that robustness of health which, until his breakdown late in life, one took for granted. Though certainly not thick-skinned, he wore an armour, physical and spiritual, that not only protected him against unkind attack, but enabled him to be a shield and defence to many weaker than himself; and if a Greek title is wanted for him I should like it to be not *anaisthetos*¹ but *hyperaspistes*.

"I have left till last his devotional influence. I think it was of the sort that always is, in the long run, the most fruitfully life-giving. He did not thrust on us manuals or habits of devotion of any ready-made sort. He wanted us, I imagine, to think things out for ourselves, and to learn to discipline ourselves, with only general guidance from himself. I am speaking of his Keble, not his Cheshunt days. When he was dealing with actual ordinands I expect he went much farther in urging habits and rules, and emphasising the doctrinal minutiae which he thought mattered. But with us at Keble, what we learnt from him, or preserved by his protection, was a reverence like his own for the supremely holy things of the Christian faith. The College Chapel was the real centre of his own life, and he tried to make it that for us, according to our capacities. He neither encouraged nor frowned on those who went to parish churches to find something more in accordance with their tastes and upbringing, in one direction or the other. But that any should speak scornfully of the spiritual life the Chapel stood for he could not allow. It stood to him for all the really big things in Christian life, and those were what he tried to show us. I think it typical that the two books which I remember his giving me (they have my name and his initials in that graceful hand of his) are the *Imitation* and Law's *Serious Call*.

"I wish I could speak of his sermons. It is not that I have forgotten them, but that I never properly heard them. The acoustics of the Chapel are bad, and I always sat in the worst possible place for hearing—the choir. But this is only part of the reason why my recollections are deficient. My own youthful habit of going off into daydreams as soon as anyone entered a pulpit is at least partly to blame. Yet I am not wholly without impressions of what the sermons were like. It did not take any very special effort of attention to feel the earnestness of them; but I think that he was so anxious that no detail of an argument or qualification of a statement should be missed, or, when the grand climax of a point was reached, forgotten, that his sentences became congested and hard to follow, and perhaps the very point that he was trying to make was itself missed by his audience. He was like that in his lectures.

¹ Not "lacking in sensitivity," but "Protector," or "Champion."

"One final point which I have been trying to recollect and consider is whether he gave his interest and attention to too few men or to the wrong men. I think I remember his being criticised for injudiciousness in his choice of those to whom he gave himself most completely, on the ground that there were others on whom he might have spent himself more profitably, or who more especially needed his help. That is a question to which I cannot attempt an answer, but one thing that I think the criticism forgets is that, under the tutorial system, a Don, even an ordained Don, cannot trespass on the ground of other Tutors; and if this limitation is borne in mind I do not think that there was any Don who exercised in the College a wider influence, or whose bare name would so instantly have suggested Keble, either to Keble men recalling their Keble days, or to men from other Colleges if asked what they knew of the place. Theologians would, no doubt, have picked out our Warden, Dr. Lock, scientists would at once have thought of Dr. Jackson, Welsh churchmen of Frank Morgan; but to the ordinary run of University men Bumbo Hicks would have been the name that a mention of Keble would have suggested; and that name, changed in due course to Nugent, was what Keble meant, and always will mean, to me."

Nugent Hicks continued at Oxford his Harrovian interest in the Volunteer movement. He received a commission in the Oxford University Volunteers in February, 1900. And in 1908-9 he was a Commanding Officer. This was just at the time that the Volunteers ceased to exist—as they did in September, 1908—and were converted into the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps. And Hicks' almost last official act was to be present on June 5th, 1909, at a Jubilee Dinner to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the corps. When everyone to-day is restricted to three courses, it may be of interest to add that at that dinner there were no less than eight. At the dinner Lords Haldane and French spoke, as well as—of course—Hicks as Commanding Officer; and a telegram of congratulation addressed to him was received from King Edward, as Colonel-in-Chief.

On the enthusiasm displayed by Nugent Hicks in his military duties, let me again quote W. H. V. Reade:

"Of one of his most conspicuous forms of energy, enthusiasm for the 'Volunteers,' who in course of time were transformed into the O.T.C., I can speak with no technical knowledge, but there is something to be said about it from another point of view. In those days, of course, there were no European, or 'global' wars, and there was consequently less talk of 'militarism' and less positive hostility to any kind of organisation for training

boys and young men in the use of arms. There were, however, differences of opinion about the merits of that sort of discipline, and doubtless there were some who thought it mildly shocking for a clergyman to assume any military function but that of a Chaplain. Now it is certain that no man on earth was less of a militarist than Hicks; and, further, he knew very well—like everyone else who has had first-hand experience—that nothing on earth was less likely to breed the spirit of militarism in the young than the alternations of boredom and amusement with which they endured a moderate amount of drilling, varied by an occasional field-day; and culminating in the week or two of camp-life, after the summer term, which made up for a great deal of less diverting routine. Certainly Hicks was no pacifist, and did believe that young men fortunate enough to enjoy the life of Oxford ought to be ready to serve their country in the hour of need. On the whole, however, I suspect that, in an age when the signs of impending disaster were noted by very few, he would have attached less importance to the actual military training than to the general influence on character; and especially to the enlargement of personal outlook produced by the intermingling of all sorts of men in a field of action different from that of any kind of academic work or any ordinary kind of game. New values, so to speak, emerged, and men otherwise undistinguished might earn respect by their evident capacity to lead. In picking the right men for commissions in the corps Hicks always showed remarkably good judgement, and one of his excellent subalterns I shall take leave to mention, for the melancholy reason that he is no longer here to answer to his name on parade. The true successor of Hicks as a soldier, and in many other ways, was Frederick William Matheson, afterwards Warden of Glenalmond and Dean of Carlisle; and to him it fell to prove that the commander of a College company could adapt himself swiftly and effectively to the task of training officers for the deadly realities of war.

“Before 1914, however, there was nothing tragic about the O.T.C., and if Hicks occasionally supplied a touch of comedy, that was only in accordance with his own best tradition. One little story I remember him telling with great enjoyment. At first sight you would hardly have suspected him of being a horseman, but actually he had learnt to ride as quite a small boy, and when he was promoted Major the consequent dignity of a horse was no obstacle. However, on one occasion (I forget if it was at camp or on a field-day) he set off, for some reason or other, at a gallop; whereupon a mounted undergraduate, who happened to have been a dragoon before he came to Oxford, assumed that the horse had bolted, and started in hot pursuit

to rescue his superior officer from destruction. Hearing the sound of galloping hoofs behind it the major's charger, of course, accelerated, and so, to the great delight of the assembled army, the pair of them thundered away towards the horizon, and what they eventually said to each other history does not relate."

Somehow or other the Volunteers always provided food for anecdote about their officers, and Hicks is no exception. The present Bishop of Lincoln alludes to one incident in the annual camp:

"He enjoyed the annual camp enormously, and did his best to see that everyone else enjoyed it, too. One year, when we were in camp at Shorncliffe, he thought it would be great fun to cross the Channel one Sunday after church parade and go to evensong at Amiens Cathedral. He invited two of us, one of whom was the Freddie Matheson mentioned above, to accompany him as his guests. Having on many occasions had to lend him money as he dashed out of College in a frantic rush to catch a train for London, the other guest took the precaution of borrowing five pounds from him a day or two before the jaunt was to take place. When Sunday came, either church parade lasted longer than was expected or Major Hicks, as he was then, took so long to change into mufti that we missed the boat at Folkestone. However, Bumbo was quite undaunted, and insisted that we must try and catch another boat at Dover; but when it came to buying the tickets he was dismayed to find that, having changed his clothes, he had come away without any money at all. His amusement and almost childish delight when his own five-pound note was produced was worth seeing."

The Keble Company under Hicks was "larger and more proficient," writes the Archdeacon of Chester, "than that of any other College. In my time we were suffering from the inevitable reaction following on the Boer War, and it needed all the gallant major's enthusiasm to galvanise us into activity. But he was quite undeterred, and went doggedly and even gaily on with his self-appointed task, oblivious of taunts and smiles and caricatures. Of course when mounted on his charger he was an easy prey for the caricaturist. He took great pains over his selection of N.C.O.s, and was rather proud of his skill in selecting the right man. Many years afterwards he met one of his former N.C.O.s and congratulated him on being made an Archdeacon. 'If I remember aright,' he said, 'you were one of my sergeants.' 'Only a corporal,' modestly replied the Archdeacon. 'Ah!' said Bumbo, 'if I had made you a sergeant you would have been a Bishop by now.'"

Indeed Keble was the only College in the reaction after the South African War which maintained a company of its own

of some hundred or more. At Keble it was odd if a man did not join the corps; at other Colleges it was odd if he did; and the person mainly responsible was Hicks himself.

As to his Ecclesiastical activities, apart from his tutoring and lecturing, he was an examining Chaplain to Bishop Stubbs, 1899-1901, and to Bishop Paget from 1901 to 1909; and the latter wrote to Hicks in 1904, "I owe to you far more help than you can possibly know; it would be a great mercy to me if God lets me go on having all your help; and indeed I am most grateful for it." Then he was greatly interested in Missions. He was for years the indefatigable University Secretary of the U.M.C.A. (the Universities Mission to Central Africa). He persuaded a secretary to serve in each College and was a great power on the Council in London. His rooms were the scene of many informal Missionary meetings. Any old Kebleman home on furlough, especially any member of the U.M.C.A., who turned up at the College, could always rely on a welcome from Bumbo, and on getting an audience if he wanted one; for Bumbo, with the help of a few undergraduate friends, would always manage to collect a roomful of people to listen. It is related that, on one occasion at least, the room was over-full, and Hicks himself sat on the floor at the feet of the speaker—where he slept soundly until the address came to an end. His power of sleep indeed is referred to by more than one of his friends. But the truth is he had so many irons in the fire that during term his actual hours in bed were very few, and in him, as in other over worked people, a sermon or address by someone else was apt to induce sleep.

It should be added that as a Don at Keble he did not limit his friendships with undergraduates to those of his own College. He got into touch with those of other Colleges, especially, of course, with Balliol, whence began his friendship with "Billy" Temple and his mother. It is recorded that when Archbishop Lang announced his resignation Hicks had no doubt that William Temple was the only possible successor. "But," he said, "I hope that William's very large heart will not run away with his equally large head." It may be mentioned, now that the Archbishop has left us, that when he was told by Mrs. Hicks that these words of Nugent's would be inserted in this book, far from resenting it, he said he would "be honoured"!

Then Hicks was the senior member of a Monday Luncheon Club. It was founded by J. M. Thompson, then Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, later to be known as a great authority on the French Revolution. It was of a High Church complexion, and consisted originally of Hicks, K. D. Mackenzie, now Bishop of Brechin, E. de G. Lucas, now Archdeacon of Durham, and

S. L. Ollard, now Canon of St. George's, Windsor. Its members were subsequently raised to eight to include all the Mondays in term. Amongst them was Freddie Matheson, late Dean of Carlisle, and G. B. Allen, now Bishop of Dorchester. Moreover, Ronnie Knox, now a Monsignor in the Roman Church, was at one time a member, and alludes to it in his *Spiritual Aeneid*. The proceedings of the club began with a luncheon which tradition says was up to the highest standard of Oxford hospitality—Hicks used to produce some wonderful white wine when it was his turn. Then followed a paper and discussion on some religious or pastoral topic.

Hicks left Keble to go to Cheshunt in 1909, but before his departure he became engaged to Miss Kathleen Savage, the daughter of Canon F. F. Savage, vicar of Flushing, in Cornwall, who was descended from the Ulster family, the Savages of the Ards, Co. Down. His wedding ceremony was his last ceremony at Keble. "And so, to our great regret," says Billy Reade, "he left us, but he did not go alone. His valedictory act was nothing less than his marriage—a most joyous occasion, and the first time that a bride was welcomed in the College Chapel. The great question was—would he arrive in time? As his best man, I can vouch for the fact that ten minutes or so before the appointed hour his clothing was still far too scanty for any public appearance. Fortunately the bride was no farther away than the Warden's lodgings, and across the intervening space a line of pickets was thrown out to prevent her from starting too soon. The O.T.C. was then in camp, but a strong party got leave to return for the ceremony, and Bishop Winnington-Ingram having married them, and Bishop Welldon having given the address, it was under a canopy of crossed bayonets that the bridal pair passed out of the Chapel to face the world." A few weeks later, when Reade chanced to mention the wedding to Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford, he replied, in that rather melancholy voice of his, "I was unable to be present, but I hear there has been nothing like it since the Coronation." The comment was not infelicitous, for though the national anthem would not have been quite in order, there can be no doubt that, for the bridegroom, that wedding day was the crowning happiness of his Oxford career. There is no doubt, also, that both for bridegroom, now thirty-seven years old, and for bride it was the beginning of the happiest of married lives.

CHAPTER IV

CHESHUNT

It is not an easy task to start a new Theological College, and, if it is difficult to-day, it was far more difficult thirty years ago: at last it is coming to be recognised that a man needs special training in order to become a useful priest. At the beginning of the present century, however, the prevalent idea was that, provided a man could write the letters "B.A." after his name, and was able to pass an elementary examination in Theology known as the Deacon's Examination, nothing more in the way of preparation for the sacred ministry was required. It was, indeed, true that a certain number of Theological Colleges existed in the Church of England, but they were regarded by many people, including not a few Diocesan Bishops, as, at the best, needless luxuries, and, at the worst, obnoxious redundancies, which had a positively harmful effect upon a man's character, tending to make him into a hothouse plant, and probably a partisan.

Needless to say, Hicks did not share these views. He was fully persuaded that a priest's job does demand special training, and that this training can, in normal circumstances, be satisfactorily given only in the atmosphere of a College of not more than thirty or forty men, away from the distractions of town life. Only in a College of this kind, as he believed, was it possible to create the atmosphere of a spiritual family, where the intellectual, the spiritual, and the pastoral elements of the priestly character may be firmly and fully co-ordinated. Into the creation of such a College Hicks threw himself whole-heartedly, with all the enthusiasm and driving power which were among the most distinctive marks of his character. It cannot be denied that he succeeded in a truly remarkable degree. During the five short years that elapsed between the foundation of the College and the beginning of the war of 1914-18, there was created, by his instrumentality under the hand of God, a most virile College, with a life and personality of its own—a life so vigorous that Cheshunt was actually one of the very few Colleges which succeeded in keeping its doors open throughout the war.

How the College first came into existence can best be told in the words of Bishop Winnington-Ingram, who for almost the first thirty years of its life was a kind of fairy-godmother to it.

"Shortly after I became Bishop of London," he writes, "an unknown cleric came into my room who turned out to be Canon

Lambert. He said that Cheshunt College, in his parish, had moved to Cambridge, and would I take £10,000 and take over the College for a Church of England Theological College? I took two or three days to think it over, for I was naturally very busy at the time, but I finally felt it was too good an offer to refuse. We used the £10,000 to furnish the College and start it, but of course there was no endowment, and that has been the handicap all along. I little thought that I should have to raise £1,000 a year to keep it going; and then there was the question of who should be the Principal. By a merciful Providence Nugent Hicks was available. He had been for many years a most popular Tutor at Keble. He was a first-class theologian, and had that charming way with him which is essential in dealing with young men. We arranged that the College should be primarily for the three Dioceses of London, Southwark and St. Albans,¹ and that these three Bishops should be the presidents of it, with the Bishop of London as chairman. We appointed Hicks, who was then a bachelor, but made no condition of his remaining so, and, rather to our surprise, he turned up with a wife. She, however, was a great help to him, and his ten years as Principal really made the College. His idea was that it should be on the lines of Cuddesdon, but that it should be broad enough to take in those who could go conscientiously to Evangelical parishes. This idea he carried out successfully during his time. I cannot be too grateful to him for all that he did. He was a real and successful pioneer, and his successors have built on the foundation which he laid."

Cheshunt, or Cestrehunt, the home of the new College, is an ancient village (in those days it was still no more than a village) and appears in Domesday Book. There is evidence that a church existed there soon after the Norman conquest, Domesday Book recording that there were there "41 villeins with a priest," although there are no traces of Norman work in the present church, which was built in the first quarter of the fifteenth century. It was in 1792 that the first College was built there. The College founded by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was transferred from Talgarth, near Brecon (where it had been founded in 1768), to Cheshunt in that year. And there it remained for over a century, until once again it was transplanted, this time to Cambridge, where it still continues, bearing the title "Cheshunt College, Cambridge," a name which sometimes confuses not only the public, but also the postal authorities. At the time when it was brought to Cheshunt it was laid down that students were to be free to seek ordination within either the Established

¹ When, in 1914, the diocese of Chelmsford was carved out of London and St. Albans, the number was increased to four.

Church or the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, or in "any branch of Protestant Nonconformity." Thus there can be traced a thread of continuity between the two Colleges, even if it be somewhat tenuous.

Bishops' College—as the new College was called, with the apostrophe after the "s" and not before it—was opened and dedicated on the 27th of October, 1909. The ceremony took place in pouring rain.¹ Perhaps there is something symbolical in that, for the floods of adversity have swept over it more than once during its short existence. First came the war of 1914, while it was not yet five years old, and then, in 1939, at the outbreak of the second world-war, the military authorities descended upon it, and turned it out of its buildings at only three days' notice, seizing upon much of its furniture, which, in any case, there was no time to remove. It has, however, shown itself to be endowed with a most sturdy spirit of determination, and this must surely in no small degree be an inheritance from him who "begat it in the Gospel."

And so the new child was born, and it was Hicks who had to hold the baby; more than that, he had to nurse it at top speed into maturity. It is a good thing that he did not realise then how short a time was to be allowed to him, or even his stout heart might have been daunted at the prospect. For had the College not developed into a vigorous life and established itself among the older Theological Colleges by 1914 when the war broke out, it might well have perished.

Hicks began with only six students; four of them were former pupils at Keble, there was one other Oxonian and a solitary Cambridge man. He was highly fortunate in securing, as Vice-Principal, the Revd. S. C. Gayford, who for the previous ten years had been "Vice" at Cuddesdon, and who was not inaccurately described by Bishop Winnington-Ingram, in his speech at the opening ceremony, as one who was "known to generations of men as one of the best lecturers on theological subjects in England." Nevertheless, the task was one of formidable difficulty, requiring not only creative genius, but also much wisdom and tact.

The numbers gradually increased, largely through the Principal's Oxford associations and the magnetism of his personality. The Bishop of London, as chairman of the governing body and Visitor of the College, took the greatest interest in the work, and sent men whenever the opportunity arose. His speeches at the College festivals and his annual visits, when he spent a night there

¹ Bishop Winnington-Ingram, in his speech at that opening, said that the best things in life were done under great difficulty, and therefore the wet day could be taken as a good omen.

and gave an address in the Chapel, were a notable feature of the College life. But the early days were a very uphill struggle for the Principal, which nevertheless called out some of his greatest gifts of character. The same indefatigable energy and moral force which at Oxford had enabled him to lift the status of the University Volunteers from an object of good-humoured but slightly contemptuous amusement to one of recognised value to Oxford and the nation were now harnessed to the job of making Cheshunt of equal value to the Anglican Communion. The best room in the building—said to have been the drawing-room of the Spanish ambassador at the time when the Court was at Theobald's Park, about a mile away—was fitted up as a chapel, and now became the spiritual power-house of the College. The Principal's weekly addresses laid the foundations on which the new spiritual structure of the College life grew up. The present Bishop of Lincoln was actually the first student on the College roll, and his rapid progress in the Church's life and work are typical of the fruits of Hicks' vision and wise insight into possibilities of character.

One of those same six students has a vivid memory of arriving at Bishops' College, and the feeling of depression that took hold of him, the dreariness of the building, the long, cold corridors, the quaint bed-sitting-rooms, the chapel, simply a converted room, the bare dining-hall, and the hideous library: it all seemed very strange and unreal, and took some getting used to. But under the wise guidance of the "Princeps," and the "Vice" they settled down quite quickly to the ordered and regular life of a Theological College. Besides the training in theology they learned the value of a regular daily routine in prayer, meditation, and worship; and they carried away a precious memory of the most devotional way in which the Princeps took the Celebrations and the Offices. In the Chapel at Cheshunt, his voice was very quiet and low, and inspired in the students a very deep reverence. There was an awe about it which always made them realise the intense reverence he felt for the things of God. There is the memory, too, of the talks he used to give on Friday evenings after tea. Those Friday evening devotional addresses were full of understanding and sympathy and wise counsel about the Priest's life, and those who heard them look back on them with deep gratitude. The gist of them has always stayed with them, and helped them over many a difficult time.

As both the Principal and Vice-Principal were Cuddesdon men, on whose clerical life that College had left her indelible mark, the Bishops' College might justifiably be called a daughter of Cuddesdon; and the routine was largely moulded on that of Cuddesdon. But they both agreed that the new venture should

not be a pale imitation of any of her predecessors, and from the first the College struck out on new and independent lines. This is the truth. What ever failings Hicks may have had, his worst enemy—if he had an enemy, which is doubtful—could not have accused him of being a mere imitation of anybody or anything. His marked originality would have rendered this quite impossible. Cuddesdon traditions were no doubt carried on at Cheshunt in various ways—some great, some small—for example, the little ceremony of hand-shaking with Princeps and the staff after Compline—but there can be no question that from the first Cheshunt had a marked individuality of its own.

One of the more important ways in which the Cuddesdon tradition was carried on was the close linking of the College with the parish church. Since the vicar of Cheshunt (at that time Canon Fox Lambert) was virtually the founder of the College, there was a double reason for the maintenance of this tradition, which, however, after the war of 1914 was, to some extent, broken. But in the early days Hicks attached great importance to the maintenance of this link. The parish church was just across the road from the College, and the students attended it every day for the parish evensong. The College staff and the parish clergy would all be present in robes, and a student read the lessons. On Sundays the College took part in all the parish church services; the Holy Eucharist at 7.30, sung Matins at 11, and sung Evensong at 6.30. Occasionally in the parish church Hicks would also preach, but, it must be frankly admitted, preaching was then not one of his chief gifts. He was apt to be too diffuse in style and long-winded, a limitation of which he was fully aware, and over which he often laughed heartily. Mrs. Princeps remembers once when she was relating to him the verdict of the parish, as retailed by the kitchen-maid, on the relative preaching reputations of the various clergymen who regularly occupied the parish church pulpit, how he chuckled when he learned that he himself stood at the bottom of the list! On certain occasions, indeed, he was capable of rising to real heights in preaching, but it is true to say that he made a deeper impression by the intense reverence of his manner in conducting the services, and especially in celebrating the Holy Mysteries, than he did by his preaching. He regularly celebrated the early Eucharist on Sundays in the parish church, and his strong, clear voice—entirely free at all times from the sin of mumbling, which does so easily beset many of the clergy, has left an unfading impression on those who heard him. Nor can they ever forget how, at the end of the service, he would always, as ever during his life, walk to the back of the church in order to kneel beside Mrs. Princeps as he said his thanksgiving—a truly characteristic touch.

About his preaching, too, there is a famous story which may be related here, although it actually belongs to a later period. Shortly after Hicks' institution to Toddington a team of old students went down to play the village at cricket. On the way down in the bus, in the course of conversation, a working man said to one of them: "Going to the Reverend 'Icks? Proper gen'l'man 'e is, but they do say as 'ow the Sunday 'e was churched [*sic*] 'e kept 'em three hours!"

In the second term of the College's existence six more students arrived, thus bringing their number up to twelve.

Under the influence of Hicks' strong personality the small but growing number of students became animated by a common spiritual ideal, and derived from him inspiration and encouragement in their desire to be captains of their souls. In material things, too, it was evident that everything, down to the smallest detail, had been thought out and carefully planned, even before the College was opened. This assured its smooth working from the outset: the new student immediately found his place in the College's orderly life. Princeps was guided, as has been said, by the conviction that a small body of men sharing a common discipline and living a corporate life of prayer provided the best means of training in the priestly character.

He knew that the future well-being of the College depended on the atmosphere of moral discipline and devotion that he strove to create in those early days. At Cheshunt, therefore, discipline was rigorously insisted upon, and the hours set apart for study and devotion were strictly observed—the amount of reading they were able to get through was astonishing. The only occasion Princeps was seen to be angry was when he detected a student smoking in one of the corridors at 10.10 a.m. Two rules had been broken—smoking and neglecting private study after 10 a.m. He called all the students together and spoke his mind with refreshing frankness. Those present were reminded that they had joined the College of their own free will and by so doing recognised the value of discipline. It was a period of testing, and it might be that some among them discovered that they had no vocation to the priesthood: in that case the only course open to them was to leave. It was clear that a paternal kindness lay behind this outburst of righteous indignation; but possibly they were all a little frightened.

Until the last term or two the students were encouraged to read as widely as possible—though on definite lines—without too much thought about future examinations. When the time came to prepare for the examination for deacons they were bidden to work really hard for it during the vacation—"So hard, that you will feel the effects physically."

Memories of the first Principal are specially associated with the room which for so many years served as a chapel, and which was the centre of the corporate life of the College. In his addresses, the phrase *Sacerdos alter Christus* was frequently on his lips, and he was always insisting that the importance of intellectual studies must not be allowed to overshadow the cultivation of the inner life, which was the primary end of the training. Seated before the altar he would speak simply about the ideals and mysteries of priesthood with all the tenderness of a spiritual father. The advice he proffered may be summed up in the words of St. Francis de Sales: "Keep our Lord always before your eyes, study His Features and do your actions as He did His."

Generations of students must be grateful for his wise teaching, so virile and direct. His balanced theological outlook, based on catholic principles and historical facts, made him impatient of mere party loyalties, which hinder the development of a common Anglican conception of the Church. And with this breadth of view was associated a deep personal piety, which was the more attractive because it was unobtrusive. Nothing gave his students a greater insight into his character than the feeling he showed one Good Friday, when reciting the hymn, "O my Saviour, lifted from the earth for me."

Princepts loved orderliness in the things around him, and his study was a model of neatness which few could emulate; but all was done without apparent effort, and he was never fussy. He was also a gifted organiser. Contemporaries will recall incidents such as the Bishop of London's memorable procession of witness from Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's Cathedral on Good Friday, 1911, in which the members of the College were privileged to take part. Princepts conducted the party to London, and had previously made minute arrangements to ensure that there should not be the slightest hitch.

As at Oxford he was (though only among themselves) "Bumbo" to his students, as a term of affection. And though he affected to discourage this, for reasons of discipline, he enjoyed recounting, at a College Festival, a story regarding his personal appearance. When carrying the pastoral staff while acting as chaplain to the Bishop of London, he overheard a man in the crowd remark to his neighbour, "Bill, which is the Bishop of London?" "Why, 'im be'ind the ugly old bloke with the 'ook," was the reply! But his friends would never allow that his expressive and attractive face was ugly.

The detailed instructions Princepts gave the students about various practical matters shortly before they left Cheshunt revealed his sound common sense, though to-day it is only of historical interest to remember that they were recommended to

wear a frock-coat and silk hat when attending the College Festival, and on other special occasions. Many will remember seeing him standing at the College entrance, bidding God speed to those who were departing for Ordination. It is clear that the general feeling of those who were under him at Cheshunt was gratitude for having come under his influence. He had the capacity for drawing out affection; and all his old pupils knew that they had a place in his mind and heart.

No account of the earliest days of the College would be complete without a reference to the great help and sympathy which was given to Hicks by Bishop Jacob, the Bishop of St. Albans at that time, and therefore its diocesan Bishop. He was a man of unusual shrewdness and kindness—gifts not always found in combination—and he was an unfailing friend to the College and its Principal. A warm and close friendship sprang up between the two men, despite their disparity in age. As for the attitude of the students to their Bishop, it can hardly be better described than in the mixed metaphor in which one of them couched his opinion. Speaking of Bishop Jacob he said: "A warmer heart never beat under episcopal gaiters!"

And so the college life was surely and steadily built up. In the second winter of its existence, however, it had to face a serious and unexpected difficulty. Hicks went down with rheumatic fever—an illness from which he had suffered twice before. The doctor informed him that his best chance of making a complete recovery was to take three months of complete rest. Accordingly it was arranged that he should go abroad for the whole of the Lent term of 1911, the College being fortunate enough to secure the services of Bishop Farrar (son of Dean Farrar) as temporary Principal. So Princeps and Mrs. Princeps departed first to Egypt and thence to the Holy Land, where they spent Holy Week and Easter. The experiences of that time made a deep impression upon Hicks, who, in the following year, as a result, inaugurated in the College chapel a midnight Eucharist at Easter, after the pattern of the use in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The experiences of Holy Week and Easter at Cheshunt, indeed, left an imperishable memory behind them in those days. For the majority of students they were undoubtedly the high-water mark of their time at the College, as, indeed, they are still. Those Colleges in which it is the custom to "go down" before Easter undoubtedly miss one of the greatest of spiritual opportunities. Holy Week at Cheshunt has meant for many men nothing less than conversion. It was certainly the case in Hicks' time. The wonderful atmosphere of quiet expectancy; the Atonement Lectures given in the parish church by Princeps from Monday to Thursday; the Good Friday services, ending up with the open-air procession of Witness; and the

glorious climax of Easter Day are entirely unforgettable for those who were privileged to have their share in them.

It was not until the July of 1913 that Hicks was able to rejoice for the first time in a full College. For one brief year only was he permitted to enjoy that satisfaction, until the avalanche of war reduced the College once more to a handful of men. This short period, however, enabled Hicks, as it were, to put the finishing touches upon the work which, under God, he had been allowed to do, and, so far as such a thing is possible in such a connection, to bring it to completion. Those who were allowed to spend that year as students of the College must surely count themselves to be among the most fortunate of men. For them to look back upon that period was often to be reminded of the well-known saying regarding the shepherd of souls, that when such a man has a real love for those committed to his care it is surprising how many deficiencies count for nothing.

If it is not true that Hicks had many deficiencies he certainly had some which were considerable. In the case of a lesser man they might well have spoiled his work; but his students were so fully conscious of his personal care and affection for them that somehow or other his defects did not shake their faith in him or cause them to lower their ideals. One of those well-known deficiencies was his tendency to be always in a hurry. A most familiar sight at Cheshunt in those days was to see the Princeps dashing off to catch a train. Often he would ride the mile to the station on his bicycle—top hat, frock-coat, attaché case and umbrella notwithstanding. Sometimes the train would actually be in the station when he got there. He would fling his bicycle into the cottage garden where cycles could be stored, and run for dear life on to the station, crossing the level crossing behind the train, and just succeed in scrambling into the last carriage, perhaps even after the train had begun to move.

This particular weakness had another manifestation. It caused him, at times, to arrive at the last minute, and even on occasion not at all, for early morning Chapel, though never when he was on duty. In the case of most Principals, the effect of such a weakness on the students would have been, to say the least, damaging. But with Hicks it was otherwise. He would beat his breast, and say with his disarming smile: "I failed this morning," and somehow it did not seem to matter. One Christmas the Cheshunt men were filled with delight when one of his servants (who were all devoted to him) gave him for a present a china candlestick. It was one of the kind which has an inscription round the base. In this case the inscription ran: "Many are called but few get up." Nobody enjoyed the joke more than he did, for, as usual, he was able to laugh at himself.

Hicks' great love of physical movement and his inability to "stay put" was the counterpart of his love of mental movement. Here it was no weakness but a quality of greatness. He had little sympathy with the mentality which could not move with the times. Once, talking about the second generation of the Oxford Movement, and the misfortune it was that they had been unable to move with the times, he said of Liddon: "He had a heart of gold and a head of wood!" His mind was always alert, or, to use his own favourite word, "open," and he strove with all his power to impress upon his students the importance of open-mindedness, and of reading big books. Two instances forcibly illustrate this characteristic of his. On one occasion during a lecture he recommended the men to study Darwell Stone's two-volume work on the Holy Eucharist. At the mention of a book of this size some of the men began to titter. Whereupon he turned aside to give them a harangue to the effect that things had come to a pretty pass if ordinands began to giggle when they were told to read a large work on a subject of supreme theological importance. The harangue was not a short one, and it found its mark. More than thirty years later, students of that day have written to remind Canon Dewar, the present Principal of Bishops' College, of this incident. The other incident was of a different nature. One of his students had received from the Bishop the usual form which has to be filled up prior to ordination. One of the questions on this form demanded to know if the individual had ever had any doubts about the Christian faith. Only about two lines, however, were left for the answer. Hicks was delighted when the student informed him that he had answered the question in three words: "Nihil et omnia."

The greatness of Hicks' character comes out in yet another respect in relation to his love of movement. It might have been expected that he would rarely have had any time to give to individuals and their problems. In fact, one of his most striking characteristics was the way in which he listened. When a student had a problem on hand, he gave him all his attention, as if he were the only person in the world; and he was prepared to give him time without limit. Sometimes those who had problems never came to him with them because they wrongly supposed that a man who was always rushing about would never have any time to listen to them. They could not have made a bigger mistake. An old student has vivid recollections of interviews with him in his study when he went to consult him about the different difficulties which crop up during training: the friendly atmosphere, the masses of books, and the collection of quaint figures on the mantelpiece, which was always growing, for in him, as in many artistic natures, a love of the grotesque was

combined with a love of beauty everywhere. During interviews he invariably sat on the "dumpty" by the fire, and that student notes, like everyone else, that he grudged neither time nor trouble in helping, and that he had a most uncanny way of grasping difficulties almost before they were expressed. His most loved recollections of him was the shy and quiet way in which he always said "God bless you" when saying good-bye. There was nothing formal about it; he felt that it was a real blessing.

Another old student expresses this last point even more forcibly as he looks back more than thirty years: "This sense of his care and affection was always subconsciously present. I feel the stamp of his thought and churchmanship in me as much to-day."

There must have been some very strange interviews in that study, for there are many surprises in store for a Theological College Principal, whose duty is not so exclusively devoted to watering hot-house plants as some people evidently suppose. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, which deserves to be recorded in this connexion, for, in any case, it is certainly "in character" so far as Hicks is concerned. It had become a regular custom for old students, whose work lay in London or otherwise within easy reach of the College, to come down from time to time to visit it on their day off. Sometimes they came for the sheer delight of seeing Princeps and the old haunts again; sometimes they came because they wished to draw upon the ever-available store of the Principal's wisdom. On this particular occasion, as it is related, a student came for the latter reason. As soon as the door of the study closed behind them, the man blurted out: "Princeps, I have just had a row with my vicar and told him to go to Hell. What do I do next?" The Principal's mouth fell wide open in the manner so familiar to those who were acquainted with him. After a brief moment it gave way to its characteristic smile, and he replied: "Well, you had better ask him to come back again!"

To return to the history of Hicks' Principalship of Bishops' College—the all too brief but happy session of 1913–1914 passed, and very shortly after the College returned, at the end of July, the storm-doors of war burst. The effect upon Theological Colleges was devastating. There was no conscription (as everybody knows) until the war was well advanced, but instead, in the beginning, urgent appeals were made to young men to join the colours. What were those in Theological Colleges to do but to respond to the appeal? They did so right nobly, but with most disastrous consequences from the point of view of the staffing of the ministry of the Church, which is still suffering from the shortage created by that holocaust of young men.

Of course, it was widely believed by most people that it would "all be over by Christmas," but even so it was very hard to restrain young and able-bodied men from offering themselves. The particular line which Hicks took was that generally taken by the Bishops at that time, namely that those who were on the eve of their ordination in September should proceed to ordination, and that the others should be perfectly free to join the forces. But, as was characteristic of him, he did not lay down any hard and fast ruling, preferring to treat every case on its merits. The result, in fact, was that for the greater part of that term numbers were not much affected, no fewer than fifteen men out of twenty-nine being due for ordination that Michaelmas. But the following term there were, of course, no fresh entries, and Hicks was left to carry on with only eight students. It so happened that the Vice-Principal was leaving in the ordinary course of events, in order to get married; the Chaplain, in order to undertake work overseas. The new Vice-Principal joined the forces as an Army Chaplain, and his new Chaplain stayed on in his parish, and so Hicks was left to carry on the College absolutely single-handed, a truly superhuman task.

The tragedy of that summer term, however, was not unmixed with comedy. Hicks was most anxious that the students should play their part in assisting the country in any way that seemed practicable. When, therefore, an appeal was made for special constables this seemed to afford just the opening which was required; and the whole College, including himself, marched down to the local police station in order to get enrolled. During the next few days theological study was interspersed with exercises in the swinging of the truncheon, and it is wonderful that any students escaped serious injuries. At that time there was a great fear of spies, and, in the particular locality of Cheshunt, it was feared that attempts might be made by the same to poison the New River, as one of the sources of London's water supply. Accordingly, the students of the College were detailed to patrol the river banks throughout the night, and many of them saw the rising of the sun through the early morning mists of the river in a way which was quite unfamiliar to them. Princeps and Mrs. Princeps took their share in these patrols, which certainly were a valuable discipline of the flesh in the matter of sleep. But they were more; they provided, or helped to provide, a theme for the annual sketch which it became customary to stage on the occasion of Mrs. Princeps' birthday, which very obligingly fell in the last part of August.

There is one incident which occurred in that memorable term which must not be allowed to be forgotten, and that is the C.E.M.S. service, which was held in the College grounds.

Those familiar with these grounds will recall the existence of a fairly large pond, with a small island in the midst, standing in the orchard. It was decided to hold the service here. Princeps, who was the proud possessor of a canoe which lived on this pond, conceived the idea of using the island as a kind of pulpit from which to conduct the service, the journey across being made in the aforesaid canoe. Since the vicar, who, with Princeps, was to conduct the service, weighed fourteen stone, and Hicks was certainly in those days a good twelve stone, the project was not unattended by danger. However, despite the entreaties of Mrs. Princeps, Hicks would not give up the idea. When the two clergymen, in their robes of course, were both miraculously embarked in the craft, the sides of it could not have been more than half an inch above the water-line. Everybody present was prepared for the worst, but somehow or other they both got safe to land, and back again: which was certainly more than they deserved, and more than some, at least, of those present had hoped.

On the type of what is usually called "Churchmanship" which Hicks desired to reproduce it is easiest to refer to a celebrated epigram which caricatures what are (somewhat euphemistically) called the three "schools of thought" in the Church of England. The epigram characterises them as "High and crazy, broad and hazy, low and lazy." It may be said of Hicks that he was broad without being hazy, and that was what he wanted Cheshunt men to be. He was most anxious that the College life should be such that a man with what are called "evangelical" traditions should be able to share in it to the full. That was why vestments were not used at the Holy Eucharist, as they still are not used to this day. On the other hand, he sought to make life tolerable for those accustomed to an advanced "Catholic" tradition. There can be no doubt that he was eminently successful. He taught his students that there is something greater than party labels, and that is truth. It is recorded that he used to say: "I do not care if it is Roman or not; what I want to know is whether it is true." On the other hand, for what St. Teresa called "silly devotions" he had a great contempt. He was also suspicious of many modern Roman Catholic forms of devotion, even if they did not come under that category.

Thus Nugent Hicks' determination to run the College at Cheshunt on non-party lines was, in a very true sense, a new departure. Cuddesdon, Ely, Wells, Leeds and the rest of the "catholic" Colleges were ranged on the one side, and Wycliffe Hall, at Oxford, and Ridley Hall, at Cambridge, and their Evangelical companions on the other. Each had its own tone and colour. Cuddesdon, Hicks' own Theological College, stood

from the beginning, when Henry Parry Liddon was its first Vice-Principal; and when Hicks' Principal at Cuddesdon, J. O. Johnston, was working with Francis Paget to complete for publication Liddon's monumental *Life of Pusey*, for our catholic heritage as interpreted by the leaders of the Tractarian Movement. But there was a deep evangelical strain in Principal Johnston, a fund of charity and a breadth of outlook that were rooted in a combination of deep theological learning with fervent personal discipleship. So, though Cuddesdon was definitely on one side, in the days when Hicks was there eucharistic vestments were not worn, and the teaching was always in advance of the ritual. It was recognised that the alumni, when they went forth to their labours in the Ministry, would find themselves in varied surroundings. It was difficult for a disciple of Johnston to remain narrow-minded. Princeps once said, in deprecation of the sudden foisting of a sung eucharist on an unprepared congregation, "Our Lord's own service is, of course, the principal service of the day, at whatever hour and in whatever setting it is celebrated."

It may, therefore, have been as a disciple of Johnston that Hicks picked up the seeds of his idea of running a non-party College, thus putting into action the principles which Bishop Carey so well expressed when he was warden of the Bishops' Hostel, Lincoln: that it is impossible to be a good catholic unless you are a good evangelical, or to be a good evangelical unless you are catholic at heart. It might be added that it is useless to attempt to be either unless you are, first, a good Christian.

After all, the church of England is not alone in embracing three "schools of thought" within her borders. The seemingly uniform Church of Rome has its dogmatic traditionalists, its learned seekers after fresh truth and its fervent "evangelicals." The Dominicans, the Benedictines and the Franciscans are, indeed, recognised orders within the framework of the Church. We can only lament that all the followers of John Wesley, and all who call themselves Methodists, were not organised as fraternities within the Mother Church to which they originally belonged.

The real clue, however, to the understanding of Hicks' "Churchmanship" is to appreciate what all who have contributed to this book note as the most outstanding of all his characteristics, and that was his sense of loyalty. A more loyal heart never beat. He was—were it possible—loyal to a fault. One who knew him intimately says that he only saw him really angry twice in his life, and then a fury seized upon him, so that he appeared to be almost demented. On each occasion his anger blazed forth because he believed that a friend was being maligned. It was an intense loyalty such as this which he felt to the Church of England. He found it quite impossible to enter into the frame of mind of any

person who merely tolerated the English Church, while remaining one of her children. Those who heard him will not easily forget the fervour with which he quoted the words from Bishop Stubbs's *Ordination Addresses* in which he speaks of the English Church to his ordinants and reminds them that they are "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh." He loved the Church of England with a deep and even passionate love; he believed in her entirely; and he undoubtedly began a similar love for her in very many, if not the vast majority, of those who were privileged to be his pupils at Cheshunt. He loved the Church of England because she was his mother in Christ, whom he loved most of all. But he also loved her because, as he believed, she, more than any other part of Christendom, has contrived to combine loyalty to tradition with openness of mind. Thus by what were perhaps his two outstanding qualities—loyalty and open-mindedness, not a common or an easy combination—was he bound to the English Church.

Referring again to the addresses which Hicks gave to his students in the College chapel on Friday afternoons, it was above all here that he sought to convey to them his conception of loyalty to the Church. He would emphasise the intensely personal nature of the relation existing between them and the Church of England, and those to whom they were to minister. Their attitude was to be one of both truthfulness and trustworthiness. He pointed out how apt priests are to forget what their attitude should be to those over them, even though they remember it in regard to those under them. Too often they regard their superiors as untrustworthy, and make them feel that they are not trusted. In fact, it is often the priest himself who is not trustworthy. Such an attitude Hicks scornfully described as the "merest ultra Protestantism." In the absence of positive knowledge, he used to say, "we should always assume the best." Loyalty, to him, was a matter of the heart rather than of the head. "We should take a delight in obedience beyond what we are bound to do." Even when the memory of the actual words and thoughts which he expressed faded, the impression which those addresses made could only have been deep and lasting. The picture of the Princeps sitting before the altar in the strange (and yet how greatly beloved) little chapel; the rich, deep tones of his beautiful voice; and even the astonishing discomfort of the curious little chapel chairs, the backs of which were surely never designed for the average human back; all these things will live for ever as precious memories for the students of that generation. It was here that very many of them "found their souls."

To gain a full insight into Hicks' theological point of view, however, by far the best plan is to read his one written contribution to theology, viz. his book entitled *The Fullness of Sacrifice*,

published in 1930. This considerable treatise bears as its subtitle "An Essay in Reconciliation"; and such, indeed, it is. It consists of a careful re-examination of the meaning of Sacrifice in both the Old and New Testaments, undertaken in the hope that this would clear away the widespread misunderstandings which Hicks believed to be the cause of the deepest party cleavages. Thus he hoped to bring together by his writing both "Evangelical" and "Catholic" as he had often done by his deeds and words. If fullness of exposition, combined with acuteness of judgement and an almost passionate moral sincerity could have achieved his object it would certainly have been achieved by this book which Archbishop Temple described as "epoch-making." It must be admitted, however, that the force of prejudice was too strong to be moved even by this powerful effort. Nevertheless, those who know would maintain that the work has undoubtedly exerted a considerable influence, especially upon the younger minds; and in the opinion of at least some competent judges it is a book which will live. Time alone can show how far this is true.

I am indebted to Canon Lindsay Dewar for the following short description of the main position which Hicks seeks to establish in this book. It is, says Canon Dewar, "one to which, as Hicks gratefully acknowledges, he was in the first instance led by Mr. Gayford. He sets out to demonstrate that it is a radical misunderstanding of Hebrew sacrificial ideas (critics have not always realised that the point does not depend upon the strict accuracy of the author's reconstruction of the history) to suppose that sacrifice is limited and bounded by death. On the contrary, to the Hebrew mind sacrifice never speaks of death alone, but always, where death is concerned, with the atoning time of a life that has passed through a death. This conception, he seeks to show, runs through the New Testament as well as through the Old, and has a vital bearing upon Eucharistic theology. Hicks points out that the equation of sacrifice with death arose at a time when Christian thinkers had ceased to be acquainted with the ceremonial of sacrifice. Jewish sacrifices came to a sudden end in A.D. 70, and, so far as the civilised world was concerned, Gentile sacrifices two or three centuries later. Hicks argues that nobody acquainted with sacrificial practice could possibly have made the mistake which Aquinas (for example) made when he asserted that the essence of sacrifice consists in the destruction of the victim. Hicks has no difficulty in showing that it is this equation of sacrifice with death which is the clue to the understanding of both Roman Catholic and Reformation theology concerning the Holy Eucharist. According to the former, since the Mass is *ex hypothesi* a sacrifice, it must be in some sense a repetition of Calvary. According to

the latter, since such an idea is unthinkable, the Lord's Supper cannot be in any sense a sacrifice. It seems to follow, therefore, that once this identification is abandoned, the fundamental antithesis between Roman and Protestant Eucharistic theology disappears. It is, indeed, true that there are some who wish to get rid of all sacrificial ideas from Christianity as obsolete and sub-Christian. Against these Hicks argues that it is impossible to set in opposition to one another the worship of the Temple and the worship of the Synagogue; and it is one of the most effective parts of his argument when he exposes the weakness of the position of those who maintain that our Lord was the champion of the latter against the former. However, the mountain of prejudice remained immovable, and is, unfortunately, still with us, though perhaps diminished, and (it is to be hoped) diminishing in size.

Nevertheless it was a truly gallant attempt to remove one of the deepest causes of division in Christendom. It is unfortunate that Hicks did not find time to write a sequel, developing his theme more fully in the realm of Eucharistic theology, where ancient antagonisms come to a head. It is to be hoped that one day some competent authority may be moved in this way to follow in his train."

Even as it is, it has its effect on those qualified to judge. Evelyn Underhill (Letters, pp. 190-191) found the book "*very good*—it is really *religious*, which so few theological books really are—I am sure you will find his teaching on the Eucharist a help: partly because he doesn't try to explain too much, but leaves the fringe of mystery intact."

The writing of *The Fullness of Sacrifice* caused Hicks a great effort. It was very hard for him—man of action as he was—to withdraw sufficiently from active work to concentrate upon the book. It was largely due to the encouragement of his wife that he was induced to do so and to see the work through. While he was actually doing it he enjoyed it. When it was finished he rejoiced in his achievement with the simplicity of a child. A friend remembers how pleased he was with a passage in the preface where he apologises for using "the abbreviation 'I'" in place of "the periphrasis 'the present writer'".

In the latter part of the war the Central Council of Training for the Ministry was founded, and Hicks became its first secretary, retaining his Principalship. The work of this committee grew apace, and absorbed more and more of his time and energy. When the war ended with unexpected suddenness it became quite overwhelming. Hicks was advised that he must leave the College and at all costs take on the new venture of the Service Candidates' Committee, called into sudden being by the Council.

He was persuaded, however, not to resign the Principalship immediately. He remained nominally the head of the College, and the Vice-Principal, Cyril Mayne,¹ who was S.C.F. of the 33rd Division in France, was demobilised, and came into residence as acting Principal in the beginning of 1919. In the spring of the following year, however, Hicks resigned, and the Vice-Principal reigned in his stead. He has contributed his recollection of his predecessor, which sums up the Cheshunt period:

"My recollections of Nugent Hicks start in 1914, when I was a curate in Poplar, and he asked me to come as Vice-Principal to Cheshunt. It would have been hard to resist the kindness with which he approached me; but, as early as this, he impressed me as being a man who knew his own mind, and would be indefatigable in carrying out his purposes. When I worked with him I realised that he was always glad to hear anything I had to suggest, and was extraordinarily patient with me in my ignorance of Theological College life. Indeed he seemed to welcome a member of the staff whose experience had been in different fields. *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*² might have been his motto. I worked with him for less than a year, I think, and even in that time he was much absent on other work. I shall always remember how he backed me up, though in his absence I must have done many foolish things, and how fond the men were of him. Succeeding him was the most difficult task I have had in my career.

"Some of my happiest memories of him are of his visits to the Common Room after dinner: unconsciously he held the board, and he had a knack, or the instinct, of bringing shy men into the picture. We were very proud of him. I think that some people never took him very seriously. I mean his contemporaries: he seemed to them never to have grown up. But I imagine that when he left Oxford for Cheshunt he made a big stride, as soon as he was in a position of authority. He felt deeply; and in a private conversation he showed sometimes how deeply, though always, at the end, that wonderful smile of his won the day. I never saw him lose his temper, and he could laugh at his own idiosyncrasies.

"I loved him soon and long; but after he left Cheshunt I saw but little of him. His work always swept him into its orbit, and he loved being busy. I do not know if he will go down as a great Principal, but I am sure that at Cheshunt he was the man to form tradition: it was extraordinary how, in 1914, when I first visited the College, I felt that I was in a *sacred society*."

¹ Now Dean of Carlisle, 1944.

² I am a man; nothing that is human do I think alien to myself.

CHAPTER V

THE SERVICE CANDIDATES

FROM 1916 to 1924 a large proportion of Nugent Hicks' time was devoted to the immensely important work of the selection and training of Ordination Candidates from the Navy, the Army and the Royal Flying Corps. As the war went on it became clear that many of the next generation of the clergy would come from the Services, and plans had to be made to meet the task which would face the Church as soon as hostilities ended. At Talbot House, in Poperinghe, the Rev. P. B. Clayton ("Tubby") began to form a Roll of possible Ordination Candidates, and in the spring of 1916 the subject was considered by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At that time the Bishop of Truro (Winfred Burrows) afterwards Bishop of Chichester, was chairman of the Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry. Hicks was secretary of the Council, and also of the Conference of Principals of Theological Colleges, while retaining his position of Principal of Cheshunt. A sub-committee was formed, known as the Service Candidates' Committee, with the Dean of York (Foxley Norris) as chairman. Hicks was appointed secretary to this also, and to him was entrusted the responsibility of forming and keeping a Roll of Service Candidates. While, therefore, the World War was raging, a list of names was steadily growing at Cheshunt. Chaplains on every front knew that somewhere at home in England the Church was quietly preparing a Roll of its sons who were coming to feel, as they were serving their country, that in days to come they might be called to the Ministry.

When Armistice Day came, on 11th November, 1918, over two thousand seven hundred names had been sent to Cheshunt through the Chaplains' Department, and in several large boxes were such records as it had been possible to obtain of all the men whose names had been passed up from all the theatres of war. Frequently there was no information beyond a letter from a Chaplain who had sent in a name without much knowledge of the man, in order that one who had spoken about Ordination should have wise advice in due course. To the outsider it might not indicate much to see many hundreds of little packets of letters fastened to a form, but each contained the offer of a man for the Ministry of the Church, or the expression of his desire to consider his vocation seriously when peace should come. Already a very large number of letters had been written by

Hicks, but there had been no interviews. After the Armistice these papers instantly sprang to life as men were demobilised. In France a School of Instruction for Candidates for the Ministry was at once started under the Chaplains' Department of the War Office, and two hundred and fifty men were gathered at Le Touquet.

Immediately the Service Candidates' Committee, now enlarged to include representatives of all the Dioceses and of the Universities, had to face and make rapid and responsible decisions. How could these men be sifted out? How and where should sailors and soldiers be taught and trained for the Ministry? How could their training be financed?

An immense pressure of work came instantly upon Hicks, who had with him at Cheshunt, in addition to his secretary, only one or two voluntary helpers. Every day brought scores of letters from men who very naturally wanted immediate advice and information. The Archbishops had publicly given a pledge that no soldier otherwise suitable should be denied Ordination for lack of money, and it became necessary to establish contact with all the men whose names were on the Roll, so that plans might be made and some idea formed as to the number of men who would, in fact, be selected for training. Only those who were called in to help can realise the difficulty and complexity of the task. Hicks soon recognised that no interview with any candidate should be hurried. Never was the phrase "turned down" to be used. These were offers for a life-work, and if a man were to be advised that he could give his best service for the Church as a layman this could not be done in a conversation for a few minutes. There were, no doubt, those who thought that decisions might have been made more quickly, and there were bound to be a good many disappointed men. But Hicks was determined to prevent any man from feeling that his offer had not received fair and full consideration. For ensuring this it was clearly necessary that the staff of the committee should be increased. The Archbishop asked that Vernon Smith (afterwards Bishop of Leicester) should be demobilised at once; and two or three weeks later the Chaplain-General also released, at his request, Geoffrey Gordon (subsequently Bishop of Jarrow), who had been closely associated with Bishop Gwynne in France, and Stafford Crawley (now Canon of Windsor). This team, with Hicks as the leader, styled "chief secretary," had many voluntary helpers. The office was moved from Cheshunt to Elm Park Gardens, in Kensington, and help in the organisation was given by C. R. Rumbold, then a demobilised Rifleman, afterwards Dean of Pretoria, who, with some other soldiers, gave for a few weeks all the voluntary assistance they could.

The candidates fell in the main into two groups. Some had begun their training at a University or a Theological College before the war, or at least had passed Matriculation. About half had not reached this educational standard, and it was decided to form a "Test School" where a preliminary course of training could be given.

To Clayton had been entrusted the task of finding accommodation. The only available building he could discover and recommend was the prison at Knutsford, which proved to be most suitable. Full of German prisoners, it had to be emptied and prepared in six weeks for the arrival of three hundred and fifty men, including the two hundred and fifty at Le Touquet. Hicks turned to Keble for help, and his old friend the Bursar brought all his experience to bear. A company of women was demobilised from the W.A.A.C. *en bloc*. Beds and simple furniture were bought. The prison was ready, and the School opened, on the appointed date; and there began one of the most remarkable experiments and achievements in the recent history of the Church of England.

F. R. Barry, afterwards Bishop of Southwell, who had been in charge at Le Touquet, was the Principal. In the next few years, until the prison was closed and the Test School continued at Hawarden Rectory, a large number of men, of whom over five hundred were subsequently ordained, passed through the course and forward to further training.

While the "Test Department" of the committee was occupied with Knutsford, plans were all the time being made for the training of the men who were ready to go at once to a University or a Theological College. Great care was needed so that each man should be wisely advised, and Hicks gave unsparingly of his best thought to every individual. Government grants towards education fees met a large part of the expenses, but the Archbishop's pledge was honoured and £378,000 was spent by the Central Board of Finance on the training of one thousand and thirty-nine Service candidates.¹ No one knew better than Hicks how much the Church owed, at that time, to Canon Partridge, then the secretary of the Board, and later Bishop of Portsmouth.

The first year after the Armistice was the critical and most difficult year, and Hicks was concerned with large problems of policy as well as with many details. His wide knowledge, not only of the work and administration of Theological Colleges and all that concerns the training of candidates for Holy Orders, but also of University life and requirements, qualified him in an exceptional degree to take the leading part in the work, and secured for him the confidence of the Church. Owing to the immense amount of that work he was obliged, in 1920, as has been said, to

¹ Bell's *Life of Randall Davidson*, p. 944.

leave Cheshunt, and he accepted the parish of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, at the Bishop of St. Albans' request. For the next three years he continued to hold the secretaryship, though, of course, as the war receded into the past, the work with Service candidates was continually decreasing. He gave it up in 1924.

There is no doubt that Hicks' work for the Service Candidates' Committee was of lasting value to the Church of England. From the start he made it plain that there should be no panic rush to make up the scarcity of clergy with second-rate or imperfectly-trained men. The aim of the committee was to secure a sound general education before the theological and ministerial training proper was given. New ways were devised to meet new needs.

The Ordination Test School in the prison closed in 1922, but was continued on a smaller scale at Knutsford. In 1927 it was moved to Hawarden Rectory, and from that date until the outbreak of war in 1939 it met a real need in the "testing" of young civilian candidates. As the supply of Service candidates diminished in 1922 there were many who would have been content to see the Test School come to an end. Hicks was not one of these. He believed that the Church of England will always need an institution of this kind, and fought hard for its retention. In November, 1921, he raised nine thousand pounds in nine days on its behalf. One distinguished member of the Church Assembly objected to this financial appeal, describing it as "a highly improper attempt to force the hands of the Central Board of Finance." Time, however, has certainly proved the wisdom and foresight of Hicks. The courage, vision and ability with which he tackled the responsible work to which he was called at the close of the first world war were not the least valuable part of his life work, and they marked him out as one to be entrusted with more service to the Church.

CHAPTER VI

PARISHES: (1) TODDINGTON—(2) BRIGHTON

(1) TODDINGTON

ALTHOUGH the six years spent by Nugent Hicks at Toddington and Brighton may in some way appear as a comparatively unimportant interlude between periods of more outstanding work for the Church, it by no means follows that they were a mere interlude in his life's history.

No arguments are needed to urge the importance of a Diocesan Bishop having himself had some parochial experience. Many have, in after years, been deeply conscious of the lack of it, and in some cases critics have not been slow to point out the consequences of that lack. It was this experience which the years 1921-1927 supplied to Nugent Hicks. They gave to one who had been mainly occupied during the preceding years in academic or administrative work just that experience which only a priest who has first-hand dealings with men, women and children of all sorts and kinds can have. It is that experience which can, later, be of such incalculable value to a Bishop, both in the choice of those to whom he has to commit such a charge, and in his understanding of the joys and sorrows, the opportunities and difficulties, of ordinary people. It is probable that a good deal of that profoundly wise, shrewd and always kindly insight into human nature, which was in after years to appear so markedly in the Bishop's ability to choose the right man for the right place, was gained during this period. Nor, moreover, if the time allotted to parochial work was, as proved to be the case here, limited to six years, could anything more helpful be imagined than that three of those years should be spent in a village and the other three in a large town.

It has been explained that by the year 1920 his work as general secretary of the Central Advisory Council for the Training of the Ministry—he had been made Hon. Canon of St. Albans in 1914—had become so all-absorbing and so important that he decided to resign his position at Cheshunt in order to devote himself more entirely to it. To live in London might then have seemed the natural thing, but a cable from his old Oxford friend, the Bishop of Pretoria (Dr. Michael Furse) opened out a new prospect; for the Bishop, who was about to be translated to the See of St. Albans, much hoped that the Canon would stay on in the Diocese and help him in the work of it. It

thus came about that early in 1921 he moved to Toddington, Bedfordshire, of which he was already Lord of the Manor, as rector.

Toddington is an ancient market town, lying some seventeen miles from St. Albans, having a population of about 2,000, and possessing a fine church. As Lord of the Manor the rector was later able to make to the village, as it is generally called now, the munificent gift of the village green, and also of the old Town Hall. It was, of course, obvious that a good part of each week would normally have to be spent in London, which happily was easily accessible. So, in order that the ordinary work of the parish should not suffer from his frequent absences, the rector brought with him his former Chaplain at Cheshunt, the Rev. Frank Hunt, to act as his assistant. But though it was often only over what is generally called the "week-end" that he was able himself to be with his people, the church and the parishioners were his deep concern, and it was his special endeavour to try and deepen their appreciation of their church as a place of worship.

It was to this end that he instituted, what he ever afterwards favoured when it suited local circumstances, a parish Communion at nine a.m. or thereabouts, with music and a short address; and, again when it suited local circumstances, a united breakfast afterwards, which made it easier for working people to have a rest on Sunday morning without the work of getting breakfast on return home. The change of hour increased the number of communicants. Though new to country work, the rector had been well aware that any innovation is generally regarded with extreme suspicion, and it was with the most tender consideration and care that he had set about making the change.

Another reform which he instituted in the church concerned the method of teaching the children, giving the elder ones teaching in the week which they were, on Sundays, to impart to the younger ones, a method which he also later introduced at Brighton.

At Toddington, too, and also later at Brighton, in order to make more clear the Resurrection of the Body, as revealed to us by our Lord's Resurrection, he showed a model made in plaster of the traditional Tomb of our Lord. Inside the tomb was a linen wrap, on a shelf, such as would have been wound round His Body, leaving enough space between the Body and the Head for another small linen wrap which would have been wound round His Head. Canon Hicks would use this model to show how the disciples, on discovering that the Body was no longer there, found that the linen was still lying folded and unmoved. He

pointed out that the Body could only have passed through the linen, and that, after the Resurrection, our Lord, then Himself a Spirit, showed that His Body was also Himself, and tangible.

With regard to the rector's own devotional life, it may suffice to say that this had always in the most natural way centred round his acts of Celebration and Communion, together, of course, with careful public or private recitation of the Daily Offices, however busy he might be; and it was thus that he had clothed himself with that atmosphere of Prayer which is in turn invariably impressive to those with whom a man of prayer has to do. "Prayer without ceasing" was his help in the course of parochial life, with its new experience of the worries and anxieties incidental to the work of every parish priest. It must have been a little trying, for instance, especially to one accustomed to an academic atmosphere, when some member of the Church Council would hold forth or bring forward objections on subjects which, to put it mildly, he rather imperfectly understood. But the rector's imperturbable good humour, supported by his extraordinarily happy home life, soon helped him over such happenings as these; and it was impossible to make an enemy of one whose sincerity of conviction could no more be questioned than could the fact that his sole aim was to promote the Christian Faith and the Christian way of life.

And, on the subject of friendship, it may be said that the Canon was, during this period, as indeed ever, increasing the already exceptionally large circle of his friends by the natural admission of both parishioners and Ordination candidates. People recognised in him a natural outstanding genius for making friends, and it would not infrequently come about that men who had come for what they had regarded in advance as more or less formal or business-like talks, or who else had perhaps had the chance opportunity of a conversation when travelling, would afterwards bear witness to the feeling that when they parted from him they had the conviction of having left a real friend. The said friends were drawn literally from all classes and stations in life, and among them, though only as one item, was a very large number of the clergy, so many of whom had been under him at Oxford or Cheshunt or had passed through his hands *en route* for Knutsford.

One clerical friend, for instance, in the course of a preaching tour, once wrote to him that he had tried at first to make a mental note of those whom he had met, and who wished to send him affectionate messages, but had found that it would be more practicable to make a list of those comparatively few who did not.

Part of the secret of all this was that Nugent really enjoyed his conversations, and gave of his very best in them; indeed he was often tempted to prolong them beyond the time he really had at his disposal. Later in life, when returning at night from some distant church after a tiring day, he would never want, as many in such circumstances would, to sit back in the car in quiet silence, but would prefer to talk the whole way, always fresh and always interesting. It always seemed as if the man with whom he was conversing was just the one person in the world to whom he wanted to talk. Usually he was much better informed on the subject under discussion than his companions, but his natural humility prevented him from ever seeming to be in the very least over-didactic, and he always sought information as well as gave it. There are assuredly many now living who will long retain happy memories of these occasions.

An incident illustrative of the rector's profound interest in the Orthodox Church occurred during this period when his old friend, Mr. Athelstan Riley, came on a short visit, bringing the Russian Archbishop Evlogi, then resident in Paris, accompanied by a priest and a deacon. The choir had been carefully trained in the Russian anthem of welcome to a Bishop, and it was duly sung at the ceremonial entry of the party to the church, where a special service was held. It must have made for the villagers an interesting and enlightening variation on the ordinary course of Church Services.

In 1924 Canon Hicks decided to resign the rectory of Toddington. At the beginning of his incumbency he had resolved to remain not less than three years in fairness to the parish (the period being suggested as having been about the period of the earthly ministry of Our Lord), and, this time being now accomplished, he was free to respond to the call of his great friend, Winfrid Burrows, then Bishop of Chichester, to him to become vicar of Brighton.

The Bishop of St. Albans was naturally loath to part with a friend who had so willingly responded to his appeal to stay in the Diocese to help him, on his translation to St. Albans. But the call from Dr. Burrows, who had been, as we have seen, his chairman on the Central Advisory Council, and who begged for his help at least for a short time, seemed a compelling one, and so the vicarage of Brighton, vacant through the death of Canon Dormer Pierce, was accepted, and the move was made.

(2) BRIGHTON

One of the first problems which any vicar of Brighton must face is how far he is to use his time and energies as vicar of the parish (not to mention two subsidiary churches) and how far to try to do all that is expected of the vicar of Brighton as a whole, conscious that either of the two-spheres could easily take up the entire time of a fully able-bodied man. It was, therefore, a very full and exacting work to which Canon Hicks was compellingly called, and it must have been with some idea of the difficulty of carrying it out that he made an early resolve "to be never too busy to give my mind to anything whether of public or private nature," a resolve which he perseveringly endeavoured to carry out until the end of his life.

In telling of his life at Brighton one must begin with the Church, as that was, of course, the way in which he began to think of it himself. The secret may be found in the words of an early address to the Hove Rotary Club on "My Job," in which he explained that the cult of the spiritual life must always come first. After detailing all his functions as vicar he said—and it expresses his feelings through life—"Above all, this machinery and work is but a means to an end. The end is to bring God to man and man to God. The vicar has to be teacher and preacher. He must have his quiet inner life. He must study. He must read, and read not only theology but what influences the opinions of men of the day. He must learn or he cannot teach. If life is a perpetual bustle even the preacher is a well pumped dry. So the preacher must keep in touch with God. He must practise simplicity in thought and language. He must translate the long words and the set phrase into the language of the people and the time. The preacher must discuss public matters without mixing in politics. He must cultivate openness of mind. In me it takes the form of entire inability to be shocked. . . . My desire is to make people feel that they don't mind what they say to me. My job is to make friends. Then" (pointing to the motto of the Rotary Club, "Service above Self") . . . "the highest example of it, the only real dynamic to give it grit and driving power, is that Service above Self set forth on the Cross."

The modern Parish Church of St. Peter, which had taken the place of the older and less well-situated Church of St. Nicholas of which it was formerly a chapel-of-ease, is ideally placed in the centre of the town, and is a fine stone Gothic building, built under the direction of Sir Charles Barry at a cost of £28,000, and subsequently enlarged. It is capable of holding some 1,400 people. Besides being vicar of Brighton the Canon was also rector of West

Blatchington, a small country church on the edge of the Downs, and by a recent arrangement he was in charge of the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, a poor district in the heart of the town. Some noted men had preceded Dr. Hicks as incumbents, such as Dean Hannah, Archdeacon Hoskyns, and (his immediate predecessor) Canon Dormer Pierce.

The last-named had given up the vast vicarage which formerly went with the living. No doubt in the days when the Court visited Brighton, when the vicar was a Royal Chaplain, and when a large domestic staff was possible, it had served its purpose well. With its nearly forty rooms it had now become a hopeless encumbrance, and it was wisely vacated. The house into which Canon and Mrs. Hicks moved was an attractive and suitable one which, though situated on the hill, was only a few minutes away from the church by car or tram, and was, in fact, nearer than the original vicarage. It may be recorded here that he later conferred a very great boon on the parish by the provision of a house for an assistant curate.

The parish church, with its large congregation (the population was about 12,000) and with a considerable influx of visitors from all parts, gives a fine scope for a preacher, and the vicar was at the height of his powers in this respect at this time.

He could be very outspoken on occasion, and it will be long remembered by some that he once earned the gratitude of many outside his own flock by refuting in the evening some of the things which had been said from the same pulpit in the morning by a visiting Bishop on the vexed subject of Birth Control. At the close of a service he would make a point of shaking hands with as many as possible at the door as one small way of coming into personal touch with his people, a thing for which his very many activities gave him much less time than he would have liked.

Systematic visiting had to be left, for the most part, to his colleagues, but all the same, he would always make time for special sick visits; and indeed, if circumstances had allowed, it is probable that sick visiting might have become one of the prominent features of his life. It was a subject on which he had thought deeply, and in which his intimate knowledge of human nature and his sympathetic insight into states of mind gave him considerable power. He believed very much in the Laying on of Hands with prayer, in the use of Holy Unction in suitable cases; and, in very exceptional cases, in the practice of Exorcism, of which he fully realised the danger. He certainly more than once practised it himself, and Canon Gilbert Elliott records one instance. In that case the patient, a young father,

having come to the conviction that his infant son was suffering from "possession," had, without preparation or instruction, commanded the spirit to come forth. The improvement of the child was followed by the father himself falling into an apparently similar state, and all the signs suggested that the spirit had entered into *him*. Canon Hicks took the advice of an experienced person, and was instructed that the spirit must be banished to a certain place, or else it might enter into anyone close at hand. On enquiry as to where the spirit should be sent he was advised that the very experienced Mr. Hickson was accustomed to banish such to the bottom of the Red Sea. When the seriousness of the case was over (and though details are not available it may be said that there was complete recovery) Nugent could not help being mildly amused, when the subject recurred to his mind, to think of the Red Sea peopled by spirits banished by Mr. Hickson! He himself thought that perhaps "the lowest depths of the farthest seas" might be the preferable alternative.

Of some lastingly happy results which are known to have followed his ministrations only those who experienced them could adequately speak. As Rural Dean of Brighton the vicar had some supervision over, and normally the annual duty of visiting, the thirty-two churches of the town. In this his object was always to try and bring parishes into closer contact with each other in order to break down the narrow parochialism which often afflicts towns, and from which the Brighton of the time was not wholly free. The clergy of one parish, for instance, would sometimes know almost nothing of their immediate neighbours, even where they were doctrinally at one, and each parish would be too much of a self-contained unit. One friend, at least, then in charge of the neighbouring Church of St. Bartholomew, testifies to a marked change for the better having come about during this period. And it was more than mere friendliness at which the vicar aimed. He always tried to show how much more common ground there was between the different "schools of thought" in the Church than was sometimes supposed, and how often the differences which had arisen were really, at any rate in part, due to verbal misunderstandings.

He felt this strongly in regard to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and it was largely with this in view that he wrote his *Fullness of Sacrifice*, the book which has been shortly summarised in Chapter III. Before the publication of the book he lectured on the subject to the local branch of the (Anglican) "Federation of Catholic Priests," and he was much pleased, on finding that his central theme met with general appreciation, to be able to record that another group, consisting of those who especially

claim the term "Evangelical," had declared that they, too, had found new light on the truths they already held.

How time was ever found to write such a book in the midst of such a very strenuous life remains something of a mystery to this day, and perhaps it was only made possible by occasional recourse to the library at Hawarden, where, later, he was also able to enjoy the companionship of his friends (the late) Lord and Lady Gladstone of Hawarden.

At Brighton and elsewhere the vicar was much concerned, in his contacts with his clerical brethren, at the grinding poverty under which he found some of them were living. Nobody could think less of money as such than he—it did not seem to interest him, and it may be mentioned, in passing, that his official income as vicar of Brighton was not enough to live on—but he was concerned with the inefficiency which he found to be due in some cases to really pressing poverty. In a sermon preached at a later period at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the festival of the Sons of the Clergy, he said, "We have been reminded again lately of the shortage of clergy. No one who knows the conditions of our under-staffed parishes, or of the overworked men serving in them, can indeed forget that for a moment. I can speak with thirty years' direct experience of the sources of supply. It is surely no exaggeration to say that, as a source of manpower, not for the Ministry of the Church only but for the service of the nation and the empire as a whole, the homes of the clergy have had a place in our history that is altogether their own. You have only to turn over the pages of such a general book as the *Dictionary of National Biography* to see what it has been in the past; or you may think of the record of the sons of the clergy in the war—I speak from memory of many cases. A boy or young man does not think much of future income if his heart is touched by a high ideal. But his parents must think of it; and I know no more serious effect of the changes produced by the war than the discouragement of vocations to the Ministry that is bound to come if on the one hand the father, who would once have just been able to pay for his son's University education and ministerial training, is unable to do so, and on the other hand cannot but persuade his boy to give up hopes of a calling in which he has no prospect of the reasonable necessities of life. . . . I am thinking of pictures of heroism and of tragedy that I have seen, and of which the world is unaware."

Brighton certainly offered new points of contact with the clergy besides those of which he had spoken above. His patronage was considerable, as the vicar is Patron of no less than eleven Benefices and part Patron of seven more. Moreover, he represented the clergy as proctor in Convocation and he was also



NUGENT HICKS

Friend, and officially, as Bishop of Lincoln, Visitor of Eton, with the Captain of the School and the Captain of the Boats.

Fourth of June, 1936.

Examining Chaplain to the Bishop. It may be mentioned, as a tax on his time, that this latter office involved three examinations a year, and probably attendance at one Ordination at Chichester, where he would also be normally called upon to preach twice a year as Honorary Canon.

With regard to the town generally every vicar of Brighton must find it extraordinarily difficult to live up to what is expected of him. With a population like that of Liverpool or Manchester it is a physical impossibility to be "on everything." But Brighton's size is such that nearly all the leading colleges, hospitals and charitable organisations are anxious to have the vicar on their council or committee, while the Mayor usually relies on his being his Chaplain.

The number of councils and committees of which Hicks was chairman or a member was probably not abnormal, but as it amounted to between sixty and seventy it may give some idea of the problems presented as to the best use of the available time. As his private secretary once remarked with reference to this period, "It was a hectic life and one conjures up a vision of flying coat-tails as the vicar dashed from one engagement to the other."

All this, however, was accepted as part of "the job," and though it is impossible to put in words or to know the ultimate value of the time so spent, it is true to say that people were conscious of the presence of one who always gave his best to whatever was in hand; and that there was always present in his mind, however "secular" the business might seem, the one aim of "bringing God to men and men to God." Amongst what would be termed "secular" cares was the no light task of raising money to carry on the work of the Church and its various organisations, and also of facing a debt of £2,000 on the building of the parish hall. The ordinary funds, in fact, owed a good deal to the vicar's own generosity, while the debt on the hall had by the time he left been reduced to £750. The volume of correspondence involved in such a position was very large, but the vicar had the valuable help of his secretary, Major Penn, to whom he always felt he owed a great debt of gratitude.

The bulk of the letters was, no doubt, necessary or reasonable, but included among them were some which can hardly be so described. People wrote, for instance, asking him to search through years of old registers to verify the baptism of a great-grandparent, while others asked him kindly to find them lodgings ("clean rooms with a nice sea view at moderate terms, &c. &c."). What replies were sent to them is not known, but the receiving and dealing with them was no doubt, again, taken as part of "the job."

In the social side of life generally Mrs. Nugent Hicks was called on to take an active part. It consisted in not only dispensing a good deal of hospitality at the vicarage, and in doing the useful work of driving the vicar to the places of his engagements, but in taking a prominent part in many social functions and, in this rather particularly, in responding to many insistent invitations to open bazaars. A vicar who once announced her as "the ideal Bazaar Opener" was not exaggerating. There was always something said happily appropriate to the place or time, something which left people with the idea that "that was just what wanted saying" or with a useful suggestion for the future, so that it is not surprising that such invitations figured largely among the many demands for her presence. In the course of his last public words before leaving the town the vicar declared that he could never have done what he had done or attempted to do without the help of his wife.

When, towards the end of the third year in Brighton, the news came of the appointment to the See of Gibraltar there was no great surprise, many having known for some time that some such call was probable. In fact, on one occasion, his friend the then Bishop of London (Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram) had publicly announced that Brighton must not expect to keep him long. And there could be no doubt in anyone's mind of the rightness of obeying the call to a work for which he was singularly fitted. Such assets as his intimate knowledge of the Orthodox Church and his gift of languages—thanks to his mother's insistence he could make a public impromptu speech in French—would be so valuable in his new work that all who knew him knew also that the one right choice had been made.

When the time for departure came there was a crowded meeting of farewell in the Memorial Hall, where parting presents were given. From the churchwardens and nearly four hundred of the congregation came the valuable and timely gift of a fine blue and gold cope together with episcopal robes. His former Cheshunt students sent him an episcopal ring, while the Brighton clergy gave a Pectoral Cross. Bishop Russell Wakefield, formerly of Birmingham, gave him his own pastoral staff, and the people of St. Martin's, Brighton, a mitre. At the same time gifts were presented to Mrs. Hicks by the wives of the churchwardens and some seventy members of St. Mary's Guild.

In his farewell speech the vicar recorded his grateful appreciation both of the many kindnesses received by his wife and himself during their time at Brighton, and also for the many gifts so generously given to them. "It makes me feel," he said,

“when I think of you that no ordinary earthly parting is any parting at all. We belong together in the future as in the past: you have allowed me to belong to you while I have been with you. I want to say to one and all, to all who have helped me and all with whom I have been allowed to work, Thank you and God bless you.”

CHAPTER VII

MASONIC CAREER

As Nugent Hicks began his Masonic activities, in which he was profoundly interested, at Brighton, it may be appropriate to insert here, though it breaks the continuity of this story of his life, the following account of his Masonic career, in which he rose rapidly.

His entry into Freemasonry was closely connected with the fact that he was an old Harrovian, and that no fewer than six of those Brethren who were about to found the Old Harrovian Lodge had been with him at Harrow. It was arranged that he should wait until his School Lodge should have been formed, and then join the Craft. The Old Harrovian Lodge of Freemasons, No. 4653 on the register of the United Grand Lodge of England, was consecrated by the Old Etonian Pro-Grand Master, the late Lord Ampthill, on 8th December, 1924, and on that occasion notice was given that at the first ordinary meeting Dr. Hicks, who by then had just become the new vicar of Brighton, would be proposed for election, and, if elected, would be initiated. Accordingly on Thursday, 12th February, 1925, at the Café Royal, the candidate "saw the Light" in a ceremony conducted by Lord Lilford, the Worshipful Master (then Provincial Grand Master for Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire), who had left Harrow five years before Dr. Hicks entered the school. Dr. Hicks thereby became the "Eldest Son of the Lodge," a position of which he was very proud. His companion on that occasion, Major Douglas Gordon, M.C., now secretary of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem (of which Dr. Hicks became a Sub-Prelate in 1928), had entered the school in 1911, just twenty years after Dr. Hicks had left. Five years and nine months later, on Thursday, 13th November, 1930, Dr. Hicks was installed by his predecessor, W. Bro. Frank Dart, who had been some years his junior at Harrow, as the seventh Master of his Mother Lodge, a distinction highly prized among Masons, and in the following summer, in his capacity as Master, initiated the then Headmaster of Harrow School, now Sir Cyril Norwood, President of St. John's College, Oxford, in the Fourth Room at Harrow in the presence of a large number of Brethren, among whom was W. Bro. Charles who had witnessed the initiation of the then Headmaster, Mr. Welldon (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta), in the Herga Lodge, at Harrow, in 1896.

In the November of the year in which he became a Freemason Dr. Hicks joined the Hova Ecclesia Lodge No. 1466 in Brighton, but on becoming Bishop of Gibraltar (in which diocese Malta is also included), on 18th October, 1927, Dr. Hicks found little time for extending his masonic activities, and did not obtrude them, in deference to public opinion in Malta.

On returning to England on the eve of his translation to the See of Lincoln Dr. Hicks was able to give free rein to his ambition to penetrate farther into Masonry, and as he was about to become—although a Harrovian—Visitor of Eton College as Bishop of Lincoln, he welcomed the suggestion that he should become a member of the Eton and Harrow Lodge No. 830 of Mark Masons. Accordingly he was “advanced” into the Mark on 5th December, 1932, at a ceremony conducted by an old Harrovian, J. E. Grosvenor, who was then Master of the Lodge. On 8th March, 1934, the Bishop joined a second Mark Lodge, the Oxford and Cambridge No. 504, and three years later was appointed Provincial Grand Chaplain of Middlesex by the Etonian Provincial Grand Master, Mr. A. L. F. Cook, and later, in 1937, became Grand Chaplain of England in Mark Masonry. Soon after his enthronement at Lincoln the Bishop decided to make a further advance, and on 7th November, 1933, was exalted, most appropriately, in the Concord Chapter, No. 297, of the Royal Arch which meets at Lincoln, and on 5th December, 1935, joined the St. James Chapter No. 2, of which, on 6th March, 1941, he became the presiding officer as M.E.Z.

The Royal Arch is a gateway to two other organisations which very greatly appealed to the Bishop, and little more than a month after having passed through the Royal Arch he was perfected in the 18th, or Rose Croix Degree, of the Ancient and Accepted Rite in the Sancta Maria Chapter No. 167 which also meets at Lincoln. The symbolism, ceremonial and traditions of the Rose Croix so attracted the Bishop that he joined two more chapters, Maguncor No. 191, at Grantham, in 1935, and the Morning Star No. 33, in London, in the following year, and became a Founder of the Eton and Harrow Chapter, No. 323, which also meets in London, on 10th May, 1938. His interest in the Rose Croix led him to the chairs of both the Morning Star Chapter (29th April, 1937) and of the Maguncor (19th May, 1938) and took him further, to the 30th Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, to which he was admitted on 28th May, 1937. As Bishop of Gibraltar Dr. Hicks had been appointed on 23rd November, 1928, a Sub-Prelate and a member of the Chapter-General of the Grand Priory in the British Realm of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem,

of which the first Duke of Connaught was then the Grand Prior, and on 8th June, 1934, he joined the St. George's Preceptory No. 6 of the Masonic counterpart of the Venerable Order—the Great Priory of the United Religious and Military Orders of the Temple and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes and Malta in England and Wales, of which the Duke was Grand Master. Later, in the same year, on 16th November, he joined another London Preceptory, the St. Michael's No. 165, in which he became Preceptor and Prior on 15th November, 1940. In the Craft the Bishop joined the Ermine Lodge No. 2351 at Lincoln in 1932, and was appointed Provincial Grand Chaplain of Lincolnshire in 1934 by the late Lord Yarborough, who was then in his fortieth year as Provincial Grand Master. In April, 1935, the Bishop was promoted Grand Chaplain of England, and at the time of his death was Great Prelate in the Great Priory of the Temple and St. John, as his appointment, made on 8th May, 1941, by the late Duke of Kent, had still some weeks to run.

It is no small feat on the part of a man so fully occupied with diocesan affairs to be able to commit to memory the words of the ritual and the various addresses appropriate to the presiding officer in a Craft Lodge, in Arch and Rose Croix Chapters and in a Templar Preceptory; and it is an indication of his intense interest in and enthusiasm for his duties in those various capacities that between April, 1937, and March, 1941, he was able to perfect himself in the very long parts which he had to take while conducting three different groups of ceremonies between the age of sixty-five and sixty-nine when most men are content to have left the learning of repetition half a century behind them.

The following table summarises the Bishop's membership of Masonic bodies:

<i>Name</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Place of Meeting</i>	<i>Date of Joining</i>	<i>Date of attaining the Chair</i>
CRAFT:				
Old Harrobian Lodge	No. 4653	London	12 Feb. 1925	13 Nov. 1930
Joined Hova Ecclesia Lodge	No. 1466	Brighton	26 Nov. 1925	
			(Hon. Member 1936)	
„ Ermine Lodge	No. 2351	Lincoln	1932	
Provincial Grand Chaplain, Lincolnshire			1934	
Grand Chaplain of England			April 1935	
MARK:				
Eton & Harrow Lodge	No. 830	London	5 Dec. 1932	
Joined Oxford & Cambridge Lodge	No. 504	London	8 Mar. 1934	
Provincial Grand Chaplain of Middlesex,			1937	
Grand Chaplain of England			May 1937	

<i>Name</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Place of Meeting</i>	<i>Date of Joining</i>	<i>Date of attaining the Chair</i>
ROYAL ARCH:				
Concord Chapter	No. 297	Lincoln	7 Nov. 1933	
Joined St. James Chapter	No. 2	London	5 Dec. 1935	6 Mar. 1941
ROSE CROIX:				
Sancta Maria Chapter	No. 167	Lincoln	13 Dec. 1933	
Joined Maguncor Chapter	No. 191	Grantham	1935	19 May 1938
Joined Morning Star Chapter	No. 33	London	1936	29 April 1937
Founder Eton & Harrow Chapter	No. 323	London	10 May 1938	
30th Degree A. and A.S.R.			28 May 1937	
TEMPLE AND ST. JOHN:				
St. George's Preceptory	No. 6	London	8 June 1934	
Joined St. Michael's Preceptory	No. 165	London	16 Nov. 1934	15 Nov. 1940
<i>Great Prelate, May 1941.</i>				

CHAPTER VIII

GIBRALTAR

ON the Feast of St. Luke, 1927, Frederic Cyril Nugent Hicks was consecrated in Westminster Abbey fourth Bishop of Gibraltar, a See founded in 1842, largely at the instance of Bishop Blomfield, of London, with a view to relieving the Bishops of London of a responsibility which had grown quite too heavy to bear. Since the days of Charles I the jurisdiction of the See of London had been regarded as extending to all English subjects "on the high seas or overseas." The remnant of this jurisdiction survives in the Bishopric of Northern and Central Europe, where the Bishop of Fulham functions as suffragan to London.

The day of Hicks' consecration was a peculiarly appropriate one, for Luke, the companion, physician and biographer of Our Lord, traversed in the company of St. Paul the Apostle many a route in the Levant and the Mediterranean that is now familiar to our Bishops of Gibraltar; though it has been reserved for Dr. Hicks' successor to share—in a war that is material as well as spiritual—some of St. Paul's worst hardships by land and sea.

Nugent Hicks brought to this task singular gifts, which were of great value both to himself and to his flock during the comparatively short period of his Mediterranean episcopate.

That restlessness and "inability to stay put" which in his earlier career may have appeared as defects, came out now as a positive asset, in his eager readiness for constant travel: a burden which has, sooner or later, worn out our Bishops, one after another.

His ripe scholarship and his deep knowledge of Church History were of special value to one whose flock lived largely in regions where the Greek and Roman traditions still linger, and the area of whose jurisdiction included the primatial see-cities alike of Greek Orthodoxy and of the Roman Catholicism of the West.¹

He never found time to perfect himself in Italian, Spanish or Portuguese or in the languages of the Balkan countries; but his familiarity with French and German proved useful over large tracts of the Diocese. Two typical instances of this are recorded from the second year of Dr. Hicks' episcopate. "In a great moment of daring," he once gave an address in German to a Jewish Girls' School in Bucharest. On another occasion, at St. Raphael, he

¹A Roman Journal, published during Dr. Hicks' episcopate, quoted as an utterance of the contemporary Pope to him, the apocryphal story originally told of Pio Nono as addressed to one of his predecessors: "I believe I have the honour of residing in Your Lordship's Diocese!"

confirmed a French Protestant lady, who had attended our services for years, and wanted to regularise her position. He said to his honorary chaplain, Canon Sharp, "Don't you think it would be gracious and friendly to admit her in French? Very few will be there? Stand behind my chair as you always do, and prompt me." It was not necessary.

His experience as Tutor at Keble, and later as Principal of the Theological College at Cheshunt, gave him special facility in dealing with men at close quarters, in which his natural flair for friendliness played no mean part. Here, also, as in his own Cuddesdon days before ordination, he acquired a realisation of the *desiderata* essential for a priest's character. And his Cheshunt days brought out clearly that trait which is so important in any Anglican Bishop—a keen and just appreciation both of the Catholic and of the Evangelical side of our historic tradition.

His experience in parochial work had given him something of that insight into the practical details of the job of a cure of souls which no Diocesan Bishop can afford to lack. The great parish of Brighton had made him acquainted with the larger problems of administration and organisation, though the spiritual and devotional sides of his work always came first. Finally, it is more than probable that his labours as commissary to various Missionary Bishops between 1915 and 1927 gave him useful glimpses of the particular kind of problem which the Gibraltar Bishop has so often to face—the finding and selection of men to fill posts of unusual or even unique character.

The first Bishop, George Tomlinson, had a Greek Christian name, and his successor, Dr. Trower, and Dr. Hicks' immediate predecessor, Dr. Greig, each bore the biblical name of John. It was suggested to him that he should sign himself "Cyril Gibraltar," since "Cyril" was very familiar among the Greeks. But he preferred to keep his family name, familiar to his friends, and this certainly did not prevent the closest relations of intimacy with the Easterns.

Indeed, his episcopate will probably live in history mainly in virtue of the notable advance made since 1927—largely by his leadership and his personal exertions—in that closer intimacy with the Eastern Orthodox Churches which has been one of the overt aims of our successive Bishops from the inauguration of the Diocese a century ago. Some account of the growth of that intimacy is given in the next chapter. Suffice it to say here, generally, in this account of his Gibraltar period, that not only did he cultivate personal friendship with the Orthodox prelates and ecclesiastics during his episcopate, but afterwards, in the Foreign Relations Committee of our Church, he exerted himself untiringly in the same cause up to the very end of his life. In all his dealings with

the Eastern Church he was inspired by a deep devotion to the Eucharist, typical of that Church, and elaborated in his book, *The Fullness of Sacrifice*, which, though not published till 1930, was maturing in his mind since before his call came to take up the work of a Bishop in the Church of God. In spite of the demands of travel, of arrears of correspondence, of function after function, interview after interview, he managed to get on with his great work. In Bucharest, on the French Riviera and elsewhere, his Chaplain or his wife had passages read to them for criticism.

The spirit with which he entered upon his office is well expressed in his first pastoral letter to the diocese, printed in the Diocesan Gazette of November, 1927, where he says his first task must be to learn. "All that I can claim now," he says, "is such an outside knowledge as can be possessed by anyone who cares, as an Englishman and a Churchman should care, for the life and work of our people overseas; whose imagination has always benefited by the area in which so much of the world's history has been made, and whose heart has been full of the supreme cause of Christian unity."

In that letter he stressed also a leading principle of his life—his desire for Unity: "I have, I hope, been brought up with definite convictions of my own. But I have never been able to believe more in the divisions than in the Unity of our Church. As I see her wise and balanced teaching I am convinced that what we sometimes have to call our differences are differences, not of Faith, but of temperament and emphasis . . ."

He left England on his first "Missionary Journey" on November 18th, 1927. This tour did not include the Balkan countries; but in four and a half months' travelling he visited forty-one out of the eighty-two permanent Chaplaincies then functioning in the diocese. His wife accompanied him on his tours as often as possible, at the special wish of Archbishop Davidson.

His first visit was, naturally, to his See-City of Gibraltar, where the Governor, Sir Charles Monro, and his wife did all they could for the Bishop's welcome. He arrived on November 22nd, and was enthroned in the Cathedral on Advent Sunday, November 27th.

From Gibraltar he passed into Spain, and there his first visit was to the band of Sherry-makers, whom Mr. Guy Williams collected in the chapel he had arranged in his *bodega* at Herez: a chapel of which he was at once founder, churchwarden and sacristan, and which the Bishop then dedicated. From Herez he motored eighty miles to Seville, and saw the Chaplain and a few people. Thence he journeyed to Madrid, and returned by train to Algeciras. Thence he took the boat to Tangier, where he spent December 2nd to 5th, with Sir Hugh Gurney (Consul-General)

and his wife. It may be remarked, in passing, that our diplomatists and their wives were always kindness itself to their Bishop, and his visits generally resulted in lasting friendships. On December 6th he boarded a P. & O. boat to Malta which demanded a longer stay; for he himself was enthroned once more, this time in his second Cathedral, and he installed his old Cheshunt pupil, Noel Ambrose Marshall, as Canon and Chancellor of the same. In this island, which has since doubled its ancient fame, he spent three weeks, December 9th–30th, which were followed by a week at Taormina, December 30th–January 7th, and shorter visits to Palermo, Naples and Capri, leading up to a nine days' visit to Rome (January 16th–24th).

It was a memorable occasion for the then Chaplain of All Saints, Canon, afterwards Archdeacon, Lonsdale Ragg, when it fell to him to welcome to the most important, if not the largest continental Chaplaincy, his one-time pupil as his Diocesan. At the big meeting where the Bishop received a very warm reception, he recalled their past relations, when he was, for two summer terms, a student at Cuddesdon and Canon Ragg was Vice-Principal. He humorously suggested to his audience—the Canon's flock—that if they found any uncongenial points in their Bishop they must lay the blame on their own Chaplain. This was perhaps hardly fair to the Chaplain, though it was uproariously received; for any man, even a prelate, may develop new "vices" as well as new virtues in the course of some forty years. But the playful utterance had a deep sentiment underlying it, bearing testimony to his permanent loyalty to Cuddesdon, and his estimate of the deep and lasting influence of that beloved place.

After Rome, Florence, where the long incumbency of Canon Knollys was drawing to an end, and where Harold Goad was in mid-career as Director of the British Institute. Here he remained till the last days of the month, and then started home, to spend the month of February in London, and to keep in touch with the office.

Mention of Florence recalls an amusing incident on a later visit. He was preaching at St. Mark's, primarily about our relations with the Orthodox. His heart was full of the Reunion question, and though he was very tired, and because he was tired, he was quite unable to stop. After nearly three-quarters of an hour a sudden movement pulled him up, and he finished abruptly. Afterwards, in the vestry, while he was complaining that he was afraid he had been too long, Queen Sophie of Greece appeared—she had been sitting in the front row—with the exclamation: "Thank you so much for what you said, my Lord, but why did you not go on longer? It was far too short."

The Bishop returned to Italy in March, 1928, when Archdeacon Sissons' villa at Recco formed his first base for short visits to the congregations at Santa Margherita, Rapallo, Levanto, Viareggio and Genoa, where he got his first real touch with the work of the Mediterranean Mission to Seamen. On March 10th he was at San Remo.

Then came a visit to the French Riviera, including ten days at Cannes, where we then had four churches with flourishing congregations. From Cannes he paid flying visits to Antibes, St. Raphael, Valescure and Grasse. There followed a visit to Alassio, where he was faced with the problem of a new church to be built. On April 2nd he was at Nice, where he was glad to make acquaintance with the Russian Orthodox colony and its cathedral; Beaulieu; Monte Carlo, where he took the "Three Hours" on Good Friday; Mentone, where he kept Easter; then, crossing the Italian border, he was at Bordighera on Easter Tuesday, Diano Marina, Alassio, and San Remo for short second visits.

He next passed, via Cannes, to Marseilles, *en route* for Gibraltar, where he arrived on April 22nd. From Gibraltar the Bishop sailed to Toulon, and from Marseilles reached London on May 7th.

Such is the record of his first winter's work, 1927-1928, a really strenuous time both for him and for his wife. His apostleship, like St. Paul's, was marked by "journeyings often," and though to record in detail the itinerary of each year would be as tedious to us now as some have found the bare memorised record of St. Paul's "Missionary Journeys" in their Oxford days, the next year's journeys are described here, as typical.

The parallel, however, inevitably suggests a comparison, and that not in every way favourable to twentieth-century conditions. In the matter of speed no doubt the modern world has the advantage. Though the excellent Roman roads and the imperial postal service gave transport in the Apostolic Age a speed which it never attained again till the coming of the railways, we can now pass from place to place by train and motor car and—since Dr. Hicks' time—by air, at a speed the Augustan Age never dreamed of. Speed, however means greater expenditure of nervous energy, for besides the racket of the travelling it huddles successive engagements and public functions more closely together. Our Bishops must often have envied St. Paul the opportunity for the quiet meditation which is the privilege of the foot-slogging pilgrim.

But the Apostle's greatest advantage over those who are called to-day to follow in his tracks was the unity of the Roman World, implemented for him by his inherited Roman citizenship. Where the present Bishop of Gibraltar has a dozen or more

frontiers to cross again and again, the Apostle of the Gentiles could pass freely from territory to territory with all the "diplomatic privileges" inherent in his status as a Roman citizen.

The frontier trouble was then tiresome enough for those who, unlike Bishop Hicks, had no diplomatic *laissez-passer*; and he and his wife were fortunate indeed to have in their friend and chaplain, Canon (afterwards Archdeacon) Sharp, a first-rate honorary courier. Dr. Hicks' successor, with intensified frontier and travel restrictions, and in war-time, had to be content to be his own courier, and the burden proved almost intolerable.

The second year of the Bishop's work began on 15th October, 1928, when he left for Lugano, where there was a luncheon, a reception and a dinner party. After an early service on the 17th he left for Milan. The next morning, again after early service, he started for Venice, where he spent the 19th seeing the English Colony. On the 20th after early service he went on to Tierte and met the colony that evening. Early service again and a confirmation the next day. On 23rd he started for Belgrade and arrived the next morning, to stay with Sir Howard and Lady Kennard. The next day the Patriarchal coach took him to visit the Orthodox Synod at the Patriarch's Palace, Karlovci. Early service on Sunday, 28th October, after which he went to the Orthodox Cathedral, Belgrade, and left on 1st November; and, on the journey, at Nish, where the party changed trains for Sofia, the platform was filled, not only by the few English residents, but by a choir of Russian refugees who sang magnificently in the gloaming, by candlelight, with some 400 or 500 other people, including a seminary of boys.

They went to Sofia after the ceremony, arriving on 2nd November, and stayed at the Legation with the Minister, Mr. (afterwards Sir Rowland) Sperling. At Sofia the Bishop went in cope and mitre to the Orthodox Cathedral—the first time an English Bishop had ever done this. He also waited on King Boris, of whom—like many other Englishmen who knew the king—he formed a favourable opinion. His "contacts" with the other Balkan rulers—including King Carol, his wife, Princess Hélène, and King Alexander—were equally satisfactory. For they were all much attracted by his personality, and showed their confidence in their attitude and their later references to him. Thence the journey continued to Bucharest, where they arrived on 5th November. The Bishop and his wife visited the oil-fields at Ploesti, staying there from the 6th to the 8th, and returning to Bucharest after early service. They remained in Rumania till the 12th, when they left for Constanza, being met at midnight by the congregation, consisting of twelve English people. Thence by boat through the Black Sea to Constantinople, where they stayed

with Sir George Clerk; then Smyrna, Athens, Naples, Palermo, Syracuse and Taormina, and Malta, where they stayed three weeks; on 2nd January, 1929, back to Palermo, and on 8th January to Marseilles. Then Genoa, Algiers; back to Marseilles, Costebelle, Hyères, Valescure, Mentone, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo, and finally, on 11th February, 1929, back to England.

On a later tour he met in a somewhat remote part of Yugoslavia an Orthodox priest whose hobby was the discovery of the *perpetuum mobile*. Bishop Ireney of Novo Sad informed Bishop Hicks that this priest must have found, in the Bishop of Gibraltar, its human manifestation.

Though, in his perpetual travels, the Bishop was always intensely appreciative of scenery and architecture he was never much interested in the large monotonous tracts he traversed. Agricultural operations, however, and varieties of trees, birds, etcetera, ordinarily interested him. He had been in his youth a specialist in butterflies, but—as he remarked—“a study of lepidoptera cannot be carried out from the window of an express train.”

Nevertheless, though the passing landscape did not generally engross him, he and Mrs. Hicks were admirable travellers. They, on arrival, unlike the ordinary tourist who repairs to his hotel, had at once to be the centre of a waiting crowd—it might be of members of a Legation, business men, or an isolated community in Eastern Spain or the Balkans—and they never failed their hosts.

His Chaplain recalls an interesting experience. They had been to see the Patriarch at Karlovci. After that Bishop Ireney of Novo Sad took them to his palace, a dignified building of Hungarian brick, only a few miles off, where they rested. Then they were taken over the flooded Danube to the Monastery of Kovilj, where the Igumen, Damaskin, entertained them royally. Neighbouring priests were brought in, and fish was served in scallop shells to the bewilderment of some of the local clergy. Then the Igumen played to them records of his own singing. At about 3.30 a.m. they were roused and drove by starlight to the Danube, Bishop Ireney and the Bishop of Gibraltar in the first carriage, followed by his Chaplain, with the Assistant Bishop of Belgrade. As the dawn broke they arrived at a station and found a train to take them to Belgrade. They got there about ten o'clock. Another train two or three hours later would have served their purpose equally well, but such is the Orient.

Again, once in Sofia, the Bishop, his Chaplain and a distinguished Anglican Canon were entertained by the patriotic Metropolitan Stephan and Bishop Paissi of Vratsa, who had been a delegate to the Lambeth Conference. After dinner the talk turned to music—Orthodox melodies and their resemblance

to Turkish and other modes. The Metropolitan delighted them by giving—as an example of what he had said—the Muezzin's call from the Minaret. The Bishop, chuckling, afterwards said to his Chaplain—"Even in private, I don't think an Orthodox Bishop does that very often!"

Next day the two Bishops took the party to Cherepitz, in the gorge of the river Isker, which flows from Sofia through the main Balkan range to the Danube, the gorge through which the railway runs from Sofia to Rustchuk. There is a narrow, steep, willow-fringed slope between the single-track line and the river, with towering cliffs on both sides, and Vratsa, the seat of the Bishop's Diocese, is on the top of the cliffs to the left.

At once—as always—they went to the church and had a service of welcome. After that they feasted on chicken, sucking-pig, and all the other Balkan delicacies. The meal was protracted, but immediately afterwards, to their great relief, for they had not much in the way of common languages, they were escorted to bedrooms and left alone. Bishop Hicks noted that this would be a welcome innovation after a City Banquet.

On another tour in the Balkans, the Bishop and his Chaplain went, via Berlin and Lemberg, to Cernaūti (Czernowitz) in the Bukovina. The Bukovina has never been Russian though occupied by the Russians 1769-1774. Until 1918 it was Austrian, with a German University at Cernaūti. Most of its population is Rumanian, with Ukrainians in the north. About 1850 a Czech architect built a florid, ornate group of brick buildings to house the Metrôpolitan, a seminary, and various other activities of the Church, grandiose, but not, the Chaplain reports, up to the standards of American plumbing.

Cernaūti had a population of about 160,000 people, quite half of whom are (or were) Jewish. Several Anglican clergymen have studied at this seminary on the interchange plan. The Metropolitan Nectarie, the Rumanian delegate to the Lambeth Conference, showed Bishop Hicks and his Chaplain every possible hospitality. They saw also the work of revision of the Rumanian translation of the Bible, which was being carried out there.

Perhaps the interesting part of their visit to the Bukovina, however, was that Bishop Nectarie took them by car to see the wonderful monasteries of Southern Bukovina, Putna, Sucevitza, Dragomirna, Suceava, all of which are now presumably in Russian hands.

The Bishop particularly enjoyed his visits to our old settled, historic British communities, which stretch from Lisbon and Oporto to Smyrna. He was marvellous in his relations with the English residents and visitors along the Riviera. It seemed to him, however, that for most of them their main roots were in

England, even though the new church in Monte Carlo was soon found to be too small; and the "flesh-pots" of the Riviera, after one has sampled the best for some weeks, must inevitably pall. He felt strongly, on the other hand, the paramount claim of our old mercantile communities, some of which can boast two or three centuries of continuous existence,—or could till the recent overrunning of Europe by the Nazi and Fascist Powers.

Before the debacle of 1922 Smyrna had three chaplaincies, one in the town, one at Bournabat (Bornova), and one at Boudja: for some years one Chaplain has served all three. The Bishop, his wife and Chaplain stayed at Bournabat twice: once with John Hunt, whose brother had been a pupil of the Bishop's at Cheshunt, and the second time with one of the Whittall family, so well known in Turkey. They had built the church, which had been desecrated in the troubles of 1922; a massacre had occurred in the house of John Hunt, and this had so affrighted the Greek servants that they would not settle there. John Hunt asked the Bishop to bless the house, which he did.

It will be seen from the above glimpses of the Bishop's travels that a London newspaper was not far wrong when it put in its headlines, to give "News" that he was suffering from influenza:

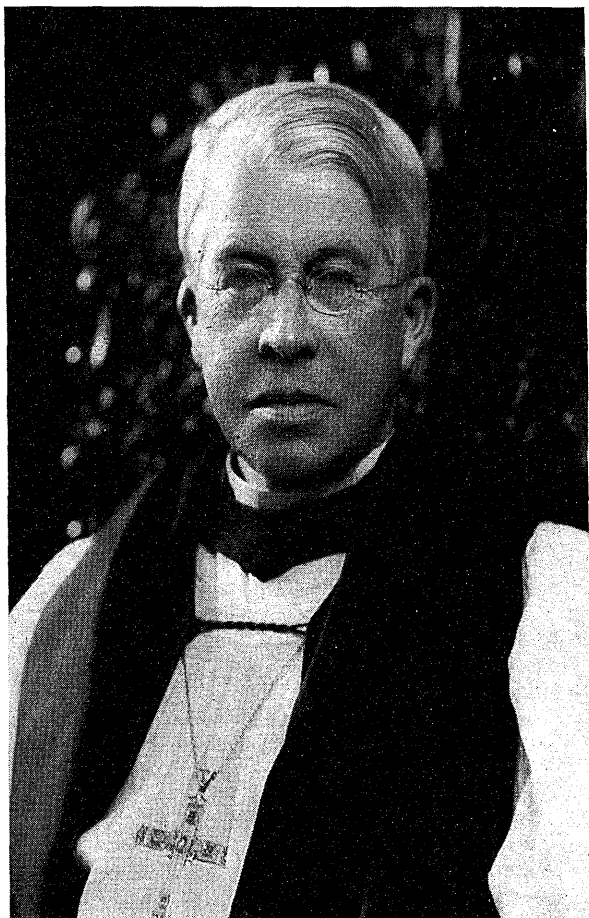
FLU STOPS A NON-STOP BISHOP

LONDON ILL-LUCK OF MAN WITH A 5,000 MILE DIOCESE
ALWAYS TRAVELLING

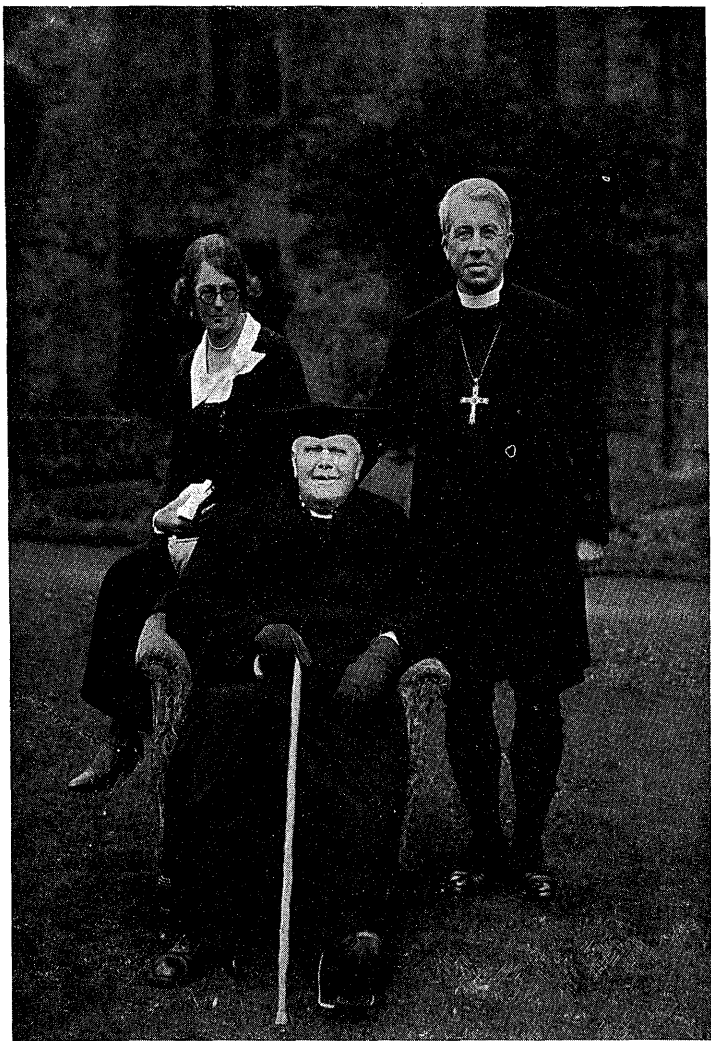
There were, of course, other sides of the Bishop's work. His regular letters in the Diocesan Gazette showed him as an efficient and redoubtable devotional leader.

Here, again, his ability to choose the right man for a difficult post was apparent. A typical case is that of Malta. On the resignation of Canon Marshall, in 1931, he appointed as Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, Valetta, Reginald Morton Nicholls, who will go down to posterity as the heroic padre of the most heroically borne siege that even Malta has ever had. Of him the Bishop wrote at the time: "He brings a full store of experience from the life of a Naval Chaplain and of a parish priest to his new work: and I will only add that I have seldom made an appointment with more confidence."

Another boon he brought to the Diocese lay in the further development of a "Diocesan consciousness." Congregations scattered over so wide an area, many of them utterly inaccessible to each other, have none of the normal opportunities of meeting and conference that are so marked a feature of the life of our compact home Dioceses. And the growth of a healthy Diocesan



NUGENT HICKS
Bishop of Gibraltar.



NUGENT HICKS

With Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, and Mrs. Nugent Hicks.

spirit was further hindered by the amorphous history of the ecclesiastical side of our oldest and most important communities within the jurisdiction.

Many of these, commercial groups dating centuries back, long before the Diocese came into being, had hammered out, each for itself, its own church constitution, with the very vaguest ideas of ecclesiastical order. They were often more on congregational than on Anglican lines, relying on the ministries of a Chaplain whom they regarded as the paid servant of the Church Committee, and on the very occasional presence of some travelling Bishop to confer Confirmation. Having been autonomous from the first, under the shadowy and ineffective authority of the See of London, they were naturally inclined to resent having a Diocesan imposed upon them; and Nugent Hicks' geniality in his visits did not a little to exorcise this demon of resentment and suspicion.

But, even if a Diocesan consciousness can be created, the conditions of the Diocese do not as a rule admit of the assembling of a Diocesan Conference. However, Dr. Hicks achieved a very representative Synod of the Clergy during his first year. His personal friendship with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London had opened the gardens of Lambeth and Fulham for Diocesan Garden Parties in connection with the annual summer Festival; and a new landmark was set up when, on 17th July, 1928, the first (and—up to date—the only) Synod of the Clergy of the Diocese was held.

A majority of the Chaplains can manage to get a shorter or longer summer holiday in England, when their flocks are many of them dispersed for *villeggiatura*, and an astonishing proportion of the clergy succeeded in attending this Synod in the chapel of Fulham Palace. The proceedings were carried out with full and solemn formality, and impressed all with a sense of their organic unity. The most important business transacted was the authorisation by the Bishop in Synod of the 1928 Prayer Book, or any section or sections of it, where the local Church Council should be willing.

It was in October, 1932, when he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Perrott, at Ploesti, in the Rumanian oil-fields, that Nugent Hicks received the telegram inviting him to be Bishop of Lincoln; and he resigned his office in the Mediterranean lands on February 21st of the following year, when his formal election to Lincoln was confirmed by the Vicar-General. This particular call was specially welcome to him, for he had been a friend of Bishop King, and had stayed with him at Lincoln.

But he retained his interest in the Diocese, and especially in its work of cultivating and consolidating friendship with the

Orthodox East. Constantly he was to be seen at the Athenaeum (of which club he was proud to be on the committee), in close colloque with Canon Douglas, a special friend, and an expert on the Eastern Church, being Hon. Secretary of the Church of England Council on Foreign Relations. Only a few days before his death Archdeacon Ragg, who met him there, testifies that his heart was still in it. He had made this clear in his "Bishop's Letter" to the Diocesan Gazette of January, 1933, after the call came to Lincoln. Neither he nor his wife, he said, could look back without happiness and gratitude to those last five years. "To know the Diocese of Gibraltar is to love it; and love does not die. To work for it is an honour and a pride. It is needless to say that I shall not forget the urgency of its call upon the Church at home." Then he reverts to the idea of Unity which he stressed at the beginning: "I see a steady growth, for many years past, of a common spirit and of an inward and outward unity which has been making our Diocese into the great family that a Diocese should be. . . . I only ask that the growth may go on."

THE EASTERN AND ORTHODOX

WE have followed the career of Nugent Hicks through School and College; through his work at Cheshunt; as secretary of the Service Candidates' Committee; as parish priest at a country rectory and at Brighton; as Bishop of Gibraltar. Before describing the greatest, perhaps, of his services to his country and his God, as Bishop of Lincoln, something must be said of his connection with the Orthodox Church, the relations of which to the Anglican Communion had been his absorbing interest from his early days as an Oxford Don.

It is a highly technical subject, and I could not have attempted to give even the short account of the history of those relations which is necessary, without the help of experts, for which I am most grateful. Notably I must thank Canon Douglas, the secretary of the Church of England Council on Foreign Relations. Even so, I cannot profess to give an account which would tell anything to those theologians who have studied the question. I am only concerned with the part which Nugent Hicks played in the development of the brotherly sympathy and friendship which we hope is steadily growing between the two Churches.

His temperament, and his religious convictions, were particularly suited to foster this growing movement. He was not a labelled advocate of any of the parties in the Anglican Church—he was not an Anglo-Catholic, an Evangelical, or a Modernist. He was a man of the centre—in the Anglican tradition of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which was Catholic and Protestant, which followed neither Rome nor Calvin, and which, at any rate in the seventeenth century, had been strongly attracted to the Orthodox Church. Though this attraction was dormant in the eighteenth century it revived in the nineteenth with the growing intolerance of Rome; and, as communications became more physically possible, increased towards the end of that century and the beginning of the present one. But the struggle with Russia and the Crimean war prevented reciprocation from the Orthodox to the sympathy which was felt by the early High Church (Tractarian) party in this country. For the Russian Church could not, even if physical difficulties could have been removed and understanding created, advance towards collaboration with nationals of a country which was the ally of Turkey, the oppressor of Orthodox Churches in all its dominions. And Russia, under a Czar who claimed to have inherited the

Byzantine tradition, was all-powerful: the Russian theologians at the Bonn Conferences of 1875-1876 declared against the validity of Anglican Orders.

But the enthusiasm remained in many Anglican leaders, and the movement for closer union with the Orthodox gathered strength towards the close of the century.

When Nugent Hicks was at Oxford, Don Timotheos, now Patriarch of Jerusalem, attended his lectures. They became great friends, a friendship which was cemented when Hicks was in Jerusalem in 1912—also later, in England, when he was Bishop of Gibraltar. With the growing enthusiasm was combined a greater knowledge of the conditions of the Orthodox Church than had been possessed by the early Tractarians: it was seen to be necessary, not only to interest Anglicans in the Orthodox, but to understand the orthodox constitution, and its several aspects. For the Orthodox Church has no Pope, and its local churches and jurisdictions are autocephalous: to know the Church and its constituent Churches the leaders of each should be personally known. For this work Nugent Hicks was ideally fitted. As is stressed continually in this book, the dominant trait in his character was friendliness—he was essentially a good “mixer.” A good mixer means a man of tact, a quality which is specially necessary in the approach to persons so far removed in race, language, circumstances political and economic, in everything, perhaps, except that of a common faith—but with what a different history—as the Orthodox leaders were from the Anglican.

But he had another quality which made him ideally sympathetic with those with whom he was so anxious to establish relations—and that was his spiritual standpoint. A high authority has claimed that his book, *The Fullness of Sacrifice*, approached more closely than any other Anglican theological work to the position of the Orthodox writers—it might, he says, have been written by a Greek or Russian theologian. His knowledge of men, as men, showed him that all his power of tact must be exerted to prevent any premature pressure for formal reunion being brought on the Orthodox leaders. Their knowledge of his book, and the ideals which it revealed, showed them that, as theologians, they were dealing with a theologian who had grasped their ideals and their point of view, and who could be trusted, as a friend and colleague, always to keep their position in mind himself, and make it clear to his fellow-countrymen.

Even before Hicks became Bishop of Gibraltar, as always during and after that Episcopate, he recognised the value of that “personal touch” which is the essence of success in human affairs: notably, in this country, in our Trustee Savings Banks

which, because they possess that, have thriven and prospered in spite of the advantages of the State Savings Bank. When he was vicar of Brighton, his All Holiness the late Photios of Alexandria was in England. Hicks found out that his passion was fishing, and arranged to take him out in a boat, to his great delight, to fish. Years afterwards he remembered his visit—and Nugent Hicks. And so also, later, whenever the leaders of the Orthodox Church came to this country, he made a point of seeing them, and entertaining them either in his own home or elsewhere, so getting to know them if they were not known to him, or renewing acquaintance if they had met before. We have seen how he brought one such leader to his country cure at Toddington, and persuaded the village choir to learn the appropriate Russian music. The presence of His Grace Germanos, the Archbishop of Thyatira, was to make his enthronement at Lincoln an even more impressive ceremony than any before. At Lincoln, later on, the Patriarch of Rumania, Mikon Cristea, came to stay with Bishop and Mrs. Hicks, bringing others of his party. There was a great ceremony in the Cathedral at which the Patriarch and the Bishop of Lincoln both gave the blessing. His time as Bishop of Gibraltar had given him the opportunity of meeting the Orthodox clergy in their own homes, and he took full advantage of it, as is related in Chapter VIII. There we have told of the great honour which was paid to him when he was allowed to celebrate the Anglican Eucharist publicly at the Holy Table of the Cathedral of the Saviour in Sofia. It is safe to say that this concession would, at that time at any rate, never have been made to any other Anglican Bishop: the Metropolitan Clement and Archbishop Stephan knew that, with Nugent Hicks, there was no danger that such an extraordinary privilege would be in any way abused.

It should be explained that whereas the Orthodox Church, by the strict letter of its principles, can have, like the Romans, no sacramental inter-communion with our Church, it can, by what is known as Economy, *Oikonomia*, at its discretion (so long as no confusion in matters of faith is caused in the minds of men) relax its own laws for the good of mankind and the promotion of human brotherhood. There can be no compromise in the matter of dogma. But if another Communion is clearly inspired by goodwill towards the Orthodox Church, and openly seeks close and brotherly relations, this doctrine of Economy can be applied; and has been applied to the Anglican Communion. The war of 1914–1918, when Englishmen served in the Balkans and the Near East, and Serbs, Greeks, and Russians came in larger numbers than ever before to Britain, caused a great extension of the exercise of the principles of Economy. Anglicans

without access to their own services were even admitted to Holy Communion by Orthodox Bishops; Orthodox Bishops and Priests have taken part in Anglican services; Archbishop Davidson was invited to attend the service in the Greek Cathedral in London, and was called on to read the Gospel on the occasion of the lying-in-state of the Greek Metropolitan, who had died when on a visit here in 1919.

Thus out of the evil of the war came this good—the greater knowledge by the Orthodox of the Anglican, and by the Anglican of the Orthodox, which led, in 1920, to the invitation to the Lambeth Conference of a Delegation from the Oecumenical Patriarchate. And that led, in 1922, to the declaration by the Patriarch Meletios III and his Synod that the Oecumenical Patriarchate formally accepted Anglican Orders by Economy.

But the Patriarch is not a Pope. He could not enforce his decision on the other Autocephalous Churches. He could and did address to them an Encyclical stating what he had done, though apparently some of the Churches, thinking that they should have been consulted before the decision was taken, have not followed his lead.

This is a great step in advance, however, and that it has been made is due, in large part, to the personal contacts made by Bishop Nugent Hicks and others with the leaders of the Orthodox Church; and to the tactful and sympathetic way in which he, especially, made those contacts. Those leaders were often of peasant stock; they were often wholly unacquainted with Western thought and customs; even though profoundly learned in the lore of their own Church they had little knowledge of the Anglican position; and they were shy and reserved when they first met Anglican Bishops and clergy. No doubt the great English invasion of the Balkans during the war helped largely to break down that reserve. But if the ground had not been prepared, if Nugent Hicks had not been able, before, during, and after his Gibraltar Episcopate, to establish and maintain relations on that essentially human—and Christ-like—basis which was the foundation of his own character, that step might never have been taken.

Even so, there were many pitfalls which had to be avoided—and Bishop Hicks was invaluable in circumventing them. For instance, in 1927, the American Minister at Belgrade and five other Americans were given Communion on Christmas Day by the Serb Patriarch in the Cathedral. To give the Sacraments to Anglicans when completely and for long isolated from their own clergy was held by very many Orthodox theologians even in 1927 to be defensible: and, since the Lambeth Conference of 1930, has become frequent among the Orthodox. But the

American Minister and the other five Anglicans whom the Patriarch Dmitri admitted thus publicly to the Holy Communion were not in emergency. Moreover, the Serb Patriarchate had not even identified itself with the Constantinople acceptance of Anglican Orders. Accordingly, the Patriarch's action was sharply criticised as not being an act of Economy but as a violation of Orthodox Law, and the result was very openly-expressed indignation not only in the Serb Patriarchate but in all the Orthodox Churches; and with that indignation was alarm and suspicion as to what so notable a precedent might involve. When Hicks, early in 1928, arrived in Belgrade, he found the place full of adverse criticism of the Patriarch's action, and a growing demand not only for its formal repudiation by the Synod of the Patriarchate, but for the specific rejection of the Constantinople acceptance of Anglican Order.

Bishop Hicks' firm but quiet handling of the crisis solved it. While avoiding criticism of the Patriarch Dmitri, he succeeded in making everyone understand, not only that the American Minister's request to the Patriarch had been made without support, knowledge or desire of the authorities of the Anglican Communion, but that, if they had been aware of it, they would have discouraged it: the last thing which they desired was that any special concession should be made: they were in the fullest agreement that until dogmatic agreement was reached between the two Communion, sacramental inter-communion was impossible: in regard to this mutual admission to the Sacraments by Economy of each others' people when in emergency or isolation, Anglicans were prepared to wait indefinitely. When Canon Douglas visited Belgrade shortly afterwards he found, not only that the crisis had passed, but that Hicks had convinced everyone that anxiety about Anglican pressure or encroachment was groundless. He had won complete confidence and a reaction had set in. Instead of the conservative Serbs being on guard against being inveigled into a false position they showed signs of being afraid of losing Anglican friendship. From that time forward all the Balkan Orthodox trusted Hicks as a man without any ulterior motives.

It was this exceptional standing which he had acquired among the Orthodox—by his action in this case and generally while he was Bishop of Gibraltar—which led to his selection by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Lang) as Head of the Delegation which was sent to Rumania in 1936 in order to discuss the question of Anglican Ordination and the increased intimate relationship with the Church of that country—not the least important of the Orthodox Autocephalous Churches—which had come about since the last war. As on other occasions, his personal

attractiveness and his always ready sympathy made the Mission a success. The Delegation met with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and succeeded at the Conference in arriving at an agreement in policy. Canon Douglas, who was secretary of the Delegation, which had no easy task either internally or in contact with the much-divided Rumanians—records his admiration of the “patient and indefatigable tact” shown by Bishop Hicks, not only in his conduct of the Delegation in Rumania, but after its report was published in England. “My own sober judgement,” says Canon Douglas, “reinforced by some years’ retrospect, is that the success of the Delegation was beyond our expectation—that its results opened a new Chapter in Anglican-Orthodox solidarity, and will continue to be of historic and far-reaching importance; and that Bishop Hicks was exactly the leader it needed. . . . He kept us happy together—and we were a mixed party, Anglo-Catholics, Evangelicals and non-party men—as a band of brothers. And—what was after all the great requisite—he had the personal confidence and affection of the Rumanians. Finally, never did I more realise his balanced sense of a situation, and his unerring tact in handling firmly, but with an ‘oiled feather,’ a nasty deadlock, than the way in which, subsequently, in London, he dealt with a leading objector and made him see in proper proportion the apparently provocative, but really insignificant, presence of the term ‘justification’ in our Report. . . . From first to last the Delegation was a triumph for Bishop Hicks—such a triumph as no other worker in the Anglican-Orthodox field has perhaps experienced.”

The Agreement which was concluded was presented to the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury on 20th January, 1937, by the Bishop of Gloucester, and the Resolution approving it was passed *nemine contradicente*. It was yet another step which carried our relations with the Orthodox still further. For that Resolution declared that the Report of the Conference was “Consonant with the Anglican formularies, and a legitimate interpretation of the Faith as held by the Anglican Communion.” The Report was therefore formally adopted by both Houses of the Canterbury, and also by the York Convocations.

After ceasing to be Bishop of Gibraltar Hicks necessarily not only ceased to visit the Balkans, but, being the man he was, knew exactly how not to incommode his successor by continuing to exercise the activities of a *ci-devant*. None the less, he remained, with the new Bishop of Gibraltar, the natural and inevitable spokesman and centre of the Anglican-Orthodox liaison.

“On the Archbishop’s Council on Relations with Foreign Churches,” says one of its officials, “his presence, wisdom and tactful activities were invaluable.” He was deputy chairman of

its Committee on the Orthodox Communion, and also deputy chairman of the Council itself. Whatever it had to advise the Archbishop upon, his voice was forthcoming, and his hand was in all its doings.

In 1939 he became co-president with Archbishop Germanos of Thyatira of the Anglican and Eastern Churches Association, a body whose chief concern has been for many years public propaganda in Great Britain and Overseas, and in the Near East. His interest in the work of the movement for Anglican-Orthodox solidarity, and all that was concerned with it, was un-failing to the end. He was amongst the foremost in England in welcoming, when the war came, the exiles of Greece and Yugoslavia, taking no small part in arranging hospitality for individuals and setting up Relief Agencies. In particular, he was helpful in the arrangement of the great Service in St. Paul's Cathedral in September, 1941, on the occasion of the coming of age of King Peter of Yugoslavia, when King George the Sixth and all the exiled Sovereigns and Heads of States then in Great Britain were present.

I have not been able to include all that Canon Douglas has so generously given me on the development of the liaison between the Anglican and Orthodox Churches—I hope that he will be able to devote his special and intimate knowledge to a monograph on the subject. I can record, however, his conviction, as one who is well qualified to speak, that—though there are others, especially the Bishop of Gloucester, whose work to that end might be described “in terms of equal superlative appraisal and gratitude, though from a different angle”—“without Hicks, the progress which had been made could never have been achieved.”

I should add that Bishop Hicks received the Order of St. Sava (1st class) of Yugoslavia, the Cross of the Order of the Redeemer (Greece), and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of Rumania.

CHAPTER X

LINCOLN

WHEN the newspapers announced that the Bishop of Gibraltar had been nominated by the Crown for election to the Bishopric of Lincoln, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Swayne, the interest aroused was far more widespread than is usually the case. He was no partisan of a particular school of thought, he had led no great crusade of social reform, but his experience of English Church life was manifold, there were few men of his generation who had more friends, and they belonged to every grade of society not only in this country, but abroad: he had been described as a world-wide Bishop.

And his was a personal influence. Any man who was up at Oxford during the early years of the century must bear in his mind memories of having seen, outside the gates of Keble, a group of undergraduates, with "Bumbo" in their midst, listening to his talk. It would be upon many topics, never idle, but from deep knowledge and wide experience, witty, wise and ever kind. So it had been for many years, at Oxford, at Cheshunt, at Brighton, up and down the Mediterranean ports, in trains, at dinner-parties, and everyone to whom or with whom he talked felt that Nugent Hicks was his friend. Letters of congratulation on his translation to Lincoln poured in like a flood.

He began to answer them, and there was much to say: to proceed with replies to them all seemed impossible. So he printed a letter that would do for most of them, and it was by no means a short letter, for he talked in his correspondence. But in these letters, again and again, the printed matter was followed by a typewritten postscript, and then, on further reflection, that would not suffice, so he added a still more personal and a yet longer post-postscript in his firm, flowing handwriting. The recipients were delighted, the bonds of friendship were strengthened, but it took time. So it was all his life; "he had an amazing affection for individuals: he gave the whole of himself to any interview or consultation and wanted to have the whole of you"; the personal links of friendship were vast in number, men loved him, and he loved all men; his all-embracing love came before other sides of his work.

On 22nd February, 1933, he was enthroned as the sixty-fourth Bishop of Lincoln. The great Cathedral was packed: there was something romantic about the far-flung diocese which he had left, and no man has a nickname of world-wide fame for nothing.

The service proceeded with the dignity and beauty that is customary at Lincoln—and Nugent Hicks was very particular about ceremonial. He knocked the traditional three times, for the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and in no uncertain manner, that all might know that the representative on earth of the "King of Glory" might come in. "His sermon," says one who was there, "will be long remembered. It struck just the right note, and directed our thoughts to that which is the secret of the pastoral office and the Church's life and power, the personal touch between pastor and people." Among his Chaplains was a Canon of Gibraltar: his cope-bearers were boys from Eton and Harrow: there were representatives from his old College of Balliol, from Keble, and also from those Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge of which the Bishop of Lincoln, by virtue of his office, is Visitor. But something of a sensation was created by the presence of the Archbishop of Thyatira, a special friend of his, and other dignitaries of the Eastern Church in full state. The large congregation were much impressed to see him, his robes and the wonderful staff that he carried; and all felt proud that the larger world was thus brought to Lincoln. They hardly realised that, if the contacts were to continue, it would more often be a case of Lincoln going to the larger world.

But, for the time being, preparations were made still more to bring the larger world to Lincoln, and the Diocese was thrilled to hear that the services of the Cathedral surveyor were being enlisted in great projects for a thorough renovation and redecoration of the Old Palace. The diocesan clergy were interested too. They were proud of its historic associations, of the mediaeval ruins over which they had wandered as ordination candidates, of the gaunt chapel that Bodley had concocted out of the ancient kitchens and a solar above, and of the great study where they had gone for interviews of momentous importance. They treasured memories of the long drawing-room upstairs from the windows on either side of which Bishop King delighted to show his visitors the busy city below, and the Cathedral above—his "Mary and Martha" windows, as he used to say.

Word, then, went round that the Old Palace was being "done up"; and a gallant effort to restore its former stateliness of management deserves recording, for it cannot happen again. When Bishop King began his housekeeping in that great home and celebrated the occasion with a famous dinner-party at which not only the clergy but the laity of all sorts were represented, the tax on the income of the See, apart from other considerations, was £150: in 1939 it was £1,855, in 1942 it was £2,526! It was not done without the tireless attention of the new Bishop, nor without a serious drain on his purse. Bishop King had left

it on record at the end of his life, when he was too old to do it himself, that the Palace required renovation, saying "but 'she' will do it some day." A thing which Nugent delighted to quote. For the saintly Bishop's prophecy was to be fulfilled in his own wife, whom he often alluded to as "*she*"—seldom calling her by her name to his friends.

That the alterations were carried out, apart from the real need, in the right spirit and the right manner was due, no doubt, not only to Nugent's appreciation of the glories of the Palace, but also as a tribute to King's memory. The alterations were completed by Easter and those who were privileged to be present at any of the various gatherings in the drawing-rooms—"at-homes" to the clergy of a Deanery and their wives, the conversazione on the night of a Diocesan Conference, or a momentous dinner-party given to the Mayor and City Council—will long remember the beauty and harmony of it all. There was also restoration in the basement, in the range of rooms opening out on to the terrace wherein the Chaplain for the time being had his quarters and the long, low room used for examinations and conferences which had truly needed some humanizing process. Above all there was the study, also regenerated, wherein the Bishop was so often found, wearing his purple cassock, a large pipe on the table before him, welcome in his eyes and a kindly greeting on his lips—on the walls his library in newly-painted shelves and on his desk—Bishop King's desk—his letters, while, from the little annexe next door, his secretary could be heard typing rapidly.

Here, once a month, "the Staff" would gather, and much deserves to be said about the Staff. When Bishop Swayne retired, some of those men with whom in his work he had been more particularly associated were approaching the end of their work as well. Dean Mitchell was comparatively new, and likely to continue his surveillance of the great Minster for many years. It was only two years since Canon Blackie had been consecrated Bishop of Grantham, but Bishop Hine, who had helped the Diocese so much since his retirement from Zanzibar, was seriously ill, and in July, 1933, he resigned the Archdeaconry of Lincoln. He had known Bishop Hicks for many years. He had welcomed his appointment as "a man of learning, a scholar and a skilled theologian," and he continued to serve as Assistant-Bishop. When, in the April of 1934, he passed to his rest, widely mourned and long to be remembered, Bishop Hicks paid a moving tribute to his "true strength, warm heart and utter devotion."

In his place, as Archdeacon of Lincoln, the Bishop appointed Hubert Larken, for he had worked in the Diocese all his ministry, and was indeed of Lincolnshire stock. He was also a friend of the

Bishop's from Cuddesdon days. There are many churchwardens in country villages who look back with affection for one who could impart sage advice in terms—and sometimes, with a smile, in the dialect—with which they were familiar.

Hardly had Hubert Larken settled into his work as Archdeacon, and before Bishop Hine passed away, George Wynne Jeudwine, the Sub-Dean, died at the great age of eighty-four. His powers of wise administration, his wide knowledge of the Diocese, his spirit of adventure were no longer to be at the service of the Bishop or Diocese.

The new Bishop had a second appointment to make in his staff, and indeed a third as well, for at the Diocesan Conference in October, after speaking of Jeudwine's thoroughness and the high standard of his spiritual life, he went on to announce that schemes, long germinating, for the division of the Diocese into three Arch-Deaconries, instead of two, had been brought to fruition.

He offered the vacant Sub-Deanery to Canon Markham, vicar of Grantham, better remembered, perhaps, as vicar of Grimsby, but his health at that time was none too good, and he preferred to go to Stoke. Thereupon the Bishop brought into the Diocese, as Sub-Dean of the Cathedral, Arthur Greaves, the Archdeacon of Oakham, his old, trusted, and loyal friend. For his coming the Diocese never ceased to be grateful.

For the new Archdeaconry of Lindsey he was able to secure the services of a priest who had long served in the Diocese; and in the appointment of H. T. Parry he found a country parson after his own heart, something of a scholar, wise in administration, with a wisdom gained as chairman of a rural district council, and humble and devout.

The headquarters staff of the Diocese was growing, and its members were largely of the Bishop's own choice. In August of the following year, the *London Gazette* contained an Order in Council directing that "Grimsby shall be taken and accepted for a See of a Bishop-Suffragan"—an appointment which had hitherto been considered impracticable. There had been moments when the great church at Boston had seemed in Bishop Hicks' mind to make the claims of that town more deserving, but practical considerations prevailed. The first Bishop of the new title was to be Bishop Blackie, and in his place Arthur Greaves was consecrated Bishop of Grantham.

At the next Conference the Bishop spoke, with a justifiable note of triumph, of the Staff which he had fully brought into being: "I look forward to this extension, when there are five of us instead of three as formerly, to bringing the Diocese into more effective unity and cohesion and co-operation. I am more

and more distressed at the difficulties of lonely and remote Deaneries and parishes, and one way—I will not say the only way—of meeting this trouble is by more visits, more personal knowledge, more visible manifestations of personal sympathy and understanding.”

At these proposals there was one note of criticism. In measured terms the Dean felt bound to protest, pointing out that with the Precentor and now the Sub-Dean, too, as Suffragan Bishops, the third Canon-Residentiary as Chancellor and much occupied in his work at the Bishop's Hostel, and the fourth as Archdeacon of Lincoln, there was really no one to work at the Cathedral. And yet it was from Cathedral endowments that all four men drew their stipends: an old anomaly of the Church of England had revived, and in an aggravated form.

Everyone wondered how the Bishop would take the protest. He may have felt a little dashed, but it was a case where innate goodness and charity triumphed. In his determination to have an efficient and necessary Staff the point raised by the Dean had escaped him, or he had not realised its urgency. He publicly promised that at the earliest opportunity the wrong done to the Cathedral should be righted, and that there should be at least one Canon able to devote the greater part of his time to work in it and for it. The Bishop kept his word.

As for the Staff of five, the Diocese approved; and, in the years that followed, it learnt more and more to value the administrative competence and personal encouragement that the new appointments brought about.

It was in those early years of his episcopate that the Bishop wrote for the *Church Assembly News* an article about a week in the life of a Bishop that attracted a good deal of attention. Direct and admirably phrased, it revealed the practical side of his nature as well as his ideals, ideals far from easy to carry out.

The opening paragraph is headed “Letters First”—“No one can tell what a morning's batch may mean . . . many or few, the variety of topics is inexhaustible; parish questions; house and, too often, serious financial troubles from hard-pressed parish priests; personal and spiritual problems; local topics and social problems; letters from odd people with hobbies—or indeed religions—of their own, to whom Bishops seem to provide an irresistible attraction; letters on great Church and other questions of the day; and so they go on. No one knows what may come. And the letters in a normal morning, for me at any rate, lead on to the Registrar. He will come with another type of material, documents to sign, and advice to give on some of the morning's letters.”

To the end his secretary was astonished at the excellence of

his memory. It was not generally realised how well he knew his clergy, their individual lives, their families and homes. To mention the name of any one was to recall to his mind all the details of the man's daily life as well as his pastoral work. He never needed to look up notes or records; their troubles were firmly fixed in his mind—difficult, and sometimes impossible, though it was to help—they had his very real sympathy: his memory was amazing where the personal knowledge of his clergy was concerned. It seldom failed him, and when he did, by chance, need to refer to papers in his own keeping, he has been known not to find them. On such occasions he would say "Boco's been about again!" Boco, he once explained, was a horrid little imp who came and stole things when no one was looking.

His Chaplain, Eric Knell, perhaps realised more truly the burden that all this correspondence could be. The Bishop found the daily routine at his desk irksome, and it needed a real effort of will each morning to tackle the piles of papers which awaited his attention. He was even known at times to put a really troublesome file of papers into what he called the "Wilderness of Sin," a huge roll-top desk in a corner of the study, and slam down the top in triumph. Sometimes when starting his desk work in earnest and left in peace, he would be discovered by his Chaplain two or three hours later immersed in a book to which he had had occasion to refer in the course of his first letter and had got no farther. At other times he took a boyish delight in seeing the work disappear.

It was intimate touch with people that he really loved, and the second paragraph of his article is headed "Personal Contact." In that he speaks of "interviews . . . again on matters as various as the correspondence, but more satisfactory because they bring one face to face with individuals, and often the contact is all the better because someone's real troubles will emerge in a talk about comparatively unimportant matters. Every fresh parish priest with whom a Bishop has had a talk makes a difference . . . I hope for good, certainly for the Bishop's good, and as certainly making for friendship. I often wonder if many people have the least idea of the physical difficulty of a Bishop's intimately knowing all his clergy . . . not only by sight but in the way of friendship. Yet nothing less is enough. It is an example of the perpetual and inevitable struggle between the man and the machine . . . the Church is not an efficiently-managed institution for orphans, but a home with a father; and the Bishop must represent the father and do the father's work. He must represent the Chief Shepherd, and he must know his own and his own must know him."

As has been recorded all through his life, he loved to talk with his fellowmen; and to that side of his work he gave all his heart,

talking, listening, asking questions, kind, sympathetic and wise. There are hundreds of priests who remember with deep gratitude an interview with him. One writes, "he sent for me to make inquiries about a society to which I belonged; I expected to have an uncomfortable twenty minutes; I was with him for three hours, perhaps the happiest afternoon of my life." Another, "he was at his very best at an interview in his study." Another, the vicar of a large town parish: "he was at his best on my hearth-rug, speaking *ex corde* on almost anything, or else advising and asking helpful, searching questions with a view to giving his own opinion." His Chaplain used to say that he had a horror of becoming pompous or pontifical and made him promise to warn him if ever he should see in him the first signs of what the Bishop always regarded as the besetting sin of many Church dignitaries. He was really accessible to people, in fact at times too accessible, and part of the Chaplain's work was to keep him from being monopolised by some to the neglect of others. He might, for example, be at an informal gathering of clergy in a vicarage drawing-room, and would be found in a corner so engrossed in conversation with one of them that "after a time I would have to administer a gentle nudge and pilot him tactfully to other parts of the room where brother clergy were apt to stand somewhat glumly reviewing the scene." Sometimes, when Mrs. Hicks was with him, solicitous and anxious that he should be loved by all, she would perform the same office.

That leads on to the third paragraph in his article, one entitled "Outdoor Work." He had dealt with his letters and interviews first because it was the part of his life which was least seen and little realised. He thought his worst early mistake came from the desire to accept invitations to parishes, to speak at public meetings and the like, all over the diocese. "I can look back to weeks almost filled with a wild career to places lying anywhere between the Humber and the Wash, the Trent and the eastern coast. They were happy weeks—but you learn from experience; and the Diocese suffers. Such a week leaves hopeless arrears, and that is not only bad for the Diocese but also for the Bishop; for that way lies exhaustion, mental and physical. Yet the out-of-door work does, and should, take a large part of a Bishop's week. There are the confirmations—a pure delight—in small country parishes, in great town churches; the homeliness of the smaller numbers in a village church and the happy gatherings of the country clergy and often a tea afterwards; the inspiring crowds, with nearly a nave full of candidates, in the great churches of the country towns. There are visits to parishes of all sorts, sermons at ordinary services, dedications and consecrations, commemorations and innumerable local occasions. The Bishop has to learn for which to



NUGENT, BISHOP OF LINCOLN
Receiving purses from children.

accept invitations and for which to refuse; and his clergy have to learn how to trust him for the allotment and management of his time."

In the Diocese of Lincoln, as a rule, the larger confirmations occur in Advent, the country ones during Lent. The latter can be particularly trying: Bishop Hicks shared and shared alike with the Suffragan Bishops. In March, 1934, he took twenty-four confirmations besides preaching somewhere in the county every Sunday, and taking the devotion of the Three Hours at the Cathedral on Good Friday. In March, 1935, the story was much the same . . . a tremendous task in itself, and bound, as he himself pointed out, to affect other aspects of his work. But in his turn he would go to the great town confirmations or "to the remotest corner of the Diocese to lay hands on even a few candidates." He took particular pains to enlist the devotion of the whole congregation in prayer that the Holy Spirit might pass into the souls of those confirmed; his addresses were simple and, given in his lovely, sonorous voice, left a deep impression. They invariably ended by his telling those who were present to go out into the world and let men by their example "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus." He was pleased if the service were followed by some kind of social gathering, with an opportunity of mixing informally with the parents and other parishioners, but he never felt a visit to a parish really complete without his having a meal, however informal, with the parson and his wife when all was over. He used to recall with pleasure one such occasion when he was told that the local farmers had rallied to help the vicarage lunch, one with a chicken, one with the vegetables and a third with fruit. At such times he felt he was really getting to know his clergy and their wives. He wrote of "their silent heroism; the courage with which they face the trials of their parochial work, in village and town alike; the cheerfulness with which they bear their poverty, their personal anxieties, their loneliness in great country areas—more troubles indeed than most lay people imagine."

This knowing of the clergy is a tremendous task. Nor do the laity realise how much time and thought a Bishop is compelled to give to their appointment. That specially applies in a Diocese like that of Lincoln where out of a total of 523 incumbencies no less than 121 are in the Bishop's own gift, twenty-four in the gift of the Dean and Chapter, nearly fifty in that of the Diocesan Trust or Board of Patronage . . . and in these latter the Bishop's advice is sought. What is more, lay patrons increasingly consult the Bishop as appointments in their gift fall vacant.

It is all a matter of vast importance and the Bishop's influence is considerable, not only in the individual parish but also in the

Diocese as a whole. In the Diocese of Lincoln there are, on an average, more than fifty vacancies to be filled each year, each meaning numerous letters, interviews and consultations. When Bishop Hicks died he (or the Bishop of Grimsby) had instituted to their benefices no fewer than 350 out of the 523 incumbents then alive; and there were curacies in addition.

As a matter of general policy appointments to benefices would be discussed at a monthly Staff meeting, but in the case of more important vacancies the Bishop by no means shelved responsibilities that primarily were his. He would make many inquiries, at the Church Assembly, at the Athenaeum, at the University; he took his time; he waited until he had found the man he wanted.

Many of the more important livings fell vacant during those early years: sometimes he brought in a priest from another Diocese, sometimes, in a spirit of adventure, he appointed a curate from one of the larger town churches, or else it was a case of more generally expected promotion. Before the end came it was apparent that the general direction of Church life was falling into the hands of men whom he himself had chosen, and by that date most of the Rural Deans, too, were priests of experience whom he had selected for leadership.

The Diocese, in fact, was becoming a fellowship under the guidance of clergy who knew the Bishop and whom he knew and trusted; and his trust was complete. That was how he liked it; it is the person that matters rather than the machine. Committees, conferences, chapters, those there must be; but he would just as soon someone else presided, partly because, in his genuine humility, he thought that someone else would preside quite as well. In the article previously quoted, he wrote with appreciation of the Diocesan committees, "there is no Bishop who does not thank God for the work of his Diocesan committees. No one, perhaps, unless he is at the centre, realises the amount of time given freely to innumerable boards and committee work . . . to detail, care and thought . . . The Bishop cannot be at all committees of this kind." That indeed is true, and for this reason, in spite of his deep concern for the financial difficulties of the clergy and their families, he did not attend the meetings of the Maintenance or Assistance Committees which dealt with such affairs. For, as everybody knew, he had complete knowledge of what happened as he was in constant touch with Canon Larken who had much of the business side of the Diocese in his admirable charge. There was, indeed, criticism—one witty, and perhaps caustic, prebendary remarked that "the Diocese of Lincoln was the most perfect example in the English Church of the presbyteral system." But that was not the whole story: Bishop Hicks loved his fellow men and his clergy. When he had chosen a priest for some particular

purpose, he left him to it; he expected to be told how the job prospered, he had advice to give and encouragement; but he also gave his confidence, and men were glad to serve under him with loyalty and devotion.

As that applied to the administration of the Diocese, so it also applied to what might be called the strategy of Diocesan affairs. As early as in 1933, he was interviewing, at the Athenaeum, a young priest from his old Diocese of Gibraltar who was contemplating work in Lincolnshire. The Bishop went on to speak about his own problems, and said, "there are three things of major importance that I ought to tackle, and I am not sure that I am strong enough; first the lay-readers . . . the whole machinery must be overhauled from top to bottom; secondly there is the matter of religious provision in the new housing areas; thirdly, clerical stipends, especially in some country parishes."

It is interesting that in that priest's recollection there was nothing said about the church Day Schools, for it was really in that direction that he struck first; not so much, as yet, at reconstruction and finance as at deeper matters of policy. The time was ripe for the stronger handling of that urgent question. On the one hand, far too many church schools were on a black-list in the records of the Board of Education and, on the other hand, the Hadow schemes of reorganisation were being more and more seriously pressed in the Diocese. Tentative proposals had been drawn up, a little money had been raised, in the city of Lincoln much reorganisation, with the consequent building of new Council schools, had taken place, but elsewhere the whole position was vague and uncertain.

The Bishop, in bringing Canon (afterwards Bishop) Greaves to the Sub-Deanery, not only strengthened the Cathedral and, later, what he called the Headquarters Staff, but he also introduced into the Diocese the benefits of the new Sub-Dean's great knowledge of educational affairs. For Canon Greaves had had experience both in the happiness of serving in parishes where church and school were closely interlocked with parochial life, and also as chairman of the executive committee of the National Society. He became chairman of the Diocesan Board of Education. Within a short time it so happened that there was a vacancy in the office of Director of Religious Education, a vacancy that was filled by the appointment of G. B. Docker, and, quickly enough, a new life began to appear in the schools of the Diocese. In the negotiations with the various Education Authorities—there are six of them—Bishop Greaves usually represented the Church School managers. And with much success—the chairman of one authority declared that he was the first parson he had met who really knew what he was talking about—and Bishop Hicks fully

supported him. The Bishop chose and trusted: then he was prepared, in his humble, simple fashion, to slip into the background. And, when one scheme was thus launched in due and proper manner, he would then look round for someone to whom he could entrust the next.

It soon became apparent that a large sum of money would be necessary for the rehabilitation of these church schools: there were something over 300 of them in the Diocese, and about a third of that number required enlargement, modernisation or alteration of some sort. The "religious provision," too, of which he spoke at the Athenaeum was at least as pressing: no one could pass through the outskirts of Lincoln, Scunthorpe or Grimsby without grasping quickly the seriousness of the problem, and the vital necessity that there should be some co-ordinated effort for the erection of new churches.

There were, however, two other schemes that somehow captured his attention first: rather, perhaps, it would be true to say that opportunity came and he met it. The first of these was that of the collaboration of various methods of Rescue Work in the Diocese and advance upon the lines of what is now known as Moral Welfare. In that he again had the advantage of the experience of Bishop Greaves. It was in the summer of 1934 that he announced his hopes and intentions: "I cannot speak too highly of all the admirable work that has been done in the Diocese . . . but in recent years, in the light of new knowledge and by the use of new methods, a wider field of opportunity has opened out, suggested, if not fully described, by the phrase 'Moral Welfare'." He urged the appointment of a trained secretary "to co-ordinate what was already done and to stimulate further advance."

In the October of 1935 a beginning was made, and he asked everyone to give Dr. Wallace "a warm welcome, and to help her to develop a work which experience elsewhere has shown to be invaluable." There was improvement, but other matters were occupying the attention of the Diocese; and the improvement continued with the appointment of K. C. H. Warner as Arch-deacon in 1937, for he could devote his time and ability to the building up of a fund of new money and the full organisation of proposals that were to extend all over the county.

The other matter which more fully came to fruition in those early years was one particularly dear to the heart of the scholar. The history of the Diocese strongly appealed to Bishop Hicks. He was able to understand the value and absorbing interest of the vast quantities of documents and records that belonged to the Cathedral and the parish churches as well as those directly in his own charge. He delighted in the labour that Canon C. W. Foster

had expended upon them, the fame that had come to him and the Record Society that he had founded. In the summer of 1934 the Bishop found himself building "a castle in the air. I dreamt of a thorough restoration and fitting up of the Exchequer Gate to make it a worthy and efficient place for our unique set of Records, and, beyond that, of being able to employ a trained and skilled historical worker as archivist . . . with ample accommodation for research students."

Within a year his dream came true. The Pilgrim Trust gave grants in July and October, 1935, "in recognition of the devoted labours of Canon Foster", who lived only to see the second help given to his work.¹ Miss Major, fellow and librarian of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, was appointed archivist, and a wonderful school of learning began, with results not only in the Diocese and county of Lincoln but much farther afield. It should be added that in October, 1938, Lord Macmillan, the chairman of the Trust and a personal friend of the Bishop's, paid a visit to the Palace to see the reconstituted Exchequer Gate, and a further grant followed.

In June 1939 an exhibition in the Usher Gallery gave evidence of the amazing documentary wealth of Lincolnshire, and attracted wide attention. It may be that in days to come the foundation of this centre of historic interest, revealing among other things the "development in the ordinary Englishman of the sound common sense in political matters" which President Masaryk considered to be the most valuable quality of our nation, will be regarded as one of the greater achievements in the service of Nugent Hicks to his Church and country.

To return to the schools that needed regeneration and the churches that should be built. The schools were many and their problems multifarious. The areas of new houses without a place of worship were fewer, and in some of them local efforts had begun. Plans were ready for St. Martin's, Grimsby, and for St. Giles's, Lincoln. The Bishop spoke fully and seriously at the Diocesan Conference of October, 1934, about the position, and announced that he proposed to form a large "and representative commission of both clergy and laity . . . to inquire into the needs, frame estimates and report." He spoke of figures that rather staggered his audience . . . the need would be over £100,000, but he was able to assure the conference that the Diocesan Board of Finance approved.

Other demands called for consideration. There was the Silver Jubilee of King George in the early part of May, 1935, and, ten days later, the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop King, with services long remembered, and an inspiring sermon by

¹ It was carried on, however, by Lord Monson and Mr. J. F. Hill.

Archbishop Lang. It may be added that, after this, Bishop Hicks appointed a day to be observed in memory of Bishop King with a special collect, epistle, and gospel chosen by himself.

Among these demands the proposed Commission rather slipped into the region of things forgotten; perhaps the very immensity of the task "to achieve the impossible" slowed things down. At the autumn Conference of 1935 he again declared that "a Commission would meet and report upon the need for new churches in new housing areas and upon the work that must be done to reorganise and recondition our schools." This time the machinery moved. The Commission was formed and it set to work. One division was devoted to churches, under the chairmanship of Canon Walter Hicks; the other to schools, under the leadership of Bishop Greaves. The compilation of facts and figures for such a project took time. There were tours of inspection to Scunthorpe and Grimsby and the small towns on the coast . . . tours that the Bishop fully enjoyed, entering with zest into all the necessary inquiries, driving long distances, walking about with other members of the Commission, talking eagerly all the way home about a score of things.

As time passed by the new church of St. Giles at Lincoln was finished and consecrated, plans were drawn up for a new church at Old Brumby, Scunthorpe, and the foundation-stone of another church at Nunthorpe, Grimsby, was laid. The need for the financial security of these schemes was becoming very urgent indeed.

In the early months of 1937 the Bishop was ill with an attack of influenza, and he did not quickly throw it off.¹ Those more closely in touch with him were relieved when Gilbert Elliott, late Archdeacon of Zanzibar and afterwards Canon of Lincoln, arrived at the Old Palace to fill the vacant Chaplaincy. The Bishop was really tired . . . his letters in the Diocesan Magazine became longer and disjointed: after the May letter, for example, there were a number of subsequent paragraphs, each signed N. L. as though it were the last.

Meanwhile the Commission's report was reaching finality, and rumours began to seep round the Diocese of the enormous sum that its conclusions demanded. There came the Diocesan Conference of June, 1937. The Bishop was clearly quite well once more; the report had been circulated, and he paid a tribute to those who were chiefly responsible for its compilation; the ultimate need was for £270,000—Bishop Hicks was never afraid to think largely. The immediate proposal was to raise £135,000

¹ He felt the loss of his old Harrovian friend and councillor Sir Charlton Briscoe, Bt., who had attended him and his wife for nearly a quarter of a century and who had been compelled, owing to serious illness, to give up his practice.

within the next five years. He launched an appeal for that sum, and announced that the vicar of Boston had agreed to entrust much of the care of his parish to his excellent staff of which Mr. Michael Ramsey was then the senior curate, and to be the organising secretary or director of the Bishop's Appeal. He went on to describe his hopes. . . . "We have a great opportunity before us: let us trust ourselves to God. Remember the triumphs of real faith. Let us not think of what we can do, but of what, if we give ourselves to God, He will do."

The following eight or nine months marked, perhaps, the height of the Bishop's service to the Diocese. His Staff was in working order, ready to help and advise and spare their time; his major schemes had been well founded, some, such as the better organisation of educational work in the Diocese and the establishment of the Record Office, fulfilled; others well on their way. He was getting at grips with many Diocesan problems, and knew his way about wold and heath and fen. He had made many friends. He found a particular delight in appointing country clergymen who had served some lonely parish faithfully and lovingly, to a stall in the Cathedral. He was busy all day and every day, sometimes away from Lincoln and the Diocese. But he would fix his appointments early in the morning or late at night, and there he would be in the study, sturdy and strong, ready, for example, to face the questions that his new appeal produced, to improve on a broadsheet, to criticise the plans of a building, to sign letters, or to undertake interviews or personal requests. He was ever ready to help those whom he had asked to help him.

There were many other things to occupy his time and attention. In that same July Bishop Blackie accepted the Deanery of Rochester; and, though it was some time before he was installed there and left Lincoln, Bishop Hicks, conscious of the loss there would be in the departure of one who "in friendship, in sympathy, in helpful advice, has never failed," anxiously thought about a successor. First, however, he redeemed his promise to the Dean, and in October, 1937, he announced that Bishop Greaves would become Bishop of Grimsby and Precentor while Archdeacon Larken would be Sub-Dean of the Cathedral, "bringing the knowledge and affection of a lifetime to that special work, besides being set more free for the financial work, always growing, which he does for the whole Diocese." So there arose two vacancies on the Headquarters Staff . . . the Bishopric of Grantham and the Archdeaconry of Lincoln. He was soon convinced, in his own mind, that Canon Markham should be the Bishop, and he talked over the question of the Archdeaconry with many friends. Then, as the days grew shorter, he took a rather belated holiday in Scotland with the Headmaster of Glenalmond, and hoped that

some inspiration would come to him there. It did, and towards the end of the year news was issued that the new Archdeacon was to be K. C. H. Warner, who had not long before been the junior Chaplain at Cranwell, and then was Provost of Glasgow Cathedral.

There were still other affairs to attend to besides the ten days' holiday and the careful filling of a few important vacancies and the early stages of the Appeal. He had given up his earlier habit of printing a monthly engagement list in the Diocesan Magazine, but one can trace the long busy days . . . a sermon at the Seamen's Service at Boston or the G.F.S. Festival in the Cathedral, taking the chair at the Annual S.P.G. Meeting, the usual round of letters and interviews. Above all, that summer, there was the Conference of Faith and Order at Edinburgh, at which the Bishop was one of the leading representatives of the Church of England during an interesting but exhausting fortnight. He came away profoundly convinced of the value of the conference . . . "there was revealed, on some fundamental matters, a real and striking progress towards general agreement." Some were reminded of sound advice about reunion: "Study your differences." The new church at Nunsthorpe was consecrated at the end of September, 1937, and then on a bleak afternoon in November there was the laying of the foundation stone of a new church at Old Brumby, Scunthorpe, a cold and tiring ceremony. He preached at the Cathedral, he was at Cambridge, in London; there were letters to write and he turned with delight to the dictaphone, whereby his letters became longer than ever—and a great pleasure to read. So many movements and interests were now centred in him that no days were long enough for all he wanted and tried to do; yet no caller ever found him appear other than unhurried, deliberate, delightful in his welcome, ready to listen and ready to speak.

"He was at Cambridge, in London"—at Oxford, perhaps, or at Harrow. Nugent Hicks filled a remarkable, and indeed unique, position in the "larger world" of the two leading public-schools and the older Universities. Ever faithful to old associations, he never lost touch with Harrow, and was one of its more influential governors. As Bishop of Lincoln he became Visitor of Eton, of King's College, Cambridge, and of Lincoln and Brasenose Colleges at Oxford. As an Old Harrovian it gave Nugent Hicks no little satisfaction, in his capacity as Bishop of Lincoln, to become the Visitor of Eton. For, when Eton College was founded just over five hundred years ago, the village of Eton was in the Diocese of Lincoln, and a Bishop of Lincoln was, therefore, concerned with the very inception of the College. It was to William Alnwick, the then Bishop of Lincoln, that King Henry VI wrote, in September, 1440, to announce his intention of founding Eton.

The Bishop replied that he was ready in every way to aid the undertaking; and he extolled the goodness of the King towards "our Holy Mother, the Church of England, which in these last days the sons of Belial would have destroyed"—doubtless a reference to the activities of the Lollards, of whom he was a zealous persecutor. It was through his authority that the parochial church of Eton was converted into a collegiate church; and ever since its foundation the Bishop of Lincoln has been the Visitor of Eton.

In some of the earlier days the Bishops exercised their visitorial functions with considerable energy. One Headmaster, for instance, in James I's reign, the Bishop called "an apostemated ulcer" because "having two rich benefices and being a Doctor of Divinity, he continueth the teaching of children and neglecteth his principal charges which are the souls of his people"; and the Bishop finally forced the Provost and Fellows to dismiss him. But in later years the Visitor's chief duties have been to attend various Eton functions and, when called upon, to interpret the Statutes of the College.

Nugent Hicks loved his connection with Eton. He was delighted, on his appointment, to get from the Provost and Fellows a Latin letter, to which he made a suitable Latin reply. He attended "Speeches" on a "Fourth of June" and the subsequent luncheon in Hall. He was the principal guest at a Founder's Feast on St. Nicholas' Day, December 6th. He conducted the funeral service at Eton of the late Provost, Dr. M. R. James, a great personal friend. And his successor, Lord Quickswood, occasionally consulted him about changes he wished to make in the College services.

He was delighted when he, an Old Harrovian, was made an honorary member of the Old Etonian Association—an unprecedented honour conferred by his Etonian friends, which enabled him to wear the ties of both schools.

Above all, for five years during the time he was Visitor, he confirmed the boys at Eton. The Confirmation of some 200 boys or more in the College chapel, with their parents present, became, in his day, an impressive ceremony, and no one could have carried it out better than Nugent Hicks. He did it with great dignity. Everyone heard the words of confirmation, as he laid his hands on each boy, delivered in his wonderfully carrying voice—he has been called "Hicks of the golden voice"; and his addresses both to parents and boys were alike admirable. Nor must his sermons in College chapel be forgotten—though it had to be impressed on him that they must not last more than twenty minutes. About one of them the Bishop received a letter which gave him great pleasure:

"May I as an old Etonian, and the father of a boy who is now at Eton, thank you for your Sermon in Upper Chapel yesterday. It was just the Inspiration we pray for for our Sons. It was the real teaching of Christ, and I and many others are deeply grateful to you."

His last visit to Eton was on the occasion of a Memorial Service to his old friend Edward Lyttelton, at one time Headmaster of Eton, when he gave, without any notes, a most moving address,—only a few days before he himself had his last illness.

There may have been some criticism in the Diocese from those who did not understand how an overworked Bishop could find time to go to Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match; which, indeed, he seldom missed. But there were many who looked forward to seeing him there: they felt that it was for the good of men that an ecclesiastic should be as welcome as he was. And one year, when he had a box decorated the larger half in dark blue and the rest in light blue, representing his Harrow and Eton affinities, he at any rate added to the gaiety of that great assembly. Probably all the boys in the team of one school had been confirmed by him, he was an old friend of the governors and masters of the other; round the field were old boys of either school whom he had met at Malta, at Gibraltar, or on the Riviera or elsewhere on his travels, and all loved to greet him. One shrewd critic set particular store on the "very real imagination with which he grasped his opportunity. . . . The secularity of education, especially at the universities, would be far less if the Bishops who were traditional visitors had exercised, like Nugent Hicks, their rights in the spirit of understanding friendship."

It was in that spirit that he would go to Eton for a night or two, sometimes, just to stay with old friends. He enjoyed it all, he liked to meet people, but all the time he felt that there had come to him a unique sphere of pastoral work, and into it he put his strength and devotion.

So it was at Oxford. He did not visit Brasenose often, but the Principal remembers how he went to a Gaudy in 1933 and made an admirable speech showing a good acquaintance with the College and its history; how he preached in chapel in the following summer; how he became the first Patron of the Brasenose Society and was present at its first dinner. "He was extremely helpful and understanding . . . and took a most unusual interest in the Colleges of which he was a visitor." The Rector of Lincoln College records that "he took a special interest in this the oldest of the four Colleges of which he was Visitor, and most intimately attached to his episcopal office not only by its foundation and title, but also by the right reserved to him of nominating

one of its fellows. He proved to be a most benevolent and considerate Visitor, anxious to meet the wishes of the College, and to serve its interests. It was a great advantage to the College to have a Visitor who was an Oxford man with experience of the University as a former Tutor. He made a point of attending our annual Gaudies whenever he could, and sometimes brought Mrs. Hicks. He was a charming guest (and host at the Old Palace), and showed himself very amiable to all our graduates assembled on those festal occasions. Our present Chaplain, appointed by him, has been a most useful and acceptable colleague."

And then there was King's College, Cambridge, historic, beautiful and hospitable: it was nearer to Lincoln, more frequent visits were possible, and he loved the welcome that he received. Bishop Hicks was at King's College a very close friend and trusted adviser. Since Bishop King there had been no Visitor to whom the College had looked with such affection and with so strong a sense that he cared greatly about the welfare of the place. It is not suggested that other Visitors have fallen short, but that King and Nugent Hicks in their several ways meant more to the College than one can normally expect a Visitor to mean. Bishop King because of his quite unique greatness and goodness, and Nugent Hicks because of his warmth of affection and breadth of human sympathy. He made friends there with Dons and undergraduates, and also with some of the choristers whom he confirmed, and he did everything so easily and naturally that he was thought of primarily as a friend by many who have held widely different religious or philosophical views. It was part of his theory of office that he was the Court of Appeal, but also ought to know everyone personally in order to be properly qualified to act and advise in any emergency. As a matter of fact, appeals to the Visitor are very rare nowadays because bitter quarrels do not arise, as often happened in former times. But the knowledge that he was there, always interested and caring to know about the College and its difficulties, and also very full of sympathy with the aims and conception of the College, and enjoying his position, helped it enormously. It helped him, too; he was able to meet people whom he wanted to meet. One night after dinner it was C. H. Dodd, the Regius Professor of Divinity. The Bishop, in the course of conversation, referred to his own book *The Fullness of Sacrifice*, and asked the distinguished Methodist scholar if he thought it was truly orthodox: he was delighted with the assurance that it was.

"He was at Cambridge or in London" . . . there were constant demands for his presence in London, for the Bishops' meetings, for Convocation and its committees; his knowledge

of the Eastern Churches which has been dealt with in Chapter IX, was so pre-eminent that many wished to consult him. When he could fit it in, too, he liked to attend the functions of those lodges of Freemasons with which he had contact, in town, at Harrow or in the Diocese, as has been described in Chapter VII. He felt that he was making friends with men whom otherwise he was unlikely to meet on such terms of intimacy, and they, in their turn, loved to have him among them; his kindness, his easy approach, his sympathy, all endeared him, and his experience in "the craft" had inspired him in one direction that should not be forgotten: if the ritual of Masonry could be learned by heart, so could the services of the Church. There was an ordination at King's College chapel, the congregation at which was astounded to notice that he was taking the long service without any reference to a book. He would do the same at the Cathedral,—it enabled him to look each ordinand in the face—and more than one of the men whom he ordained was so impressed that he, in his turn, set himself to know the occasional offices with a like confidence.

And all the time there were the letters. The following letter is an example of his tolerance, his kindness and understanding, as well as of his churchmanship. ". . . I can give you some advice, but it is a little difficult to answer your letter exactly along the lines on which you frame your question. The whole question of what is canonically possible for a Bishop to dispense from is difficult, and, I think, to save trouble, we very often use the word 'dispense' when it is technically not in the picture, and all we mean is formal permission, so far as we can give it, or advice, or the two combined. What you have heard about the age of sixty, I have just found out, applies to the present Roman rule about fasting, as distinguished from abstinence. People over sixty are freed from fasting, so, to put it very practically, all fast-days become Fridays for them. It is not, I gather, a relaxation as regards the fast before Communion. But that is assuming that we regard ourselves as bound by the Roman rules. I cannot myself think we are, but if we look to Roman rules and practice¹ as a guide for us, there is no doubt that the rule about fasting is being interpreted more gently at the present time. I believe that the Pope has allowed liquid food, if the priest has to duplicate, before the second mass, and this must happen fairly often under modern conditions. Actually, if I may give you my advice or counsel, it is rather on the following lines. I am quite sure myself that the rule of fasting Communion does hold, because it is universal in all branches of the

¹ On this question see *The Special Basis of the Anglican Claim*, by George F. Holden, M.A. New and Revised Edition by F. C. N. Hicks, M.A., and S. L. Ollard, M.A. 1916.

Catholic Church and of immemorial antiquity. But what I mean by this is that we are bound to keep it in the spirit. Under modern conditions of life, and with modern arrangements both for hours of meals and hours of services, which are all very different from the ancient ones, I am sure that it does sometimes happen that to keep the rule strictly in the letter does in effect mean breaking it in the spirit. The obvious case that occurs to me is the physically delicate person, whether young or old, man or woman, priest or lay-person, for whom a strict fasting Communion involves faintness or giddiness at the service itself. I cannot think that in such a case we show the greatest bodily reverence, which is, after all, the object of fasting Communion, by being not fully alive to what is going on at the service, when a cup of tea would make all the difference and make us mentally and spiritually all there, so to speak. There are girls, of course, as we all know, who faint very easily at early service; and by constantly disturbing all the people round and having two people to carry them out not only fail to be all there mentally themselves, before the faint, but disturb other people. In such a case I cannot think that it can be the mind of Our Lord that such people should not, say, have one cup of tea first. This is what I should say about priests beyond a certain age when they are celebrating: some simply cannot be fully alive to what they are doing mentally and spiritually. To some it means that the strict keeping of the rule means that they are not at their best for the rest of the day: it may damage their health more permanently. Here, again, I cannot think that it can be the mind of Our Lord that, for the keeping of the letter of the rule, they should be less efficient priests, and I really do think they ought to take something first. . . . Let me only just add that I know this was the line that people like Dr. Pusey and Bishop King took. Bolam has a touching story of how he was going to be ordained fasting, but just before the time for them all to robe old Bishop King¹ came into his bedroom with a big cup of tea and said, 'Now you have got to drink this,' and, as the boy took it, the old man's face came out in his best smile, his eyes twinkled, and he said, 'and I've put some brandy in it too'"

With the opening of March, 1938, Bishop Hicks once more began the usual round of Confirmations. There were again the tiring journeys, the crowded endeavour to cope with heavy

¹ Perhaps the good Bishop remembered the story of his predecessor, St. Hugh of Lincoln, related by Froude (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Vol. II. "A Bishop of the Twelfth Century"): "If he saw a priest who was to officiate exhausted for want of support and likely to find a difficulty in getting through his work (he) would order him to eat as a point of duty, and lectured him for want of faith if he affected to be horrified."

correspondence on his return at night, and the attempt to fit in necessary interviews in the morning before he left. The strain was too great. Long over-fatigue turned an attack of influenza into a serious illness, and he had to go away for some weeks' complete rest in Switzerland. His sturdy physique helped his recovery, and in May he returned, just in time to install the new Archdeacon on the 15th, to cope with many arrears, and to prepare his address for the June Diocesan Conference at which he devoted a considerable space to A.R.P. . . . he knew much of the realities of European affairs.

Conscious that it was the failure of a proper holiday last year that led to his coming to grief in the winter and the spring, he took, that year, a longer summer vacation. In announcing it, he recalled his long desire and hope that the finances of the Church, and, in particular, those of the clergy, could be so reconstituted that they all could have a similar respite. In the same announcement he spoke of a great fête in the Old Palace grounds that the untiring energy of Mrs. Hicks had arranged, on behalf of the Bishop's Appeal, for the latter days of September.

He was back again earlier in the month, and preached in the Cathedral at a service of Prayer for Divine help in the dangerous moments of the German attacks upon Czecho-Slovakia. The terrible threat of a possible war hurt his gentle spirit, and it was with penetrating earnestness that he called on his people to pray—and his call continued. Far from any extreme pacifism, with all his gentleness possessed of a martial strain, he pleaded for "the sound patriotism, the love of country, in the true sense, lifted on to a higher level and leading to a wider view. We belong to a world that is not seen only but unseen; to a country of which our earthly country is a fragment, our outward symbol." He spoke of the Lord's Prayer, and, when war did come, he spoke of it again and again, urging people to offer those familiar words in prayer, and, in their spirit, to act and serve. At his Diocesan Conference, in the autumn of 1939, he initiated the practice of standing to say the Lord's Prayer at twelve o'clock.

The crisis in Europe grew to its height; the Prime Minister went to Munich; all was tense. The fête at the Old Palace took place in damp, depressing weather, amid widespread anxiety; the very members of the R.A.F. whose services had been enlisted as bandsmen and the like were liable to be recalled at a moment's notice. A large amount of support had been promised beforehand, financially the fête was very successful, those who came appreciated their welcome, but, in the circumstances, the attendance was less than had been hoped. And, all the time, the Bishop was not well. He was unable to attend the fête in the garden, but he spoke through the microphone to his guests;

there were few who realised that his doctors had insisted on his having a long holiday. He asked those few whether he ought to resign; simply and bravely he tried to do what was right. A day or two later he left Lincoln for nine months.

It was a great tribute to the efficiency and wisdom of the Headquarters Staff that he had chosen that, under the leadership of Bishop Greaves, the administration of affairs during those nine months went so smoothly. The pathetic tragedy of it all was that just when Bishop Hicks had reached a full understanding of Diocesan problems, and yet had gathered round him that Staff which would allow him to pay that attention to other problems of the "larger" world, particularly those of the Eastern Church which few but he could really face, he had to lay his work aside.

As he left England for rest and refreshment of mind and body in the warmer climate of the Barbados, there was published a reprint of his *Essay on Reconciliation*, first published in 1930 and reproduced at the Edinburgh Conference on Faith and Order in 1937. In a new preface he wrote, in reference to that conference, "what touched me most was the sympathetic reception that my statement had from the representatives of various Christian bodies." The thoughts of those who knew his love of peace were with him in the exile of his illness, at that critical time.

He came home once more, very much better, in the following June, in time for the Diocesan Conference. He was still to go slowly, but his presidential address was of the same length and vigour as before, with long passages about the Old Testament and, again, about A.R.P.

He was present at the opening of the new Harrowby Church School at Grantham; he enjoyed the great exhibition of Diocesan Records in the Usher Art Gallery, and, just after war was declared, he took part in the laying of the foundation stone of a new parish church at Boultham on the southern outskirts of Lincoln. He rejoiced in the appointment of a fully-trained Moral Welfare worker to take charge of a more live organisation all over the Diocese; in fact he was picking up all the strings of activity, at least in those spheres where his leadership had been more particularly directed. But he was conscious that there was much undone and, in the February of 1940, he saw fit to defend himself against some imagined criticism, and to tell the Diocese that he was busy: "I think the Diocese might wish to know something of what I have been doing and am hoping to do from January to March": it was a full programme, but nothing like as full as it would have been four or five years before—and rightly so.

There were moments when he was obviously tired, but other times when his mind was as fresh and his vigour as steady as ever. He constantly referred to the matter of prayer, to the Lord's Prayer or to the Second Collect at Evensong . . . "think of it. Make your desires all holy; make your counsels, your thoughts and your plans good; make your works just. Then God will give you the real peace."

The postponement of the Lambeth Conference owing to the war had resulted in an endeavour to stimulate and strengthen Church life by the sending round of messengers from each Archbishop, and from the Bishop to each Deanery. Nugent Hicks took keen interest in the selection of fourteen messengers in his Diocese who should each go to three ruri-decanal chapters. They met at various times, in the Old Palace or at the Diocesan offices: he began to treat them almost as a cabinet on spiritual affairs.

In August, 1940, his great friend, Christopher Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, died at Torquay, and he lamented the loss of a "constant source of sympathy and encouragement . . . the kind of Christian character that has been the glory of English life." His address at the Conference in October was as full as ever, dealing with many things—the 500th anniversary of Eton, the Eastern Churches, the Bishop's messengers, the War, Christian Education. Before the year ended he was able to consecrate the church of The Holy Cross at Boultham.

1941 began. His friends watched him with some anxiety. He was better, very often quite his old self, but sometimes "he seemed dazed and at a loss, as though he could not quite fix one." There were few who realised the struggle that he must have had to make. Arrangements at the Old Palace were no longer quite the same. There was comfort and beauty, especially in the great study, but part of the house had been converted into a flat where he was delighted to have Dr. Lyttelton, the former headmaster of Eton, and his two daughters, old and tried friends. Below, in the large basement, a canteen and rest-room were established for the benefit of troops in the city, and the dining-room became an officers' club—amenities that were much appreciated by the wise of all ranks. But the war brought other problems in the Diocese where there were difficulties of money and staffing. Further, to one who knew so intimately the Continent of Europe, and more particularly the Eastern Churches, there was sorrow and anxiety.

In a long January letter he pleaded that his people should pray for Greece; he presided at a Moral Welfare meeting, and was much encouraged to hear of all the good work which was being done, especially by Canon Cook, of Boston, in the matter

of the Appeal. He had an opportunity of bringing near him, on the death of Archdeacon Parry, an old friend and pupil, N. G. Railton, of Keble and Cheshunt, and a Senior Chaplain in the Army, who had been at his wedding and who was to be present at his death—an appointment which, apart from other things, was peculiarly appropriate at the time by reason of Railton's Army experience. He fulfilled his preaching turns at the Cathedral and elsewhere, continually stressing his favourite theme: "You will say I am always preaching about love. Love human and Divine is the one thing that matters. Love through the human to the Divine—for God is Love." He carried out his Lent confirmations, but they were fewer than usual.

His monthly letters at this time formed a remarkable series of simple, spiritual teaching, direct and appealing. He was constantly writing of prayer—in a spirit of encouragement, of hope, of faith: "Whatever is essential for the true welfare of the Church must go on with full vigour . . . it means the winning of the world for God, giving ourselves to the age-long fight for goodness against sin, for light against darkness, for wisdom against folly and, in the end, for life after death."

He had a fortnight's holiday in London in the summer of 1941, and returned to Lincoln seemingly full of vitality. At the Diocesan Conference, which in a sense opens the winter's work, report was made that the annual gift for the Moral Welfare funds had passed all previous records and that an advance, long hoped for, would now be possible. His Appeal for money for new churches and the restoration of schools—necessarily slowed down by the war—had brought in over £50,000; there were four large new churches in the diocese and forty-nine day schools which had been regenerated; it was clear "that the great effort of the Appeal must be kept alive, in spite of, and through, all that the war means." Other subjects at the Conference were the new fund for dealing with the War Damage to Churches and Church property which was steadily growing by monthly contributions from three out of every four parishes, and the continued good work of the Diocesan Record Office. The Bishop, with his usual interest in the Orthodox Church, spoke about Russia: "I should like to think that the world, delivered from cruelty, injustice and slavery by a great combination of everything that the British Empire, the United States and a renewed Russia can give, may be built up in a new spirit, and on new foundations of peace, brotherhood, justice and freedom. If you begin with that in this war, we can surely leave the future of our countries in the hands of God, Who is the Father of all men and loves men of all nations."

Then he spoke of the reorganisation of the lay-readers, "which I hope I have now set on foot"; he paid a tribute to all that

had been done in the past, but now that Convocation had "sanctioned a revised system of regulations," we ought to come in line. He spoke, too, of Evangelism and of Unity, and, again, he asked that the Diocese should pray for the awakening of spiritual outlook and life.

Work went on, and visits and meetings with various people. One of the last of the full Sundays that he so enjoyed was at Boston, towards the end of the year. He preached, still in the "golden voice" of Oxford days, at the morning service, which was attended by a large contingent of the Royal Air Force, and introduced into his sermon an extempore prayer in which he made the men join. Afterwards he chatted away with Canon Cook and some of the officers at the vicarage. At luncheon he was in good fettle, talking of many things, the Eastern Churches, Diocesan Records, journeys on the Continent as a young man. He took a large confirmation carefully and impressively. No one would have dreamt that there was anything amiss.

In the sermon which he preached in Lincoln Cathedral on the last Sunday of 1941, six weeks before he died, he took as his subject, preparation for Eternity, with its solemn warning. Looking back, it almost seemed that he realised his own passing. His text was St. Mark xiii. 35-37, with the warning that we should be always preparing for the fuller life, and that one aspect of Hell was regrets for what then could not be altered. His last word was "Watch."

In the following January he was full of work, but a recurrence of the earlier trouble with his heart came in more serious fashion, and he had to take to his bed. He grew weaker: he was tired out. His great anxiety was that he might not be able to dictate the usual pastoral letter "to be read in all the churches of the Diocese on Quinquagesima Sunday." His secretary came to his room one Sunday evening, two days before he died, and describes how he dictated as readily as ever . . . "no notes, no drafts, no corrections; he knew what he wanted to say and, though ill in bed, he still could concentrate and arrange his subject matter . . . and his solicitude about the early dispatch of the letter was one of his last thoughts". . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury (Lord Lang of Lambeth) commented upon this Pastoral, which appears as Appendix (C) that it ought to make a very special impression because it comes, as it were, as a voice from the Unseen. So it was, for Nugent Hicks, sixty-fourth Bishop of Lincoln, passed to his rest on Tuesday, February 10th, 1942, before the letter could even be printed. His last act was to repeat, with his wife, the Lord's Prayer—so clearly that the listening house could hear every word, his voice gaining intensity as he reached the words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The funeral service at the Cathedral was attended by a vast concourse of people representing many interests and many phases of society. The beauty of the Minster, the solemnity of lovely music, the strange blending of dignity and simple affection, all revealed to one visiting Bishop "the Church of England at its best." With an understanding that touched many, the Dean—as a thanksgiving—led the congregation in a recital of the Lord's Prayer before he gave the blessing. There was an astonishing number of parochial clergymen who had come that wintry day with much difficulty from many corners of the far-flung Diocese, drawn by memories of some personal touch with a Father in God whom they loved. It was the best tribute to his memory, and a proof, if proof were needed, of the deep affection which he inspired in all who came in personal contact with him: such deep affection, indeed, that his friend Bishop Mathew said Mass for him in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

From the letters,¹ so numerous that they have never been counted, which were received at the time of his death, we see how they loved his humour, his humility, his unfailing kindness: "His outstanding qualities were just his simple goodness, his inexhaustible patience and his modesty." "He was our companion and friend, most lovable and considerate." Again: "He possessed a passion for friendship, warm and human, which made him always easy to approach and explains his wistful eagerness to understand and to help." Here are two other comments, one from a Bishop who says: "He was a perfect character, so clever and so humble, such a perfect Bishop and such a loving friend." The other, from a layman: "He was one of the ugliest and one of the nicest men I ever knew; we were much indebted to him." A little Jewish refugee, on hearing of his death, pondered a while and then said, "I hope the new Bishop will be as kind." One of the Cathedral vergers gently remarked: "He was perfect to us, and it wasn't with him once a week; we grew to expect courtesy from him, but he was almost always more courteous than we expected." And then, applying the standard that Lincolnshire of an older generation likes to apply, he added—almost unconsciously—"like Bishop King." His doctor, in speaking about him afterwards, said that, "Humanly speaking, it was the perfect ending to a perfect life." His "three score years and ten" were up in the following June.

¹ Received from all parts of the world.

EPILOGUE (1)

THE BISHOP'S HOME

By friends from Oxford days and onwards

THE public, and the general Ecclesiastical world, both in Europe and the Near East, knew Nugent Hicks as a scholar, an author, a brilliant controversialist, a conversationalist possessed of outstanding personality, boundless zeal and tireless energy. Even the Ecclesiastical Peers of his day, before he was a Bishop, found in him a wise counsellor. But all who knew him instantly recognised the sincere kindliness of heart and the inner happiness which radiated his whole being. He was never too tired or too busy to attend to high or low, rich or poor, in any kind of need or trouble.

People came to him from all professions and occupations and all ranks of life: the educated, the ignorant, the down-trodden, the despairing, the fighting services, politicians and artisans: countless priests, distinguished and undistinguished, English and foreign: countless men and women came to Nugent, and none came in vain. In some unique and wonderful way he could call up all his great gifts and powers, his knowledge and experience, and make them obedient to the need of the moment, concentrating them all upon the particular visitor of that hour.

This, above all his great gifts, was, we think, his greatest—his dealing with individual persons. Unlike many great leaders he first won men's confidence and then led them from within their own lives. In the most patient and apparently light-mannered way he would persist with dogged determination on finding out about the background, the inside of a man's life. If he found that was sound and healthy and happy he would indeed set sail with his visitor towards new lands for fresh adventure. But if he found some hidden sorrow, some aching wound, he always tried to discover some way to relieve the pain and cure the ill within a man's own life. That was where his greatest powers were exercised. From the use of these he derived the experience and the wisdom that was noted at the conference tables in his important career.

Of his boyhood's home we know little except that he always spoke of it as very comfortable and correct: a place where he could take his school friends in the holidays. But evidently the early loss of his father left a widowed mother who, although immensely proud of her clever son, was a very stern disciplinarian, and a very exacting parent. Through all her life Nugent denied himself many pleasures and adventures to return home at her urgent

request for his personal attention. Often the matter was quite trivial, and the threatened catastrophe mostly imaginary. But Nugent always came, and when she passed from this earth no son could look back upon a finer record of filial service and devotion. Nugent always loved the idea and the very name of home. Even in his rooms at Oxford, as an undergraduate and a Don, he strove to make a place where others would want to come—a place where he himself was most at ease.

But as soon as he married he and his wife set about this "Home business" in real earnest. They both saw entirely eye to eye in the matter. Neither of them had any intention that life would be a humdrum affair for them. But always somehow, somewhere, "Home" was the centre of all other plans and schemes. To him it was his Castle—the place where "we"—you and I—live, a place to be intensely proud of; a place which could always be improved, which always needed care and attention. A place of peace and beauty, of joy and love and happiness and, moreover, a place that could always house others. For this end they perpetually strove, beginning with their first home at Cheshunt, where "The House," with all the comfort and pleasantness of civilised life, was always open to the College students. Young men who must have been missing their own homes gratefully appreciated the standing invitation of Princeps and Mrs. Princeps, as she was affectionately called there. "The House" became an integral part of the College, to which they could always "come over." Each house they lived in they improved and made better than the last. Nugent took the greatest interest in all the domestic details, and would chuckle like a schoolboy over some new electrical labour-saving device or gadget he had acquired on some journey, or with which Kathleen had surprised his return. And he never returned home without a sort of transparent sigh of relief and joy of entry which (even in the presence of a guest) he made no attempt to conceal. Entering the hall he would utter a loud "Hullo!" and then cry—he always called her "you"—"Where are you?" If there was no answer—however polite he would be to his guest—he never settled down or looked at ease till "she" returned. "She" and "home" were something inseparable and essential to his life. If all were well with these, then, and only then, his brain and his strong character, his immense driving force, were set free from all abstractions and obstructions and harnessed to the service of other men's needs and cares. Intimate friends knew that if there were any rift in the matrimonial lute they never attempted to sleep at night until harmony was restored. In friendships, also, this desire to forgive and to be forgiven was fulfilled whenever possible. They had been known to go out late at night so as to remove misunderstanding and give happiness to

a friend: the foundation stone for a new day must be well and truly laid. And that home was a success not only to themselves: to go there even unexpectedly was to receive such a welcome: each arrival, whoever they might be, was greeted with such sincere enthusiasm. The dignity and importance of a Bishop's Palace was there, but entirely overshadowed by so much warmth and human friendliness. Midst the laughter (and there always was laughter) and joy of that home you felt not that the man was something less than his official rank proclaimed, but that he was somehow greater than the outside world could know. Their home was always beautifully kept, with excellent servants. Of the servants much was demanded, and from them much was given to all and sundry. When the domestic servant problem grew difficult, and many homes were perpetually changing their staffs, the Hicks' servants were happy, and those whom circumstances allowed stayed with them many long years.

The house was generally full, and one could meet Cabinet Ministers, Cab-drivers, Police constables, Generals, Admirals, Bishops, Curates, Commercial Travellers, Washerwomen and Duchesses, in fact "all sorts and conditions of men," in the hall or on the staircase, each being greeted with equal kindness and consideration. It was compared to a London station—people always coming and going. If home is still an Englishman's castle, this one never had its drawbridge pulled up.

Inside that home, in study or drawing-room—the Bishop's well-worn pipe alight—so much solid work in the hearts and lives of men and women was done. Nugent made everyone feel that his home, so carefully planned, so comfortably efficient, was their home too. It was all spontaneously natural. It was never dull. The interruption of whatever was going on for the gathering of all and sundry to "family prayers" happened because we were at home, and it was free from any conventional formality.

Then Nugent and Kathleen delighted in impromptu performances, and any guest who was qualified to perform in any way as a conjurer, acrobat, mimic or musician, was given no peace till the company had been delightfully and delightedly entertained; and, as so often happens, people shorn of formality—relieved if only for a short time of care and worry—discovered a new friend or a new charm in other guests. To have stayed in that house was an experience. Joy and wisdom could always be found there. Few, if any, ever left that home unrefreshed and unendowed with hope and courage for the morrow and the outside world. Nugent Hicks must have known, as few know, that only as a man is free from unnecessary worry and petty strife, only as his own life is full of light and sunshine, can he light up the dark paths and highways of other men's lives. It would have been impossible

if he had been alone, but about his work, and in his home, he ever relied upon the unfailing comrade of his life. Of her, as Archbishop Lang said, "we shall also remember his wife who gave him her vivid companionship, devoted care and constant love." His batterings, his defeats, his glorious victories he took to her. To her, as he set out upon his last voyage, he whispered, "Where are you?"

EPILOGUE (2)

By one of the Bishop's closest friends

THE RT. HON. L. C. S. AMERY, P.C., M.P.

I CANNOT recall precisely when I first met Nugent Hicks, but we became good friends before the end of my second year at Harrow, and our friendship grew steadily closer during the remainder of our schooldays together. I remember him best as Head of the School, unceasingly active in the discharge of his duties—I can still see him posting up his notices on the School board—and tremendously conscientious without a touch of priggishness or self-importance. What was important in his eyes was Harrow, and a part of that importance was the proper fulfilment of the duties of the boy who happened to be Head of the School. The Corps, too, was part of the School, a part which he felt no School with a great patriotic tradition could afford to allow to fall into decay, as it largely had until his enthusiasm revived it. I remember, to my shame, resisting his exhortations, and even the promise of an immediate commission on joining, for the whole first month of the summer term of 1891. When I capitulated the only two commissions were gone and I began my military career, where it ended so far as Harrow was concerned, as a sergeant.

His sense of duty and his enthusiasm—for him the two were always identical—for patriotic service continued unabated at Oxford. Most of his contemporaries only chaffed, and I remember some wit saying that Bumbo going forth to war satisfied for him Aristotle's definition of tragedy as inspiring both terror and pity! But he had a staunch ally in Hancock, the College porter, and the chaff only amused him.

When I joined him at Balliol a year later he naturally fathered me, and brought me into the circle of all his friends. Under his auspices I joined the College Brackenbury Society, and the Chatham, which was a University Club. This last was the moderate Conservative Club—what would now be called Left Wing Conservative as compared with the High Tory Canning Club.

All the same it was definitely Conservative, and we drank "Church and Queen"¹ in mulled claret and smoked churchwarden pipes. Nugent's Conservatism, like mine, was comprehensive and eclectic, and I remember a motion, formally and seriously put forward, for his expulsion, together with that of myself and of Lionel Curtis, for our Socialist views. We defeated it by spiritedly arguing that we held precisely the views Chatham would have held if he had lived in our time.

For the next forty years we met, now frequently, now with longer intervals between. But with him absence and difference of pursuits and interests built up no invisible wall of estrangement, and our friendship only ripened and deepened with the years. He had that supreme gift of friendship which consists in desiring nothing from one's friends for oneself, in unfailing interest in their doings and in unwavering loyalty towards them. Loyalty alike to the individuals and to the institutions with whom life brought him into contact and relationship was with him a dominant instinct. I do not suppose that he ever dropped a friend, or allowed a friend to be maligned or disparaged in his presence.

As for his corporate loyalties they grew in numbers and range as his life broadened out, without any of them ever suffering from the competition of the others. There never was so loyal a Harrovian, and few things in life gave him greater pleasure, or evoked more diligent and assiduous attention at our meetings, than his election to the Board of the Governors of the School. But when, as Bishop of Lincoln, he automatically became Visitor of Eton College, his new Etonian loyalty and enthusiasm were no less wholehearted. What he did at Eton and Harrow matches after that I cannot imagine, unless it might be to wear a cornflower buttonhole and a light blue tassel to his umbrella.

It was the same with Balliol, with Cuddesdon, with Keble, to which he gave so many years, with Cheshunt, with Brighton, with his scattered Gibraltar Diocese, and last with Lincoln, where the unsurpassed beauty of the Cathedral and the great history of the Diocese made so fitting a background to the closing years of his life. With these specific loyalties went his wider loyalty to his country and the Empire and, above all, embracing them all, and inseparable from them all, his loyalty to the Church of England, to which he dedicated his working life. Patriotism with him was a natural, unquestioning instinct. He was not concerned to argue that his country was always right or wise. It was enough for him that in the main it stood for the moral and spiritual values he

¹ It is of interest that when Nugent joined the famous Club, "Nobody's Friends," which was founded in 1800, and which contains, besides distinguished extra members, twenty-five clerics and twenty-five laymen, he again came under the motto, "Pro Ecclesia et Rege."

believed in, and that his duty lay in serving it to the best of his ability in whatever station of life his work was cast. It was in this sense, in his faith in his country and its institutions, as the concrete and working embodiment of a great and on the whole noble tradition, and not in any narrower partisan sense, that he remained a Conservative.

His loyalty and devotion to the Church were based on the same conviction that the highest spiritual truths were best enshrined in and sustained by an outward and corporate life, with the background of a great history and inspired by a great tradition. A Church conservative in outward form, and continuous in its essential tradition, but ever open-minded and progressive, tolerant of its own internal differences, and no less tolerant in its readiness to find common ground of unity with other Churches without loss of spiritual depth and earnestness, that was his ideal of the Church he served so faithfully to the end.

With this deep sense of loyalty, this *pietas*, went a natural respect for recognised forms and ceremonies for the sake of their past significance and present inner meaning. He loved things to be done properly. He could never bring himself to slur over, still less gabble, the glorious language of our Church Service. At Lincoln he once took me to an Ordination. I felt that I was taking part in something that was far more than a mere formal rite. He made it a spiritual event and an abiding memory not only for the entrant into Holy Orders but for all who were present. I doubt if he was normally a great preacher. But I thought his sermon on the resignation of King Edward VIII perhaps the wisest and most understanding thing said at that difficult time.

With great natural gifts of scholarship, he was much too much the man of action ever to become a great divine. He loved to be busy, and to feel busy, and on the move. He was always coming or going, on his way from one engagement and hurrying to another. His nickname of Bumbo must, I think, have caught on so readily because of its onomatopæic suggestion of buzzing and humming activity. There was, at times, something both in his busy movements and in his benign and bulky appearance which irresistibly conveyed the similitude of a bumble bee.

As for his features, if, like those of Socrates before him, they were not by any conventional standards beautiful, they were far from unprepossessing. On the contrary the sincere, blue eyes, peering through his thick spectacles, and the large, sensitive mouth, so quick to convey humour or sympathy, made it a lovable face even on first impression. He was, indeed, like Socrates in much more than features. He took the same interest in every person and every theme. His questions had the same innocent simplicity, and the same keen penetration to the heart of a

subject. He paid the same unquestioning loyalty to his country's laws.

Loyalty, simplicity and goodness were the keynotes of his character. Instinctively he thought the best of his fellowmen, and even when he realised their failings was anxious to look for compensating virtues. Only against deliberate wrong-doing, even in minor matters, would he at times flash out in righteous anger. He lived his life to the full, rich in the dutiful and eager fulfilment of many tasks, small or great, but all worth doing, rich in friends, rich in the happiness of a married life shared with a perfect companion, rich in serene unquestioning faith in the meaning and purpose of it all. He lives on, a happy memory, in the hearts of all who knew him.

EPILOGUE (3)

By an Orthodox Archbishop

My acquaintance with the late Dr. Nugent Hicks dated from the time of his appointment as Bishop of Gibraltar. The sphere of activity of the office to which he had been called embraced the Orthodox countries, and in particular Greece and Constantinople, and it was therefore incumbent upon me to come into direct touch with the recently-elected Bishop. From our first meeting I was conscious that the new Bishop of Gibraltar possessed attributes eminently fitting him for a position where he would have the opportunity to strengthen and develop the ties existing between our two Churches, Anglican and Orthodox.

On his first visit to Constantinople the Bishop of Gibraltar was received with honours at the Phanar, and had a cordial exchange of views with the Oecumenical Patriarch in regard to the work of "rapprochement" and reunion of the two Churches. His devoutness and wisdom, his sympathy for the martyred Eastern Church, his respect for its traditions and usages, above all his recognition of the fact that throughout its history of many centuries the Orthodox Church has preserved the Apostolic trust, pure and intact, and that to this day it continues, in unbroken line, the one, ancient and undivided Church—all these things gained for him the esteem and love of everyone at Constantinople, and indeed of all the Orthodox circles with which he came into contact.

Dr. Hicks' elevation to the historic See of Lincoln deprived him of the opportunity of maintaining direct touch with the Orthodox Church. Yet it did not in any way diminish his interest in all matters affecting our Church's fortunes, and especially its

relations with the Anglican Church. On the resignation of the former Bishop of London he readily accepted the Anglican chairmanship of the "Anglican and Eastern Association," and worked untiringly for the attainment of its ends. In my own capacity as Orthodox chairman I was brought into closer collaboration with him, and thus had occasion to appraise still more highly his theological principles.

Two events served to strengthen his ardent desire to witness the "rapprochement" of our two Churches in Faith and Order. First, as chairman of the Anglican Mission which held discussions with the Rumanian Orthodox Church, he was instrumental in the reaching of an understanding on important theological questions, and, as a result, the latter Church aligned itself with the Oecumenical Patriarchate and the other Eastern Orthodox Churches which had already recognised the validity of Anglican Orders. Secondly, his presence, in 1937, at the Edinburgh Conference on Faith and Order, and his fervent advocacy in favour of acceptance of Orthodox principles on several points of Christian teaching, and especially on that of the Sacraments (his valuable treatise had won for him general recognition as an authority on the latter point), caused him to be held in high regard and affection by the Orthodox representatives.

Our last meeting was at a deeply moving Service of Prayer on behalf of enslaved Greece, which took place in the Chapel of King's College at Cambridge, of which College Dr. Hicks was a Visitor. The dense congregation included H.M. The King of the Hellenes, H.R.H. the Diadoch, the Ministers of the Greek Government and the leading members of the University. He and I held hands as we walked in procession and took up our positions side by side facing the Holy Altar. Hymns were sung by the famous College choir, and then we joined in a common prayer, said in English and Greek, on behalf of the final victory of Allied Arms and the early liberation of Greece from the barbarian's yoke. The scene remains fresh in my memory, and I grieve to think that it was our last meeting in this world.

May his memory never die.

✠ GERMANOS THYATEIRA

EPILOGUE (4)

By a Roman Catholic Bishop

BISHOP MATHEW writes: "Few men have possessed a more equable generosity of temperament than Nugent Hicks whom I only knew in his last years as Bishop of Lincoln. He had that gift

of sympathy which springs from a deep-channelled Christian life based upon charity. His whole approach was marked by an even simplicity which was most attracting. He had a wide appreciation of English values and a feeling for many sides of English life, and this intermingled very happily with his deep sense of God and his love for his neighbours as God's children. He was a man who preserved into old age a pristine freshness of outlook and an almost childlike quality of confidence in those about him. The whole form and figure was appealing, and he radiated a Christian goodwill. His sympathies stretched far beyond the boundaries of his own Communion and lighted wherever he detected the discipleship of Christ. It was during his six years' tenure of the Anglican Diocese of Gibraltar that his feeling for the immediacy and simplicity of Roman Catholic worship became first manifest. He had always a sympathy for the instinctive turning to God which marked the families and the children bred in that old tradition. In all matters of religion he greatly valued prayer and a direct swift trust in God.

"In some ways he belonged to that Victorian period in which privileged and vital institutions were still clothed with a Christian grace. It was thus that he saw Harrow and those Oxford and Cambridge Colleges of which he was the Visitor. He always held Balliol in affection; still he was more at home where the Anglican Faith was taken as an inevitable background. To one outside that tradition he appeared as the embodiment of the Anglican centuries in that natural and unsuspecting goodness, and in that embracing unconstricted charity. He had, above all, confidence in men's good faith."

APPENDIX (A)

TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY

I OUGHT, perhaps, to say in what different ways my own experience has been gained. It began in a general way with my own time at school and at Balliol, as an undergraduate, among very varied influences, under teachers of varied points of view, and with some friends and contemporaries who were either looking forward to Ordination from the beginning or were led to it afterwards. Until I was face to face with the question of training for myself, so far as I had thought about training at all, I thought that I had made up my mind that I would never go to a Theological College, and that if I went to any it would not be Cuddesdon. I mention that because it may to some minds be a necessary qualification of the fact that when it came to the point I found that the imaginations of distance—and complete ignorance—were wrong. Like others, as regards Cuddesdon, I came, saw, and was conquered, and after long experience the picture in H. S. Holland's well-known sermon about Cuddesdon still seems to hold true of what the secret of a really good College ought to be, and in fact is. No doubt the special character of such places changes from time to time. Cuddesdon as I knew it had the special mark of J. O. Johnston, my own Principal, and there are many who will have testified to what that meant. But the general picture as drawn by H. S. Holland was of a period before that, and if it was true of his time, as it was certainly true of my own, it has, I think, been equally true under J. O. Johnston's successors.

For twelve years after my Ordination I was working at Oxford in a College in which a number of the undergraduates were Ordinands. I saw a great deal of the life and methods of the Theological Colleges in Oxford itself, and of the work of the Honours School of Theology; and for a year before Cuddesdon, though I did not take the school, I attended Theological lectures freely.

In 1909 I was appointed the first Principal of Bishops' College, Cheshunt, founded definitely as a College for graduates, though as at Cuddesdon, Wells, and other graduate Colleges non-graduates were taken as exceptional cases—e.g. officers from the Navy and Army, occasional Nonconformist ministers, and others.

From 1899 to 1909 I was examining Chaplain to Bishops Stubbs and Francis Paget at Oxford, from 1913 to 1924 to Bishops Jacob and Furse at St. Albans, and from 1924 to 1927 to Bishop Winfrid Burrows at Chichester.

I became a member of the Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry at its formation in 1913, and was secretary from the beginning until I became vicar of Brighton in 1924, continuing a member until I became Bishop of Gibraltar in 1927. This meant that I was a member of all its committees—indeed, at first, secretary of each—and was concerned with the early stages of the Council's work on Examinations and on Inspections, and from its formation in 1916 onwards until 1924 I was secretary of what began as the Service Candidates Committee and has continued as the Central Candidates' Committee. That meant forming and dealing with the Register of Service Candidates, in the informal stage of contact so far as possible with the candidates before the Armistice, and in the selecting, testing and training of them afterwards for some years.

As Bishop of Gibraltar, under the special circumstances of the Diocese, I had nothing to do with Ordination questions—except for the Ordination of one deacon, a special case—and as Bishop of Lincoln since 1933 my experience has been limited to the ordinary contacts of an English Diocesan Bishop, with his own Ordinands, and their training, and with the close knowledge that I have of our own Bishop's Hostel at Lincoln.

I have put down all this because on the one hand I may lay claim to a considerable experience of training in individual cases, and to a really full knowledge of C.A.C.T.M.¹ and its problems, successes and failures in its early years, but, on the other hand, I recognise that my own reversal of judgement on my experience at Cuddesdon, though confirmed at Cheshunt, may tell against the soundness of my confident belief in what such Colleges can do, and also I may be thought to be out-of-date as regards the actual problems of to-day.

It has been suggested to me that I might have something to say, in particular, on five points, and I take them in order.

1. The relative advantages of having Theological Colleges in University towns, or in some quieter place not in direct touch with the University.

The answer to this problem must turn on the idea that we have in our minds of what a man is ordained to do. I hope I may take it for granted that we are in general agreement that the primary object of a priest's life (I use the word "priest" without any controversial significance, simply of anyone admitted to the ministry within the wide limits allowed by the Church of England) is to bring his people to God, and to bring God into their lives. He will be no use as a priest, whether in a parish or in any other kind of ministerial work, unless his influence is

¹ Central Advisory Council for the Ministry.

in the first place spiritual. Since his contact is to be with all classes and types, moral, social and intellectual, he must be able to approach his people on all sides of their lives. He represents our Lord as the Way, the Truth, and, the Life, and, if he is a real representative, he will be a pattern, an example, and a moral influence: he will be a teacher of children, of the uneducated and the simple, as well as of those of some real intellectual activity: and he will be the point of living contact with the Christ, Who is the Life and came that all men might have life, and have it abundantly.

All this means that his training must not be theological, in the intellectual sense only, but pastoral, and, above all, in the right way, whatever that may be found to be, spiritual. Each side of the training must be as good and thorough as it can be made, but for its practical use it ought not, in the end, to be separated into watertight compartments; and it ought not to be assumed that training is possible on any one side and not on the others.

We should all admit that the name "Theological College" for all Colleges that have trained men for the ministry for nearly a century has been, in a sense, unfortunate: there have been obvious deficiencies in at least some of them on the strictly theological side of their work—though I am sure that in some quarters, and certainly as regards some Colleges, this has been exaggerated. But it has given the suggestion, at least, especially since academical Theology has been so greatly developed at the Universities, that they are only concerned with Theology in the academical sense. It has led to their work being compared, obviously to their disadvantage, with the two or three years of a University Honour Course, and their teachers to be compared, as to their own knowledge and academical standing, with the large staff of professors and other teachers at Universities, with their opportunities for wide learning and for specialist knowledge. Further, until recent years, the Theological Colleges had to do whatever could be done to give spiritual, pastoral, and intellectual training within one year for graduates and two for non-graduates. The training at the older Universities could practically be concentrated on the intellectual side of theological study, and aimed at preparing men for the result of that study in University examinations. I wish, therefore, that some better name could have been, or could still be, found for what we have known hitherto as "Theological" Colleges. One obvious, if partial, remedy is the lengthening of the course for men who receive their whole training at such a College.

I am fully conscious, however, that the real question is not between the University Theological courses as such and training

at a Theological College, but between the attempt to combine the best of both systems by developing Colleges for training Ordinands within the life of the University itself, and maintaining the Colleges away from the Universities in quieter places outside University life.

I know that there are two main criticisms of these latter Colleges.

(1) On the intellectual side there is the admitted academical superiority of the teaching—if I say “admitted” I mean in the ordinary modern sense of expert and scientific teaching such as is given for University Honours examinations.

(2) Much is said about the tendency to party spirit, and to narrowness of outlook. It is claimed that a Theological College is a partisan place from which men who come from their general education with an open mind are turned out on one model, and as partisan propagandists; and on the other hand that in a University centre they live in a free and open atmosphere among fellow students of every school of thought.

Let me take this latter point first. I believe that on the whole it is directly contrary to the facts of experience. It is quite true that among a very large number of undergraduates and of young graduates there are men of all parties in the Church. It is also true that every shade of theological opinions and ecclesiastical attitudes will be represented on the large bodies of professors and lecturers.

But the fact is that a young man's personal religious and theological standpoint in his student days is mainly determined by the direct personal influences under which he comes. There are, almost first in importance, his friends. There may be hundreds of theological students or Ordinands about him. He cannot know them all. What he does is to find out, in one way or the other, those who think more or less as he does himself. He will not have more than a dozen or so of really intimate friends. He does not live among hundreds of fellow-students but for practical purposes he spends his life in his own circle. It is among these that men learn, perhaps for the first time, the real party spirit: many men who come up as Ordinands come with habits of worship and personal religion, and of theological prejudice, already formed in parishes that are too often hopelessly partisan. Such a man takes to himself seven, or a few more, worse than himself.

Further, at a University centre, while an undergraduate, he finds the main personal influence on his own religion in most cases not in his College Chapel—though some College Chapels are brilliant exceptions—but in some purely spiritual and pastoral centre which has been set up—too often by a definitely partisan

agency—for that very purpose. He may get academical knowledge of such parts of theological study as can be provided by a frankly non-controversial and non-sectarian University course, but, far too often, the poison of sectionalism is already at work; he absorbs his University lectures for examination purposes, but looks to the teaching of his self-chosen teachers and friends for what he intends to do and to teach in after-life.

It is true that for the post-graduate training for Ordination itself there are the University Theological Colleges, as well as the centres of spiritual influence of which I have already spoken. But, with occasional notable exceptions, these can be as much party institutions as any College away from the University. Men choose whichever of these they are led to by their already-formed convictions, and the net is closed upon them, very often for life.

The country Theological College, on the other hand, though it may have, academically, a weaker, and, numerically, a smaller staff—at least those Colleges of which this is true as is sometimes supposed—and a shorter course, is in a much stronger position.

To begin with, there is no separation between the formative influences working on each man. He is being taught from the beginning to say his prayers, to use his Bible, as the Bible, for his devotional life, and to use the Sacraments, and above all to learn the power and range and possibilities of worship in the College Chapel itself, by the same people from whom he gets his lectures. The teachers may not be all experts; the ground to be covered, even in the modern lengthened course, is wide; but, besides the spiritual influence they bring to bear in the Chapel, they are in close personal touch with each man. For the first time in many cases the man can bring his spiritual life into touch with his intellectual. He is learning to pray about what he is thinking of: to think about the actual content of his prayer and worship. The teaching may not be expert in detail, but it can be—and should be made to be—enlightened, modern in the right sense, and open-minded.

In academical teaching the ground to be covered is so wide, and so detailed, that a man cannot be encouraged—and College tutors are familiar enough with this problem—to give his time and his mind to the pastoral and spiritual sides of his preparation; or, if at a University Theological College he must, he cannot absorb the real value of the thoroughness and detail of the University lectures which he attends. The result is that much of the first-rate teaching that he receives goes over his head, unless he is a man of real intellectual ability. He has time—some time—to learn; but not always time, or inclination, to think.

I have seen many men at non-University Theological Colleges, even with good degrees, literally learn, in the unified life which I have described, to think for the first time. And, in a line with this, the social life is wider than it was before. In a College of thirty-five to forty men there cannot be small sets of identically-minded friends. If the family life of such a College is healthy everyone knows everyone else. And it is wholly untrue, unless the College is allowed to become frankly and narrowly partisan, that the whole of such a body of thirty-five to forty men can think alike. No sane, or trustworthy, Principal or staff would wish it. It was always, to put it practically, possible, and up to a point it continually happened, that there would be students who called themselves Evangelical in what was popularly known as a High Church College. Apart from definite extremists, and without any really divisive practices in the Chapel, one of the delights of the life of a good College was to find by experience how fundamental was the unity of spirit and of common life and of outlook among the varied types who were brought together in such a body of young, and even older, Anglican Ordinands.

Lastly, I wish statistics could be available which would show the real facts about the men who came as extremists. Those of us who know such Colleges as I have tried to describe would agree with me in saying that far more men unlearned their "spikiness" than continued in it. It is possible to make young men reasonable and spiritual at the same time—not only possible, but to make this the usual result. It was possible, and the common experience, to bring them all—the healthy young men who thought spirituality a sign of unwholesomeness, the spiritually superior persons who thought they were there to make the College Catholic and that they knew what the Catholic priesthood meant, and every other type—to a real conversion in their inner lives.

Let me try to say after this long, and perhaps miscellaneous, statement, what I think can be aimed at. I assume that a graduate course should be for at least two years. For the better men, there is much to be said for a year at a University with University lectures. I should indeed be lacking in *pietas* when I think of my own year spent in that way at Oxford, if I did not testify to the value of this. These men should, I think, go on for a year or more to some College away from the University. I am sure of the need, for many men, especially those who have, rightly, played a real part in the general life of their College during their undergraduate time, of going right out of the opportunities of continuing this life until their actual Ordination. They need their whole time for their prayer, their meditation,

their spiritual life, and for concentration on their intellectual preparation.

I have a few other things to say about the life at such Colleges, but they fall under the remaining heads of this memorandum.

2. General Ordination Examination, and whether it is still adequate or should in any direction be improved.

3. The question of whether the course of training should be extended.

What I have to say about 2 leads so directly into 3 that I take these together.

As to the G.O.E., I have been so out of touch with the detailed work of teaching, and the detailed experience of C.A.C.T.M. since 1924 that I do not think I ought to say much about the need for improvement in G.O.E. The experience of examiners through the C.A.C.T.M. Examinations Committee, and of the Principals, ought to indicate in what respects the syllabus might be dealt with. I will only say that I think that whatever happens, a sound general knowledge of the Bible should be secured.

What I should wish to say, however, is that, when the original G.O.E. syllabus was worked out, it was no part of a definite policy of C.A.C.T.M. to induce the Bishops to insist on longer courses. That has been successful so far as non-graduate candidates are concerned: there is all the difference between their original two years' course, and their present course of three years.

But we always hoped for a graduate course of not less than two years. It was for that that the G.O.E. syllabus was formed. Unhappily, as I think, some of the leading graduate Colleges have been content with, and I believe some have preferred, a course of a year and a half. In any case the second part of the G.O.E. comes so long before the Ordination that the whole course of teaching is confined to six terms, has to be completed in five terms—assuming four terms to the year. If it is complained that the syllabus means unwholesome cramming, it is not, under these conditions, the fault of G.O.E.

The first remedy is to insist on the full two years. I know that it is said to be financially impossible for many men. But I know one College, at least, where the two years are insisted upon, and all that I can say is that the men have come, and the College, in recent years, has been continuously full; on the whole the G.O.E. results have been exceptionally good; and the College has a considerable waiting list, there being now no vacancy till 1940.

Forty years ago the universal length of course for graduates was one year (four terms). The last term was largely wasted by the stress and strain of the Bishops' Examinations; and the whole of that syllabus had to be managed in practically only three eight-week terms. Canon Johnston, at Cuddesdon, ultimately insisted on a five terms course; it was also said to be impossible; but the only thing that turned out to be nearly impossible was for a man who put his name down late to get a vacancy in the College.

Principals of Colleges have for many years been accustomed to criticism, from one quarter or another, because first this, and then that, obviously desirable subject was not taught. The answer then was, and indeed now is, though a considerable number of additional subjects are crowded in, that there is not time. The reproach ought not to be brought against the Church that not enough is done for training in preaching; for voice production; for training men to teach; and in other subjects. The only remedy is the lengthening of the course if these and other subjects are to be taught properly. I have always thought that we have much to learn from other religious bodies in this respect—Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and others.

4. Training in teaching.

I hoped that the essential need of this was becoming, or had become, fully recognised. I know that even in the five terms course for graduates a good deal could be done. We had regular courses every year of lectures on Child Study, and Psychology, and of practical work, with criticism, in the local school at Cheshunt, until the war stopped it, and I know it was done at Cuddesdon in those times. But no one who sees the helplessness of many parish clergy on this side of their work can have any doubts, and the extension of the principle of the Anson by-law in the recent Education Act has made it an urgent necessity for the future.

5. I should like to add a word about the opportunities of C.A.C.T.M. with the Theological Colleges. The beginnings of the C.A.C.T.M. Inspectors' system were full of promise. We were full of hope, and perhaps, at that time, too ambitious. But I have always wished that the inspection work might have been more severe, and more general control could have been exercised. It was not enough, to my mind, that first-rate and carefully-chosen pairs of inspectors should take, each pair, one College, and send in a helpful and valuable and sometimes really critical reports. But I used to wish that C.A.C.T.M. had had powers to make, after each set of inspections, a general review

of the whole body of Colleges, and to make drastic recommendations, here and there in the proper quarters. I have known times when weak and struggling Colleges might, with great advantage to the Church, have been either closed, or thoroughly restarted. And I never forget that we had to stand by while Leeds Clergy School, of all places, was forced to close, while one or two Colleges of far lower quality as well as efficiency were allowed to survive. And I regret, in an apparently complete helplessness, that, partisan money being generally available, it seems to be possible to open new definitely partisan Colleges. What the Church, badly as it needs more clergy, ought to aim at first is not more clergy but a better standard among those whom it has room to train.

NUGENT LINCOLN.

September, 1938

APPENDIX (B)

SERMON PREACHED IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY, 13TH DECEMBER, 1936, BY THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN

Isaiah 41, v. i. "Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the peoples renew their strength."

Or take the verse which comes immediately before this—the last verse of the 40th chapter:

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

"Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the peoples renew their strength."

It is a time for reserve; in one sense, if only out of sympathy and natural respect for the troubles of others, we should wish to say nothing. It is also a time for speech; there are things that we want to say and that we must say.

We look back to-day; and first, and immediately, to the uncertainty, even to the fear, of these last few days. And we look back also, behind that, if we are honest, to a deeper, and more chronic, uncertainty still. Were our people, in these modern days, really losing their hold on the great moral standards on which Christian civilisation had been built up? There seemed, indeed, to be reason for doubt. You will not expect me to-day, nor should I feel that I could in fairness so take advantage of

our crisis, to speak about the weakening of the marriage tie to which modern society seems, or seemed, to have given itself. I am thinking of that which lies beneath all the practical problems that arise out of the application of other commandments besides the seventh in the twentieth century; of the fundamental question whether it is character, in these days, that is to count.

We were beginning to be doubtful about that. There were, and there are still, many voices that relegate character to the region of the indifferent things of life; as if it were only outward efficiency, and not personal or private conduct, that counts. Of that I will say no more, but I am sure that it is part, and a great part, of the picture that ought to be before our eyes. It takes us deeper even than what we thought to be a crisis, a moment of real danger, to the monarchy, and to our constitution. That, indeed, was real enough. It meant what the word *crisis* means, a moment of decision, of judgment, of the parting of the ways. Which way would it all go? On what issue would it be decided? It was a test question. What is it that matters most for the Nation and for the Empire, for the stability of the Throne on which, in our British experience, the welfare of the great Commonwealth depends? Is it to be high personal qualities of courage and effectiveness, of intelligence and personal popularity? or is it, at bottom, so much the fundamental principle of character, that these things matter as nothing in comparison with it?

On all sides, on the longer view, and on the shorter, that was the issue. And, on that, the voice of our peoples has been decisive. It came, even before leadership and guidance could begin to tell. Even in the tragedy we could be thankful. Once more, as in the days of old, we could believe that, through the human conscience, God had spoken. But I would say also what must be in all our hearts. We thank God for the leadership that was given to us; for the spirit in which the Parliaments, here and overseas, as a body, met these most difficult days, for the wisdom, the unity, the restraint, the loyalty, of the members of the Governments, as a whole, as well as of the leaders of the other political parties; and, above all, for our Prime Minister; for his courage, in taking, in the early days, sole responsibility both as Prime Minister and as friend; for his wisdom, his balance, his delicacy of feeling; his strength and his gentleness. I am sure that we shall all thank God for him, without thought of the party divisions among us that in the face of really ultimate issues seem so small.

And, in all sincerity, and in profound thankfulness, we shall think of the conduct, almost without exception, of the Press. There, if anywhere, we have had an amazing example, first, of unselfishness and loyal restraint, and, when the time came for

speech, of dignity, of understanding, of moral witness. I make no apology, indeed, to-day, for taking from an article in yesterday's *Times* the words which I have made my text.

Leadership, indeed, and guidance have been given in our hour of need, and, with all our hearts, we thank God.

What then of the immediate past? What of the future? How shall we think, first, of the tragedy? For, in my judgement, the tragedy has been not national, or imperial, but personal. I have spoken of the issue as, fundamentally, the great moral issue of character, as between right and wrong. I want you to understand me clearly, and with sympathy, if I make a distinction. The Empire had to decide on a principle. It did not, and please God it never will, judge the man. To-day it is of him that we think; of a great record of public service; of real human qualities of sympathy and understanding; of high promise; of succession to an unimaginably great inheritance, not only of ancient prestige, not of direct power, as in the old days, not so much of wealth and of worldly position; but chiefly of an unexampled opportunity for leadership and service and influence. He has thought it best to surrender it all. He has, indeed, done more than we could have conceived possible to invest the great surrender with dignity, with grace, with loyalty to his peoples, to the constitution, to his successor. But the decision was left to him. He has made it. He will have to answer for it—not so much at the bar of history, but in the end at the bar of God's eternal judgement. There is no escaping that for King or for commoner, for the highest or for the lowest. But I charge you, most solemnly, to-day, with all the authority that my office in God's Church gives me, and with all the power of appeal that can come, in our Lord's name, from one Christian to another, that you remember, when you think of the King who has gone, the Lord's own words "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We are not his judges. It is not in that way that we shall think of him. God knows the inner history of that sad, and as he says, lonely life, not we. Would you, would I have done differently, under his circumstances? We dare not say it. God judges, and He is a merciful judge. It is for us, at Advent, to think, each of us, of what lies before himself, and those for whom God has, in any way, made *us* responsible. For we are responsible for each other. I wish, in this sense, to direct your thoughts to him for whom we grieve to-day. He has, please God, yet many years upon this earth. I bid you always to remember him, in all humility for yourselves, and in true love for him. We must all keep him before God in our prayers. I would suggest, indeed, that whenever we pray for King George in the years to come, it should be with a silent prayer for his brother in our hearts. God keep and guide him.

Let us look to the future.

For the King and for his peoples alike, for each of us and for all, it is true that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall walk, and not faint."

"Keep silence" God says to us to-day. "Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the peoples renew their strength." He is speaking to us surely in those ancient and undying words—to us of the islands and the continents that make our scattered but united Empire. These troubles of ours must indeed have opened our eyes. Please God, we have awoken, as out of a sleep, to the vision of holiness and righteousness as God gives them to us, as God would have us always see them. Before the mercy and the majesty, the holiness and the goodness of God Himself, as revealed in human life in the character of Our Lord, let there be the inward silence and reverence of worship and of prayer. For worship means, at the least, that it is our purpose to give ourselves to God, and prayer means, at the least, that we know that we all need God's help.

Let us turn to God, and let the peoples—all our peoples—renew their strength. I have said that our tragedy was personal and individual. But in the tragedy itself God has borne witness to His presence among us, in the general conscience, in the guidance and the leadership that He has given in such abundant measure. We turn to the new King; and, in thinking of him, we shall not forget his Mother, or, with her, his great Father; for he, too, must be with us, unseen, in all our thought and prayer to-day. Queen Mary—the Queen Mother—has asked us to stand by King George and Queen Elizabeth in what is at once their hour of need and their glorious opportunity. Is there a heart that does not wish, in true sympathy for a mother's sorrow, as well as in long-trying love and loyalty, to respond to her appeal.

The future is with the new King and Queen. All prayers for them, and for their family, must become henceforth a great reality.

It is true, I am convinced, that the troubles of these last few days have, in fact, been an evidence of the stability of the Throne, and, with it, of our constitution. The very steadiness, and quiet, and dignity, and speed, with which the shock has been received and the new beginning has been made have at least shown that. But it is for us to set ourselves to confirm it all by deliberate purpose. That is what loyalty, what the true love of country, must mean to us in the immediate as well as in the more distant future. If there were an irresponsible reaction from the stress; if we allowed ourselves to go back upon speculations and impulses that might come from thinking and talking idly over the past—we might easily mar the rich promise that is ours to-day.

For we know the new King, and his Queen. They have gone in and out among us, here and everywhere. They have, as I

know, Lincoln and its Cathedral in their hearts, in a memory of four years ago, that is clearly personal as well as Royal. They belong to us here in a special sense, as the two first "Friends" of the Cathedral, and they can be sure of our devoted and real prayers. They bring to their high office the qualities of head and heart, the spirit of public service which is to-day the secret of royal greatness, and which will ensure, under God, and with the loyal and affectionate support of their people, the worthy fulfilment of the traditions that have made the monarchy what it is. These are not idle or conventional words of mine, for I may be allowed to-day to say that I speak with the honour of not infrequent personal contacts.

I commend them, therefore, to your loyalty, and to your ever-growing affection. May God, by Whom Kings reign, be the keeper and the guide, the light and the strength, of King George VI and his Queen. May we all understand, as we pray with confidence they may understand, that strange, indefinable and spiritual reality in which, above and beyond and beneath the power of any written enactment to lay down, the King and his Empire are one living body. May we all, in the power and in the inspiration of that reality, come to see that in serving the one we are serving the other; in serving them we serve the world; and in serving the world we serve God.

Heaviness may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

APPENDIX (C)

PASTORAL LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN

TO BE READ PUBLICLY IN ALL THE CHURCHES OF THE DIOCESE ON
QUINQUAGESIMA OR SOME OTHER CONVENIENT SUNDAY AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE AFTERWARDS

*Nugent, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Lincoln, to all Clergy
and Laity of the Diocese, Health and Blessing.*

THE OLD PALACE,
LINCOLN.

February, 1942.

My dear People,

This is a message to you for Lent. I wish I could meet you all face to face, and speak to you direct; but, in a Diocese and County of the size of Lincolnshire that is always impossible, except here

and there, and, at the present time, with the difficulties of getting about it is out of the question. So this will be read to you in every church, and I hope it will somehow reach all of you—not only those who hear it once in church, but everybody—and I must trust those who do hear it to bring it into the reach of all; for I wish you to feel that I am speaking to you from my heart. These are grave and difficult times. Perhaps none of us knows what lies ahead. We may have to face here in England, and in Lincolnshire itself, with its long coastline, such things as we have read in the papers are happening in other countries. God helping us—but only God helping us—we shall win through, here and elsewhere, but we must be ready to face whatever comes, here, in our own homes and villages and towns, and whatever we and our Allies have to bear as nations, all over the world.

It is a solemn time. We must be ready. We must face up to the facts; we must understand that something, at least, of what has happened in other countries may happen here. I ask you to think of all that. Think of what has happened to our friends and allies; to Greece where the people are starving; to Yugo-Slavia where the people who live for freedom are dying for it in wholesale massacres; in Libya, in Malaya, in Singapore; to our Dutch friends in their Eastern possessions; to China where the people have been bearing their cross for four years already: elsewhere, far and wide. Think of the bearing of the burdens of the war now in our Dominions, in the United States, and more and more by the other countries of the whole American Continent. Think of what our Maltese fellow citizens have been through; our friends in Norway, in Denmark, in Holland, and in Belgium. Think of all that: and see vividly, as if you were going through it now, what the evil and the cruelty are that threaten us, and the whole world, to-day.

We are beginning Lent. It may be that to those who are not regular Church-goers that does not mean much; perhaps even, to some who are holding on to the Christian religion, times and seasons do not make much appeal. But, anyhow, think what we who do feel bound to speak and think about Lent, when it comes, really mean by it.

Our Lord Jesus Christ at the very beginning of His public work went away into what was called the wilderness for forty days. Christians have always felt that that marked a great step forward in His earthly life; and it is for that reason that, ever since His time, Christians have felt that they ought to do as He did, to share His experience. Put very shortly, as a matter, so to speak, of outward rules, for people who want to be helped to observe Lent, it comes to Prayer, Almsgiving and Fasting. What we have

to do is not to let ourselves be tied up, as it were, with outward things. Prayer does not simply mean to promise to go to church more often or even to spend more time on your private prayers. Almsgiving, in the sense of putting a coin in the plate on Sundays, is very far from what God meant and what the Church and our fellow men mean. And, of all the three, Fasting can be most hedged in with conventional rules.

Let me say at once—to put the last of the three first—in times like these it seems to me quite clear that those who speak for the Church with authority ought to set people who wish conscientiously to keep the Church's rules about actual Fasting comparatively free. We cannot, for instance, guarantee to be able to get strictly fasting food in these difficult times, and therefore I give readily what is called a "dispensation" for restrictions for that. Then, again, Almsgiving means much more than the coin in the plate. That is only a sign and a symbol. The great fact is that whatever we really possess in this world is given to us to help other people with. Again, in these times, it is not only a question of denying ourselves in order that God's work in the Church may be done, as with foreign missions, but of our understanding at last what it means; that, since God is the Father of us all, we are all brothers—members of one family. That covers a great many things that are not implied, in the common acceptance of the word, by "almsgiving." We have got to understand, and to make it clear to others, that the only Christian secret of holding property is that we must use it for the good of society in general. Of course that covers the war, as it covers the work of God's Church all over the world in perhaps the stricter or narrower sense. It covers every single kind and way of helping our fellow men. Thirdly, think about Prayer. If you want to know what that ought to mean, read the Gospels and see what prayer meant to Our Lord. See how He taught us to pray, beginning with the Lord's Prayer. But what it does mean, all through, is that we have really got to open our eyes and our hearts to the fact that we can do no good for this world or for the next unless through the whole of life we are in touch with God, our Heavenly Father, as children in a happy earthly family always wish to be in touch with their father and mother.

Now go back in your minds to Our Lord's Forty Days in the wilderness. Is it not quite clear that His first purpose was to get away from the distractions of ordinary life in order that He might be alone with God. That is the first reason for whatever discipline we are taught to apply to ourselves during Lent—whether it is more earnest prayer, or the giving that means unselfishness, or the going without things that we like in order that we may have more room in our hearts for the things of God. But

I want to bring you back now to the great need that we are all in. If you read the Bible you will see that there is nothing that God will not do for His people, if they will only trust Him; and trusting God really means nothing else but praying to Him with all our hearts, giving up all our powers for His service, and self-discipline and self-training. That is what we are, all of us, called to this Lent; not regular Church-goers only—as I said at the beginning of this letter—but all British people and allies of whatever kind.

I have spoken so far only about Lent; but of course the Forty Days of Lent also cover the story of the Passion; and the Cross is the real secret of freedom from all unhappiness and suffering and shame and sin. Look forward to that as you go on towards the end of Lent. Can you realise what the Cross meant during all these last Christian centuries to all sorts of people? We must try to make the greatest possible effort during Lent: I hope you will. But the one point which is a vital and transforming power in our life is the Cross itself. I pray you to let these Forty Days lead you steadily up to all that happened in the last week at Jerusalem. Remember that, on the Cross, there is no sorrow or tragedy of human life that cannot be healed; no sin or shame that cannot be forgiven; no weakness that cannot be made strong.

The truth is that both for our country and for the Church the one thing that we need is a new heart. After nineteen hundred years of Christianity people ought to know what that new heart means; but do we? I wish I could bring it home to you that in these days the one thing to which we are called is a great forward movement; and, first of all, are the things of the spirit. If we can remake minds and hearts and characters as Our Lord taught us, then there is nothing in this world or the next which we shall not be able to do. We can be sure about the issue of the war; beyond that, we can be sure about the issue after the war is over, about peace.

I want this message of mine to touch all your hearts. Let us all help each other. And, in helping each other like brethren, be sure that we shall find the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost. I wish you could feel now and at once that those words mean everything. Use them, live upon them, and learn more and more what they mean in the way of changing all earthly life.

NUGENT LINCOLN.

To the Incumbent:

Since writing this letter the Bishop has passed away. It was his last act.

(The Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed what most of us feel, so I have asked leave to quote what he wrote to me after reading it:

“It is so simple and at the same time so deep, and it ought to make a very special impression because it comes, as it were, as a voice from the Unseen.”

So let us feel him nearer than ever, using with him more fully the things of the spirit, to fight this worst evil the world has ever known. K.H.).

APPENDIX (D)

ARCHBISHOP LANG'S FAREWELL

A Bidding to Thanksgiving and Prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Requiem for the Right Reverend Nugent Hicks, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, on February 17th, 1942, at St. Thomas', Regent Street, London, W.

Brethren, I bid you offer thanksgivings to Almighty God for the life, the work, and the example of our dear brother now departed—this good and faithful Bishop in the Church of God;

For his able and stimulating training of young men in the University of Oxford and for the Sacred Ministry in the Bishops' College, Cheshunt;

For his firm grasp and inspiring leadership in the great parish of Brighton;

For his devoted labours in the Diocese of Gibraltar, his ceaseless and fruitful journeyings, the contacts which he made and the brotherly relations he established with other Churches, especially the Holy Orthodox Church;

For the enrichment which he brought to Sacred Study through his memorable book unfolding the full meaning of Sacrifice in Christian theology and life;

For the high ideal which he set before himself in his Diocese of Lincoln, of being a true Father in God to his clergy and people;

Above all, for the transparent goodness, the humility, the single-mindedness of his character and his whole-hearted devotion to the service of his Lord.

To these thanksgivings I bid you add your prayers that God would grant him now the fullness of His Light and Peace, and ever new visions of the things unseen and eternal in the midst of which even here his mind and heart continually dwelt.

We shall also remember in our prayers his wife who gave him her vivid companionship, devoted care, and constant love. May God uphold and strengthen her in her sorrow, and give to her a deep sense of the abiding communion of the spirit.

For these thanksgivings and prayers, and in order that each may make his own personal memorial of Nugent Hicks, Bishop and Friend, let there now be silence for a space.



3-19-46

Bishop and friend

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